



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

<http://www.archive.org/details/tipynobob07stud>

November, 1909

Tipyn o' Bob

Contents

Release.....	Charlotte I. Claflin	1
The Waning Moon	Helen H. Parkhurst	5
The Personal and the Ideal.....	Charlotte I. Claflin	5
Happiness	Rosalind Mason	6
The Garden	Helen H. Parkhurst	7
Resolutions Concerning the Death of Frances Jackson.....	17	
Editorials	18	
Dulci Fistula	20	
The Shortcomings of Exam's	22	
A Review of Scott's Cartesian Geometry	22	
The Freshman's Query	23	
Alumnae Notes	24	
College Notes	25	
Athletic Notes	26	
1913 College Songs.....	27	

Bryn Mawr
378.75B9
2 Qt

Tipyn o'Bob

Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.

VOL. VII

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 1

Managing Editors.

GRACE BAGNALL BRANHAM, '10, *Editor-in-Chief.*
RUTH GEORGE, '10. MARION CRANE, '11.

Editors.

CHARLOTTE ISABEL CLAFLIN, '11. HELEN PARKHURST, '11.
ISABEL VINCENT, '12.

Business Board.

KATE ETHEL CHAMBERS, '11, *Business Manager.*
LOUISE STERNBERG RUSSELL, '11, *Treasurer.*
HELEN BARBER, '12, *Assistant Business Manager.*

RELEASE.

C. I. CLAFLIN.

Mrs. Erskine raised the shades of her drawing-room windows, and opened them to let in the fresh spring air. The darkness recalled to her the time when she had last seen the room, on the date of her husband's funeral, and seemed almost to bring back the heavy scent of the flowers with which it had then been filled. Now, with the breeze gently stirring the curtains, she sat down by the window to think.

During her six months' absence she had avoided thought with more success than would have been possible to a less disciplined nature. The relatives with whom she had stayed had been at pains to occupy her with decorous distractions, and when left to herself, which was seldom,

2370105001185
J

she had sedulously kept her mind within certain rigid limits. All the time, however, she had been conscious of an unuttered question only waiting her return to press her for an answer. This morning, as she moved about the rooms, the very chairs had a look of query; the expression of the whole house was interrogative. It was partly to escape from this silent inquisition that she had retreated to a part of the house less intimately associated with her life than the rest, there to frame to herself the question she had hitherto refused to confront.

She held a small box, in whose lock she now, with a certain hesitation, turned the key. She had not opened it for six years, but its contents were still as visible to her imagination as when she had closed it and put it in the bottom of the trunk which was to go to her new home on her wedding-day. Now, for the first time, she could open it again without feeling that she committed a breach of faith in so doing. The letters which she took out told, in swift succession, the story of her first and only love, from its dawn to the estrangement which was ended too late by the tardy explanation that made all clear. Her letters were there, as well as his; she had reclaimed them, but had not thought it inconsistent with her duty to keep the whole pitiful little collection undestroyed, if unread. She reopened it now with a sense of disinterring her dead girlhood, and found in herself a tremulous reluctance to assume so weighty a privilege as that of renewing what had so long seemed the irrevocable past.

She read the letters, however, with deliberation, allowing her eyes to fill over certain passages, and only wondering that they did not more readily overflow. It was as if the feelings connected with this correspondence had so long been buried that they were slow to rise even when the pressure was removed. Those two whose souls were spread before her on the paper,—they seemed so young; she could hardly realise that it was the romance of her own life she was reading. The passion alike that had written and the petulant pride that had interrupted it seemed far from her now; it was assuredly not her present self whose experiences had so dwindled in retrospect. What had once wrung her heart now scarcely exacted of her emotion enough to dim her sight for a moment. "After all, I have changed," she sighed to herself as she leaned back in her chair.

But if she had changed, her love had not. So she told herself, and

tried to concentrate her thoughts on the figure that for six years she had continually striven to put out of them. So violent an inversion of her habits of mind was not unattended with difficulty. The man had left town before her marriage, and had not returned until she was fairly settled in her new life. They had met often, as "friends the merest"; their circumspection had gradually silenced the rumours to which their unannounced engagement had led. She had schooled herself to encounter his eye, to take his arm almost without a quickening of the pulse which at first had throbbed so wildly; and now, when she called upon her heart to vibrate at his image, the response was unexpectedly dull. Her husband's sudden death in the prime of life was an event she had so little contemplated that now she tried to think of it as a release she found herself sensible less of liberation than of isolation. She recalled stories she had heard of prisoners long held in durance, who, when their doors were opened, had, after one look into the free sunlight, crept back and refused to leave the familiar walls. An apprehension seized her lest she, too, had become so wonted to repression that the power itself of feeling as she had once felt had deserted her.

Further thought banished this fear, and suggested another. She had not seen the man since before she was widowed. It was not strange that she found it hard to readjust her attitude to him while he existed for her only in recollection; but the sight of him under the new conditions would inevitably revive the old sentiment. But what assurance had she—beyond his continued and otherwise unaccounted-for celibacy—that his feelings had suffered as little change as her own? She now reflected, what she had never before allowed herself to consider, that he had given her no sign from which she could infer their true nature. She was confident, however, knowing his character, that his first call on her would indicate whether her assumptions were unwarranted; and her ponderings terminated in one query, Would he come?

She was still sitting with the box of letters in her lap when the door-bell rang, and the servant brought in his card. The fluttering in her breast was all it had ever been, as she greeted him with a gravity which she could not make altogether unconstrained. He was pale, but his manner had its usual decision. He talked briefly on indifferent subjects, and then came suddenly to the point.

It was all over so speedily that Mrs. Erskine, standing alone,

could hardly believe that it was not a dream, that he had really come and gone, and left behind him a declaration whose terms had nothing equivocal about them. She had been prepared for some intimation of his wishes, but not for this explicit statement. Her surprise at him, however, was swallowed up in surprise at herself. She had asked him to wait; and not, as she knew, from any motive of delicacy. She actually did not know what reply she was going to make to him. The meeting which was to have resolved her doubts had only plunged her in deeper perplexity. On the one hand she felt the excitement which his presence caused in her, but on the other she was conscious of a curious lack of foundation for it. Her heart seemed numb and cold, and one thing only was clear to her, that from the idea of marriage with him she shrank with a repulsion for which she could give no reason even to herself.

The afternoon deepened into twilight as she wandered about the room, now sitting by the window and gazing into the fading west, now rising to pace the floor with restless steps. Her fruitless reviewings of the past brought her no relief, yet she pursued them until she suddenly became aware that she was in darkness almost complete.

"I must turn on the lights; Robert will be here any minute," she said; and she walked the length of the room before she stopped, with her hand on the electric button.

She had remembered; and the sickening sense of emptiness that came with the remembrance dazed her with the shock of a great surprise. She pressed the button, and turned to look at her husband's picture.

After a moment's gaze she walked over and took the photograph down from its place. She sat down, still holding it, and subjected herself to the glare of the new revelation which had burst upon her. The details of her married life passed before her in rapid flight, and she saw them all pervaded by the same never-failing kindness, the same faithful care, the same strong and tender consideration. In the honest eyes that looked out at her she read the answer to all her riddles. She knew now why her girlhood woes had failed to move her, why the contact with her old lover had left her cold. The way of her widowhood stretched plain before her to the end.

When she rose it was to bring out again the box she had concealed. She sorted out her own letters, and carried them into the adjoining room,

to lay them on the fire which she aroused from its smouldering, and watched them burn to white ashes. When she had made sure of their destruction she returned to bind up the other packet. She enclosed these in a large envelope with a note, which took her some time to write, and dropped them into the receptacle at the door. Finally she returned to the table where she had laid the photograph. She looked at it long, and as the tears started that had refused to spring before, she took it up and pressed it to her heart.

THE WANING MOON.

HELEN H. PARKHURST.

The waning moon from its accustomed place,
Its spectral visage rears,—
Like the misshapen smile of a sick face
The harbinger of tears;

Or broken image of some fairy thing
Through moving waters seen;
Or Truth's impress, distorted, hovering
Upon the minds of men;

Or partial form of Beauty, passing fleet,
Nor seen, nor understood,
Whose perfect circle only is complete
In the full moon of God.

THE PERSONAL AND THE IDEAL.

C. I. CLAFLIN.

“Our ideals, like the gods of old, are constantly demanding human sacrifices. Let none of them . . . be placed above the obligation to prove that they are worth the sacrifices which they demand.”

Thus, in "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," Bernard Shaw sums up his sweeping arraignment of idealism on the charge of cruelty. Looking on the world's woe as the bloody path cut by fanatical idealists through the bodies and souls of living men, he urges the challenging of every ideal which buys its victory at a price so dear. It is easy to say that he overstates his case; but he surely conveys a warning which we of Bryn Mawr might do well to heed. We are, to a large extent, ruled by abstractions. Class and college honor, tradition, and success, for example, are gods to whom we all pay sacrifice. In the service of such collective ideals we count it a merit to forget individual considerations; we exalt the impersonal, and try to exclude or subordinate the personal element. The intention, noble as it is, has its dangers, from which we may perhaps save ourselves by a reminder that the antithesis between the personal and the ideal is after all a false one. In the ethics of personal relations also are embedded ideals of equal, if less obvious stringency. Kindness is itself an ideal, and one of the greatest; so are honor, courtesy, chivalry, and faithfulness as between man and man. If we have no fear of carrying self-sacrifice too far, yet a wise rule might be to scrutinise closely our following of the ideal when it involves pain to another. Let it not be found that we in our strenuous idealism "have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith."

HAPPINESS.

ROSALIND MASON.

A blue sky with the morning's freshness in it,
A live wind o'er the hill-tops blowing free,
The clear pure note of one far-soaring linnet,
Beyond the fields the sunlight on the sea.

THE GARDEN.

HELEN H. PARKHURST.

It was more than an instinctive response to what was beautiful that drew Dallas Vane to Miss Meyrick on the very night of the latter's arrival. Dallas had to confess, upon analysing her feelings afterward, that the first meeting was actually but another baffling feature of the whole inexplicable circumstance of their friendship. It seemed to her nevertheless almost right that an intimacy which was to prove to be of the highest significance in both their lives should have begun in a manner that, to herself at least, was altogether unprecedented. Still, even at the time, she rather hated to acknowledge her own inability to understand the situation. The thing that puzzled her especially was the fact that Virginia Meyrick was not really beautiful—that she did not even possess the graciousness and polish, either of manner or of appearance, that belong to a really charming woman. She was, however, interesting to look at. Her fine poise created an illusion of height, the clear pallor of her complexion, and the gorgeousness of her hair atoned for the want of regularity of feature, and her green eyes contrasted marvelously with her reddish-gold braids. All these things Dallas, with the quick eye of the artist, saw even from the first moment of their informal encounter in the garden. Yet her delight in the picture that the other presented, standing in her filmy green evening gown among the lilac bushes, was inadequate to explain the sudden and intense interest that the picture aroused. She partly explained her feelings that very night, when, after dinner and an hour of purposeless talk on the piazza, she joined Virginia under the trees. Their relations had already adjusted themselves on a remarkably informal basis, considering the reticence of Dallas, and the queenly aloofness of her companion. Some mysterious force seemed indeed to have operated to bring the two together, and to render preliminaries unnecessary.

They had walked several steps toward the marble seat in the garden, when Dallas asked suddenly :

"Do you want to know why I was so impressed by your being here this afternoon? I had been thinking of it for two weeks."

"My being here?" wondered Virginia, lending herself to the other's enthusiasm with apparent interest, even while her brilliant eyes flashed a swift look toward the house. "What can you mean, my dear? We didn't know ourselves that we were coming until this morning. The doctor told us only last night that he had found just the place for mother—a charming house near the city, where there were only three boarders, and we merely telegraphed."

"That's just it," laughed Dallas. "If I had known, I suppose the romance of it would have been spoiled. Certainly I should never have imagined anything like *this*."

"What *can* you mean?" again murmured the other, drooping into a more graceful attitude, and letting her silver scarf slip off her white shoulders as the girls heard approaching footsteps. "Do explain everything." Then, as a dark figure suddenly obscured the moon, "Mr. Chase, you should hear the strange things Miss Vane is saying to me. I feel positively as if I had strayed by mistake into a wood where an enchantress had been waiting to frighten me with her charms."

Cudworth Chase laughed his slow inward laugh that corresponded so well with his deep-set eyes and slighting stooping figure. Then Dallas exclaimed:

"Oh no, Miss Meyrick, *you're* the enchantress if there is one, let me tell you!"

For the moment there did exist indeed for more than one of the group a large element of magic in many things. On Dallas was lost the especial charm, that of her own rich voice speaking softly as if adapting itself to the faint night sounds. She was deprived, too, of the sight which the others saw—her own loveliness—the soft flush in her cheeks, and the glad light in her tender eyes. But while she talked she seemed to open every sense to take in the full glory of the night. The wide lawn brimmed with shadows, and the heavy lilac blossoms were merely vague fragrant shapes in the darkness, but where they sat the moonlight shone triumphantly. Virginia moved her hands gently, as if the silver light upon them were mercury, which would spill upon her pale gown and tiny feet. Her face was very serious, and for the first time Dallas noticed in her eyes the expression which was to baffle her for so many weeks—the

expression of a child's simplicity, an animal's subtlety, and the coldness of winter stars. On this first night, however, the uncertain light seemed partly accountable for their unfathomable and ever-varying expression, and Dallas merely wondered happily if this strange creature, all white and green and gold, like a tropical butterfly, would prove to be as interesting as she looked. About her other companion she had equally peaceful thoughts. He was very quiet, as if absolutely content. His guileless blue eyes were wide awake and eager, though his attitude, a half-reclining one against a broad tree, was almost sleepy. His smile, like his laugh, was slow and restrained, but its magnetism was shown in the effect it created. Virginia appeared bewildered by it, and roused to elfish playfulness and extravagance. Dallas received it with quiet eagerness, as a thirsty man receives cold water. It appeared to burden her spirit with the sense of happiness almost too great to be supported. She talked on easily, however, in her low tones, explaining to Virginia the reason for her being there.

"You see, I have been pining to find a subject for the competition. Mr. Chase is working on a picture, too, and he has promised to supervise whatever I undertake. A few days ago I got it into my head that I should like to do a portrait, in a more or less symbolic way, of a person standing among the lilac bushes. My ideas were entirely vague, but I dreamed I saw the person several times. When I came upon you so unexpectedly the sun was shining on your hair, and you were looking into a flower, with a little smile, just as I had imagined it should be. Do you wonder I was startled? It was the ghost of a vision."

"Or the vision of a ghost. Why don't you do me then?"

"Oh, *may* I? That will be splendid. Can we begin—soon?"

"As soon as you like—only I think Mr. Chase should have some part in it. Can't he come and supply the symbolism?"

"Anything you want," he acquiesced, "only you mustn't expect anything original, you know. You will utter the mystic words, Miss Meyrick, and Dallas can make the cabalistic signs."

"Oh, you'll be the magician, Cudworth, or the all-wise mortal come to teach the elves," ventured Dallas. "And *you*," turning to Virginia, "*you* are the sorceress, as I said before."

"And *you*," whispered Virginia, slipping her arm through Dallas's as they all rose to go, "are the interpreter of the Pythian oracle, understanding the God and the worshippers. See if I'm not right."

This was the beginning, and Dallas, wakeful that night from excitement, thought as she leaned from her window into the darkness that such a beginning portended many things. Among other questions in her mind was that of the near possibilities for her picture. Would she achieve unhoped-for success with such a perfect model, or would she in the end utterly fail to reproduce that baffling face? The question was one which, as time went on, forced itself upon her more and more. For with the custom of spending mornings and afternoons in the corner of the garden with her model and her palette there came to Dallas a keener realisation of the difficulty of her subject. Virginia herself was, or pretended to be, absolutely unconscious of the artist's despair. She would sit still by the hour, patiently, with her slender hands crossed in her lap, and her little body relaxed in a quiet attitude which seemed to imply that she knew nothing of the veritable play of fireworks going on in her eyes—the rapid changes from feverish excitement, to vague restlessness or to faraway musings. Such being the condition of affairs Dallas welcomed eagerly Cudworth's occasional help. Indeed she so gained in confidence when he was by, that it became customary for him to join the others under the trees directly after breakfast.

It was on a day perhaps four weeks after the first meeting among the lilacs that in the midst of the apparent uneventfulness of the hours a change came. Dallas felt at the time that the thing happened with startling unexpectedness, but later she had a dim perception that certain elements of the earlier calm had been ominous—such as, for instance, the too-great pliancy of her model, the too-silent observations of Cudworth, her own too-absorbed consecration to the single idea of mastering the riddle of Virginia's expression, all of which things had constituted a tranquillity that was the lull before the storm.

It was late in the afternoon. Dallas had been working feverishly while Virginia reclined in a low chair, executing a marvellous storm of expression in her eyes. Cudworth had watched them as he sat a little apart in his customary absorbed attitude, leaning heavily on his chair, and keeping his eyes intent on their every movement. A gravity that was almost tragic had settled upon his face. The garden was very still, for even the poplar trees were unruffled by a breath of air, and Dallas had finally thrown down her brush, declaring that she must make some ice-tea before they all perished. This task kept her longer than she

expected, and she was also detained, so that it was not till more than an hour later that she appeared under the trees with her laden tray. Cudworth was standing before the portrait, and Virginia, still lying back in her chair, was looking up at him with a steady, unflickering gaze that Dallas had never seen before. Both were so absorbed as to be utterly unaware that Dallas had returned, until, looking quietly over Cudworth's shoulder she uttered a little low cry. Then she spoke rapidly, incoherently.

"How did you do it? It is marvellous, but I don't understand. How *could* you, and why did you never do it for me?" She was looking, not at Cudworth, but at Virginia, who had relapsed into an even deeper state of lassitude than usual, with her white eyelids drooping on her colorless cheek.

"Dallas!" cried Cudworth, starting toward her. "It was unpardonable of me to go on while you weren't here—but—forgive me—the moment came, and—"

"Yes, yes, of course," she interrupted. "I understand. You couldn't have helped it, no one could—" she broke off abruptly. "But Virginia," she continued, "what made you, it was an inspiration surely, and nothing else."

Virginia roused herself from what had appeared to be a deep reverie.

"Of course, if you mean my eyes," she said—and Dallas wondered afterward that she should have betrayed herself even so far, but reflected later that it was perhaps only the master stroke of a subtlety too great to be fathomed.

"The day did it, I suppose—it is so frightfully close, and Mr. Chase thought he saw something that would solve your problem of interpretation, whatever it is, so he went to work. I haven't looked at the picture since, so I don't know what has happened."

But Dallas scarcely heeded the last words, for she had turned again to the portrait.

"It is marvellous," she murmured. "Cudworth, the thing is yours now, really. What *is* the rest compared with those eyes. Why you have caught it absolutely—that look—no all the looks and blended them into one. But I don't understand. How did you see—why did I never see?"

Her words crowded quickly one upon another, and the hush that lay upon the group when she had finished was fraught with an almost painful sense of common consciousness. Virginia spoke first, very slowly, in tones that, to Dallas at least, were wholly new. "Art, you see, is nothing," she said. "You don't know what it is going to say, nor how. It is, confess it, only frozen life. Mr. Chase here doesn't know what he has done, even yet. *I lived; I did it!*" Her tone rang out clear, triumphant, mocking; she was no longer unassertive, she was challenging. Dallas started as she watched her spring from her chair, and move abruptly across the lawn. She turned in an almost beseeching way to Cudworth; but he was standing apart, with averted eyes, stroking the back of a chair as he always did when perplexed. He said never a word, only stared down upon the portrait, as if what he had done in the last hour, had been under the influence of some spell, and he were only now beginning to see. Dallas looked from him to the slender green figure that shone in the distance like a gilded moth in the sunshine, and last to the portrait, out of which gazed those eyes with their little mocking smile and unsounded depths of she knew not what unspeakable things. Did he see in them what she suddenly, as by a revelation, began to see, she pondered. Perhaps not, after all, he was only the instrument, as Virginia had said. But with that thought came another, agonizing in the insistence with which it pressed upon her brain. Did Cudworth's power to read those eyes and reproduce in them a single look, mean his triumph or his enslavement? Had that concession on the part of Virginia, that surrender of her power to elude them both by veiling her face in multiform expression, been, in reality, a renunciation, or was it not rather the manifestation of a new and more terrible power still—that of forcing upon the observer a perception of only what she herself desired to have revealed, and shutting him off entirely from anything else? Thus Dallas reasoned, and at the same time her heart cried out within her. Was it fair that art, her art that she loved so passionately, should become the medium for so much pain? Why could she not forget, and let everything go on, as if this dreadful thing had never happened, and as if she were still secure in her trust in Cudworth? Ah, was it too late already, by just a single sunny hour of a June afternoon? Had the threshold to the mysteries been crossed, and the fruit of knowledge eaten! She felt blinded, dazed, and turning from Virginia's empty chair to the silent

figure of the man, and then again to the portrait, she shivered, as if she could not feel that the afternoon was hot and breathless, with that strangling closeness that comes just before a thunderstorm.

As long as both Cudworth and Virginia were near Dallas, they compelled her, by their seeming unconsciousness of her chaotic state of mind, to play her usual part with at least an outward tranquillity. Furthermore, they spared her the immediate pain of beginning to unravel the various threads of conjecture and fear that had been accumulating in her hands. The mere fact that the two other persons of the bewildering drama were present, and that the drama itself was progressing every instant nearer to its climax, deprived her of the power of clear thinking. It was as if she were standing very close to some intricate machinery whose crashing wheels and pounding levers so deafened her that the most she could do was to keep her head as steady as possible.

One morning just after breakfast Cudworth came to her where she was sitting alone in the corner of the piazza. He stood for a moment leaning on the back of her chair in the old manner that had been laid aside since Virginia came, and Dallas experienced a serene early morning gladness as she looked up at him. At the same time she comprehended that all her former trusting dependence upon him, all her admiration and faith, were merged into an emotion of compassion. Everything became strangely clear to her all at once, as if a heavy mist had lifted, and she knew with final certainty that what she had been fearing for him was the power of Virginia's fascination, that what she now pitied was his lack of intuition, and consequent helplessness in the hands of the woman. His face was white and weary, as if worn by inward conflicts, and she longed intensely to draw it down to her shoulder and say very soothingly and tenderly as if to a tired child:

"Trust me. I am a woman. I can understand it all better than you."

But when Cudworth told her what he had come to say—that he was called away suddenly on business and must leave at once, and when he had said in parting, "I shall miss you, Dallas," she could only answer lightly as she withdrew her hand from his long clasp.

"You look tired. Do take care of yourself, Cudworth, and come back as soon as you can."

Then she turned away quickly with a sensation of tightness at her throat, and the man strode down the steps into the sunshine.

That afternoon, when she and Virginia had settled down in their old place by the stone seat, the latter opened the conversation abruptly. "Do you remember that day when Mr. Chase worked on your portrait?" she asked, narrowly watching her companion out of the corner of her eye. In the moment of silence that followed Dallas felt her consciousness being flooded by bitter memories. She *did* remember that day; the thought of it scarcely ever left her. Indeed, brooding upon the memory of it she had begun to be oppressed with a suspicion that Cudworth's work had made the picture his, and that she no longer had any right to it. Now Virginia interrupted her thoughts abruptly.

"Of course I am a layman," she said, "and not initiated, but I do feel convinced that art is futile for the final end of life, for—"

"And what *is* the final end?" broke in Dallas. "If art cannot satisfy it, whatever it is, what can?"

"Why the end of life is gratification of the emotions, to be sure," returned Virginia quickly. "The only thing that keeps one alive is the pleasure of intense feeling. Don't you think so yourself?"

Dallas stirred slightly, as if an uncomfortably cold hand had been laid on her warm shoulder. Then she said slowly:

"No, don't say that. Of course I believe some of it, only as you put it, it sounds barbarous. But what do you know about the meaning of art to the artist? What right have you to say that creation for its own sake is not the supreme joy of life?" Dallas' speech was low and vibrant, and Virginia was roused by it. Her long eyes narrowed, and a disagreeable little smile curled her lips.

"You are not honest with yourself," she said in her even tones. "Of course you must know that life is reducible to emotions, and emotions are the result solely, if you trace them back far enough, of personal relationships. Don't deceive yourself. Your ideals are very pretty, but they're bubbles. No one has a vital interest, even in art, unless there is a motive behind,—a desire to dazzle some one, to win some one. To fall back on art as an end, not a means, is a confession of defeat at the least. And do you know, the real difference between us is a difference of emphasis. You exalt art; I honor the artist. For my part, I believe that what is given to one to express is his, not another's."

The crisply spoken words, falling on Dallas' ear, gave her a sick recoil. They were a harsh echo of her own half-formed thoughts.

"Of course not another's," she responded, her eyes holding Virginia's as if they would tear from her all secret thoughts. "Never another's!" Then she broke away, as once before Virginia had done, and moved swiftly across the lawn in time to the racing thoughts that flushed her cheek and made her hold her head high.

That night she faced everything, and discovered that she had untangled the last threads in her hands, and that she was now ready to see what manner of fabric she might weave. She understood at last what constituted Virginia's power, or rather what Virginia considered to be her power, over herself. It was her knowledge that Dallas felt scruples about entering the picture at the competition as her own. There was, then, only one thing to do—to destroy the picture, and thus reassert her independence. As for the problem of Cudworth—well there was nothing she could do yet. The way to *his* freedom lay through a mysterious door to which she had no key. Confident in her belief in his love for her, she assumed to herself the responsibility of delivering him from the snares of this modern Lilith. But at present she could only watch and wait.

After this her restless meditations were allowed to run their course quite uninterrupted by further events, for she and her aunt left a few days later for the mountains. When, three weeks afterwards, on the twentieth of September, they returned together, Dallas found awaiting her a brief enigmatic note from Virginia, expressing her gratitude for Dallas' friendship, and farewell messages. No address was given, and it was unknown where they had gone. Dallas had received one unsatisfactory letter from Cudworth since his departure, and that, together with Virginia's letter, furnished food for miserable conjectures through the ensuing days.

Late one afternoon at the very end of September, she went out to the garden to sit alone among the lilac bushes. She took a melancholy pleasure in going there now. The place was the scene of some of the happiest, as well as the most wretched hours of her life, and the refuge to which she had fled during so many mental conflicts, that it seemed to have become tinged with the colour of her moods. To-day this responsiveness of the place to her own feelings was unusually perfect. The wind moved gently through the dusty leaves, as if trying to imitate the breezes of the departed summer, and the yellow sunlight lay upon the

parched grass like a wash of gold that hoped, but vainly, to restore the old brilliance of a faded picture.

Dallas looked at the stone seat with eyes that dreamed, and leaning against the rough oak behind her, she let her thoughts travel back slowly to the time when she and Cudworth had begun to be so happy together in their work. So intent was she upon these memories that footsteps drew near unheard, and she was roused at last from her reverie only by hearing the words:

"Won't you speak to me, Dallas?" Cudworth's voice started such rapid beating of her heart that she could scarcely breathe, and only after a moment of bewildered silence did she manage to hold out her hand and say:

"I have so many things to tell you, Cudworth. You can't imagine what a strange month I have been spending. Virginia went away, you know."

Twining her fingers together nervously as she waited for what he should say, she noticed that his eyes grew shallow all at once, like an animal's. "Yes I know," he said, "I have seen her." Then, stung by an uncontrollable jealousy, made desperate by the long nightmare of her weeks of loneliness, and hurried on by a feverish excitement that made her only half accountable for her words, she spoke. "I have wanted to ask you things, Cudworth. I thought I began to understand Virginia just about the time when you went away. That afternoon she said something that made me know that she was trying to get you and me, both, into her power. She suspected that I had scruples about putting my name to the portrait after what you did to it, and she wanted to use that knowledge to work her way into my confidence, Cudworth." Dallas' voice grew lower with suppressed passion. "I burned that picture—to free myself—and you."

"Stop, Dallas," Cudworth's tone was cold and harsh. He had sprung to his feet, and Dallas too had risen; so that they faced each other gravely, and with white faces.

"I don't know why I let you say all that. I ought to have stopped you. I came, Dallas, to tell you something. I, too, have news. Virginia herself told me—a great deal. I have seen her every day, and last night she promised to marry me."

The world seemed to have gone out, leaving behind only a great

waste of darkness. Dallas knew that she was alone,—that Cudworth had mercifully left her, but beyond that one fact she was sure of nothing. All seemed unreal, yet frightfully vivid, like a nightmare, and in the midst of the evening chill that crept up higher and higher until it reached her heart, she was dimly aware first of all of her own icy hands, and then of the dazzling light that flared in the west as the sun went down to the tireless chant of the crickets.

*RESOLUTIONS OF THE CLASS OF 1910 OF BRYN MAWR
COLLEGE CONCERNING THE DEATH OF
FRANCES JACKSON.
SEPTEMBER 29, 1909.*

WHEREAS, Frances Jackson was our dearly loved president for one year, and has continued for three years to be a loyal and inspiriting member of our class; and

WHEREAS, Her death has filled us all with the deepest grief and sense of loss:

Resolved, That, in appreciation of those splendid qualities of heart and mind which endeared her to the whole college, and which caused us to honor and love her beyond others, we, the class of 1910, desire to express to her family our most sincere sympathy; and be it

Resolved, That, in the memory of her gracious, unfinished life, we are the more fully persuaded of the hope of immortality; and be it

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to Frances Jackson's family and be inserted in the records of the class.

EDITORIALS.

Inter nos—Our beautiful library, we regret to say, has been taken in a new fault. Not only does it repeat many times the sounds made within its walls, but all its windows are eavesdroppers to gather in conversations from outside. Students will recall that the library is lined on almost three sides, upstairs and down, with the private offices of the faculty. Whether or not our professors are sufficiently interested in the student point of view to regard this sociability of sounds as an advantage we cannot say. They have been good enough, at all events, to remind us in their unofficial capacity that the flagstones below the reading-rooms are a bad place for heart-to-heart disclosures. This warning, of course, is not to be understood as a threat against ill-natured personalities, since, being *ladies*, we all have a much better reason for trying to avoid these. But we all know some things, perhaps, that we don't shout even to our college professors, so—especially now that Christmas is coming on—let us be circumspect.

R. G.

College Religious Organizations—As a part of our experience at college, there is laid upon us the necessity for self-reliance, and the consequent duty of making our own decisions. We are suddenly made responsible members of a community, whose soundness of spirit depends altogether upon individual choice of action. And, according to the logic of most of us, our decision as to our place and part in the religious life of the college is of fundamental importance. Indeed, if we consider religion at all, we must give to it this deep significance. And so, if religious organisations in college are to keep their normal helpfulness and strength, there must be no casual element in their membership. We can do nothing for ourselves and so nothing for the spirit of Bryn Mawr, by joining either of them thoughtlessly and without real consecration to its purpose. Although every provision is made against such a possibility, it may be that some of us will find that we can ally ourselves to neither organisation. But let us take time to under-

stand ourselves and the situation, and so make our decision, whatever it may be, with sincerity.

M. C.

On Hasty Decisions.—The Modern Spirit has accomplished this much,—it has deprived learning of the desire or the power to be partisan. It was almost in the dark ages that, when Reason found her position of *ancilla ecclæ* (in the household of Faith) equivocal and burdensome and resigned it—after what a controversy!—to set up for herself, Secular Knowledge came forward as her champion and there and then chivalrously espoused the Greek slave-girl. But in our day at the tag-end of the age of reason, though the romantic couple are still happily married—not that they have escaped their little disagreements—the quarrel between the two ladies has been so elaborately mended that it is almost under the patronage of the church we have come to the abode of reason.

As is usual, however, after the reconciliation of the chiefs some mutual distrust lingers in the hearts of the followers; most Freshmen come to college already prejudiced for one side or the other. Free thinkers—such is the honourable title they have adopted—cling to the belief that true learning is inevitably agnostic, and the army of the faithful even now dread the world's wisdom.

In this uneasy first month of college, when you Freshmen are confronted with the claims of our two religious institutions and with the further alternative of nothing at all, it will take some resolution to refuse to immediately formulate opinions—out of your scraps of experience and tradition—on that most important subject of belief. The more orthodox and indeterminate among you will be tempted to slip into the less ill-fitting of the ready-made doctrines offered, whether through loyalty, or as a talisman against doubts, or through sheer amiability. And the rest—the unbelievers—though they escape this temptation, may yet take the opportunity to leave their judgments unsuspended. But should the doctrines fit your preconceptions like a glove, should you even find the activities of the institutions necessary to your peace of mind, nothing they offer is an immediate necessity which an outsider could not enjoy, and we urge upon you to wait and not carelessly to acknowledge or lightly enter upon the most sacred obligation of life.

Later—even a little later—you will feel bound to change or modify

your opinions. Any mind exposed long enough to knowledge—yes, or information—will be influenced by it. If you have come to college for anything besides tea and hockey it was surely to expose your prejudices to the light of reason, to open your mind to the thought and experience of the living dead. Not to cling fast to whatever ideas you have brought and fight your way blindly with them through the opposing wisdom of philosophy or literature or science.

Somehow this wisdom will certainly affect you, but more or less it lies with you what effect it shall have. Your temperament, your individual intelligence, will filter and dye it, but nothing will so shape and alter it as any specific dogma definitely expressed. Is it because you suspect this that some of you arm yourselves against the very knowledge you have come here to receive? Agnostics have so little to lose by a change that logic itself ought to teach them to be open minded; on the other side your precaution will be ineffectual. There is no charmed armour against the assassin thrusts of doubts, they are not the vanishing monsters of faëry, and in the weary struggle you will need the strength of all the knowledge you can acquire and the light of all the reason you are capable of receiving to tread down the enemy and justify your faith.

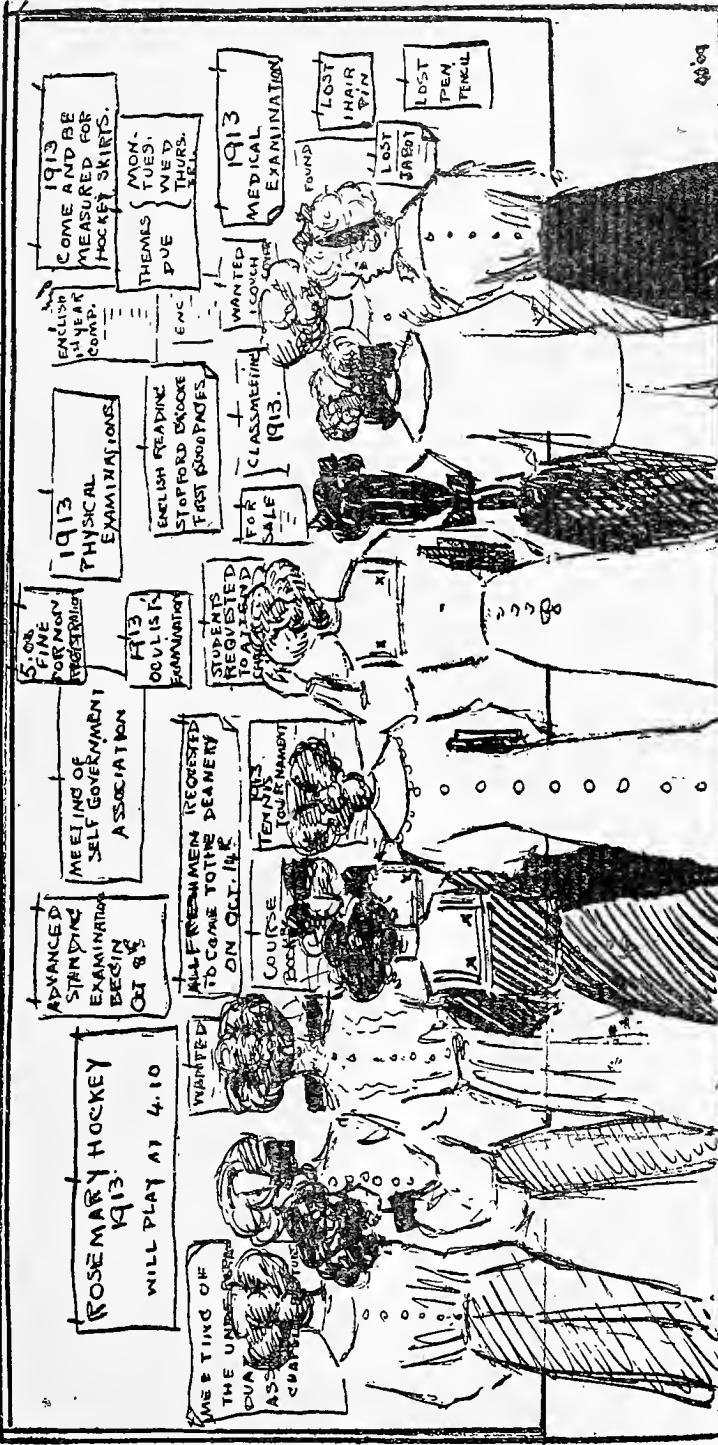
G. B. B.

DULCI FISTULA

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

They thought they saw a mist of tears
That wrapped all things below;
They looked again and saw it was
An editor steeped in woe.
"My tears fall fast," she wailed, "because
My own jokes hurt me so."

R. M.



Wing
+ 1913

MOTTO NIL DESPERANDUM

MASCOT HORSE

THE SHORTCOMINGS OF EXAM'S.

(*With Apologies to Elisabeth Barrett Browning.*)

I.

Unless you can think when it must be done
That you'd rather die than do it.

Unless you can feel (about half-past one)
That you never will live through it.

Unless you can know that an hour more
And you'd die of cold and famine,
But know you must stay 'till the task is o'er,
Oh! fear to call it cramming.

II.

Unless you can look, with tears of rage,
On the reading list they fixed you,
Unless you can swear to reach the last page
Though the breadth of the book's betwixt you.

Unless you can dream your luck holds fast
And you know how they'll examine,
Unless you can *die* when the dream is past
Oh! do not call it cramming.

M. S. S.

A REVIEW OF SCOTT'S CARTESIAN GEOMETRY.

This famous work which has but lately come to our notice deserves especial mention. Though it cannot be classed under the head of romantic fiction, every page bearing the mark of realism, it is yet full of problems, especially of that more absorbing variety whose solution is, beyond the merest indication, left wholly to the reader. Marked atten-

tion to these will be found very profitable to the average person who does not possess a great deal of imagination.

We congratulate the writer on the plot of this excellent work, as, without exception, the scenes are so nicely adjusted that they turn on a single point with well-nigh mathematical accuracy. In this connection the illustrations, which serve so admirably in helping to show the meaning of the author, may be mentioned. They do not, as is true with some works, tell the whole story, but leave a pleasant suspense, which is only relieved by a careful study of the text. As we approach the characters in this book we cannot but be struck by them—they are so carefully drawn. The principal personages are tall and angular, and their faces are lined with sorrow; in fact even the slightest acquaintance with them cannot help disclosing that they have a great deal to them. The reality of the book as a study of life is helped by their conversation, which bears the mark of extreme veracity. In their scientific discussions especially they leave no doubts in the mind of the reader. Merely these few words suffice in passing—the rest are left to the intelligence of the peruser of this book.

R. M.

THE FRESHMAN'S QUERY.

If I should go to all the teas
And eat the things they serve
And drink three cups of chocolate,
Which takes a lot of nerve;
If I should dine each evening
At the tea-house 'cross the way
Exclusively on fudge and cream
And fatter grow each day;
If to eat all I wanted and
Lots more I should feel free.
Do you suppose an all-round college girl I'd learn to be?

R. M.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

- '97. The class president, Mary Campbell, climbed Mount Hood, Oregon, this summer.
- '00. Grace Bowditch Campbell Babson (Mrs. Sydney Gorham Babson) has a son, Arthur Clifford Babson, born July nineteenth, 1909.
- '02. Lucy Rawson was married, June nineteenth, 1909, to Mr. William R. Collins, of Cincinnati.

Among the recent visitors at the college have been:

- '06. Helen Williston Smith and Adelaide Walbaum Neall.
- '07. Eunice Morgan Schenck, Margaret Helen Ayer, Julia De Forest Benjamin, and Mary Isabelle O'Sullivan.
- '08. Anna Merven Carrière, Myra Elliot, and Lydia Trimble Sharpless.
- '09. Mary Emma Herr, Shirley Putnam, Mildred Pressinger, Cynthia Maria Wesson, Anna Estelle Platt, Leona Sophie Labold, and others.

Pleasaunce Baker is on the staff of the Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr. Mary Eleanor Bartholomew is teaching at the Baldwin School, and enrolled as a graduate student in the college.

Margaret Sidner Dillin and Helen Stieglitz Jurist are enrolled as graduate students in the college.

Grace La Pierre Wooldridge is secretary of the Consumers' League in Baltimore, Maryland.

Aristine Pixley Munn is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins University.

Ellen Francis Shippen is teaching in Miss Beard's School, Orange, N. J.

Ethel Mattson is teaching at Brownell Hall, Omaha, Nebraska.

Elise Donaldson is teaching at Laurel Hall, Cleveland, Ohio.

Helen Turnbull Gilroy has been appointed assistant in physics, chemistry, and mathematics at the Hollins Institute, Virginia.

- '10. Gertrud Erbslöh Müller (Mrs. Robert Otto Müller) has a son, Erhart Rudolf Müller, born Friday, August thirteenth, 1909.

Juliet Ephraim Lit Stern (Mrs. David J. Stern) has a son.

- Frances Morrow Stewart Rhodes (Mrs. Goodrich Barbour Rhodes) has returned to Cincinnati after spending the summer in Vienna.

- '11. Norvelle Browne has lately visited the college.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The new members of the faculty this year are: Mr. Frederick A. Blossom, Professor of French Literature; Dr. Frederick H. Getman, Associate in Chemistry; Dr. M. Phillips Mason, Reader in Philosophy; Miss Content Shepard Nicholls, Reader in English, and Miss Carolyn Lynch, Demonstrator and Reader in Archeology.

On Wednesday, September twenty-ninth, the work of the twenty-fifth academic year began, with an entering class of one hundred and two.

At the first Freshman meeting, held on October twenty-eighth in Pembroke West, Eleanor Elmer was elected chairman. The assembly was uninterrupted by the Sophomores, who were, however, just preparing to break in upon it when its work was done. On the following evening the rules of college etiquette were read by the members of the class of 1912 in each hall to the class of 1913.

The Undergraduate Association held its first meeting in Taylor Hall on Tuesday, October fifth, for the reading of the constitution.

The first meeting of the Students' Association for Self-Government, called for the reading and amendment of the constitution, was held in the Assembly Hall on October seventh.

The Christian Union has given up its Wednesday evening services, and holds a service on Sunday at 8 P. M. instead, in the place of the old Sunday evening meetings, which have been abolished. A very simple and beautiful order of service has been drawn up, and Dr. Barton has written a prayer especially for the college. On three Sundays in the month the Christian Union will be responsible for the preacher at the evening service; on the fourth the speaker will preach under the auspices of the college. The first of these services was held on the third of October, when Dr. Barton preached to a very full Assembly Hall.

The Bryn Mawr League for the Service of Christ will continue to hold its vesper services on Sunday afternoons. The first service, led by Elsie Deems, who spoke on the "Purpose of the League," was held on October third.

The Christian Union gave its usual reception for the Freshmen in Rockefeller Hall on the evening of October first. Interesting addresses were given by President Thomas; Ruth Babcock, President of the Union;

Hilda Smith, President of Self-Government; Mabel Ashley, President of the Undergraduate Association; and Miss Applebee.

The only other large social affair thus far was the dance given by 1912 to 1913 in the gymnasium on October second. The dance was followed by a reception at the Deanery given by President Thomas to the two classes.

Rush night was more than ordinarily successful this year. The Freshmen, lustily shouting their very effective rush song, were so well protected by 1911 that the Sophomores were able to torment them only from the outside. The costumes worn by 1912 struck terror to the hearts of Freshmen and Juniors alike. They consisted of long white sheets and masks made to represent skulls.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The new gymnasium, which seemed so faultless to our dazzled eyes when it finally received us last year, is to be perfected before December first by a new heating apparatus and a tiled swimming pool. These improvements were suggested by their donor last spring, on condition that they should be installed before the opening of college in the fall. For unavoidable reasons the work was not done in the summer, and, since the donor did not wish the pool to be closed, the gift was withdrawn. The Athletic Board, however, was asked to decide whether the work should be done this fall, in spite of the necessary closing of the pool. The board considered the small use ordinarily made of the pool in the hockey season, and the desirability of getting the new pool in time for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the college, and concluded to accept the gift once more and very gladly, on the necessary terms. The pool, with its sides and the wall to the windows, will be tiled in white, and the drainage will be altered so that fresh water will run in and out continually. In short, it will be brought to perfection, as swimming pools go. The double duct system of heating will insure to the whole building a constant supply of tempered air.

At the regular fall meeting of the Athletic Association Miss Denison, the President, gave us some wise advice as to our attitude toward college

athletics. She reminded us that hockey and basket-ball are after all played quite as much for the good of our bodies as for the promotion of college spirit. As a matter of fact, the victories of one class over another, or the triumph of 'Varsity over Merion Cricket Club, will be forgotten many years before the players shall cease to need good health. And so, for our own sakes and for the good name of Bryn Mawr, Miss Denison urged us to "do athletics" with moderation and common sense.

At this same meeting the association voted to organise hare and hound chases between the different classes, to be run in winter weather, when hockey is no longer played.

Just now the college, from Freshmen even to graduates, is practising hockey vigorously. The class captains are: Marion Kirk, '10; L. Houghteling, '11; C. Chase, '12; A. Hearne, '13. Under Miss Albee, '04, the graduates are practising hockey, and plan to organise a tennis team, wherewith they will challenge 'Varsity. The class tennis captains are: E. Swift, '10; H. Emerson, '11; E. Faries, '12; J. Tomlinson, '13.

1913 RUSH SONG.

CAROLINE NASH, '13.

Tune: Pony Boy.

Rush along, rush along,
We will hold to-gether strong,
Get a grip, don't let slip
Sophs can't break between!
Don't let go—here we go!
Right across the green.
Giddy up! Giddy up! Giddy up!
Whoa!
Nineteen thirteen!

1912 RUSH SONG.

MARY ALDEN, '13.

JULIA HAINES, '13.

Tune: With Rings on Her Fingers.

Oh, look, the Sophomores surround you!

Tremble with fright!

We're here with a purpose

To finish you up quite—(Wow!).

No use to struggle!

No use to fight!

The Sophomores will get you surely to-night,

Alright!

1913 CHEER.

MARGARET MURRAY, '13.

Venimus valemus

Omnia vincimus

Sapientissima salve!

Nineteen Thirteen!

1913 CLASS SONG.

KATHERINE PAGE, '13.

GORDON HAMILTON, '13.

Bryn Mawr! we bring thee greetings	The shadows swiftly gather,
Beneath thy towers fair.	The darkness is falling fast;
We bow to the daisies' beauty,	But the fire which love hath kindled
We honor the name we bear.	Glows red to the very last.
Thy children of Nineteen Thirteen,	And deeply now we pledge them,
Dauntless and free from fears,	With smiles that are almost tears,
Oh, shall we still be faithful	That we will still be faithful
At the end of a thousand years?	At the end of a thousand years.

Bailey, Banks & Biddle

DIAMOND MERCHANTS
JEWELERS :: STATIONERS
Makers of

The Bryn Mawr Lantern Pin

14-k Gold - - \$2.75

Silver Gilt - - \$1.00

"COLLEGE AND SCHOOL EMBLEMS"

An illustrated catalogue, showing newest designs in high-grade College and Fraternity Pins, Medals, Rings, Fobs and Novelties, mailed free on request.

1218 - 20 - 22 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FURNITURE CURTAINS WALL PAPERS

ALL of the new patterns of furniture, curtains and upholstery goods are now ready and we will be glad to show them.

We also have many inexpensive wall papers and fabrics of beautiful designs and can submit sketches and estimates for decorating and furnishing homes or rooms.

KARCHER & REHN COMPANY

1608-1610 CHESTNUT STREET



Superior Furs

The present showing is the largest and most attractive we have ever offered. There is style in every line, quality in every skin and perfect detail in making and finishing, and above all, the models are exclusive with this house.

Trimmed Millinery

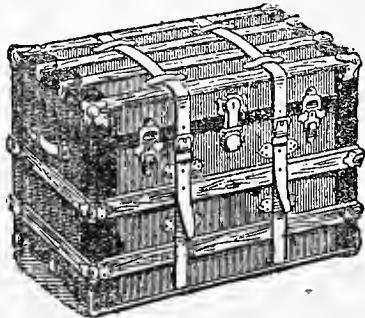
New types from the French milliners—originals and adaptations from our own designers now displayed. The styles are authoritative.

Smart styles for college girls.

BLAYLOCK & BLYNN, Inc., 824-82 Chestnut Street

TIPYN O' ROB

SPECIAL VALUES
in
Trunks, Bags and Suit-Cases



All Kinds of Hand-Luggage

We have a Special Department for the repairing of Trunks, Bags, Suit-Cases and all kinds of hand-luggage.

EDWARD L. POWERS
Harness and Saddlery
903-905 Lancaster Avenue
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

LEWANDOS

America's Greatest Dyers
Cleansers and Launderers

FOR THE HOME

Furniture Covering Portieres Draperies
Embroideries Linens Rugs Blankets
Laces Muslin Curtains Silks Satins
Cotton etc

FOR WOMEN

Suits Ribbons etc Feathers
Gloves Real Laces Gowns
Coats

LEWANDOS

1633 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA

EMMA FOSTER Agent Pembroke East

DREKA

Fine Stationery
AND
Engraving House

1121 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

FINE STATIONERY imported papers from Paris and London, the newest shades and exclusive patterns, with monograms and cyphers

VISITING CARDS, correct styles and shapes

INVITATIONS for weddings and receptions.

BANQUET MENUS and LUNCHEON FAVORS

CHRISTMAS and WEDDING GIFTS
of artistic merit at moderate prices.



THE CHOICEST FLOWERS

for every occasion will be found here. Instant delivery from finest blooms. Telephone your orders. Prices optional.

ROBERT KIFT, Florist
1725 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**FOR PERFECT FITTING
EYE GLASSES**

DANIEL E. WESTON

1623 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA

TIPYN O' BOB

**BRYN MAWR
HARDWARE COMPANY**

*Hardware, Cutlery
and House-Furnishing Goods*

**E. M. FENNER
CONFECTIONER**

ICE CREAM AND ICES
FROZEN FRUITS, CHOICE CONFECTIONERS
HOME-MADE JELLIES and CANNED FRUITS

BRYN MAWR, PA.

ARDMORE, PA.

Miss Helen R. Gill

is exhibiting the latest Parisian Models in

FRENCH MILLINERY

with a choice collection of Original Designs at
ATTRACTIVE PRICES

2117 Walnut Street Philadelphia
Established 1862

C. D. EDWARDS

CONFECTIONER

Chocolate Layer Cake a Specialty

Ice Cream and Ices Fine Fancy Cakes
Ramsey Building, Lancaster Avenue

Telephone Connection *Bryn Mawr, Pa.*

WILLIAM H. RAMSEY

DEALER IN

Choice Recleaned Oats, Flour, Feed, Baled Hay and
Straw, Groceries, etc., Hardware, Paints, Oils, etc.

BRYN MAWR

M. M. GAFFNEY

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings
DRY GOODS AND NOTICNS

Post Office Block **BRYN MAWR, PA.**

**JOHN J. CONNELLY
Florist**

Cut Flowers and
Decorative Plants



Telephone
252 L

Lancaster Ave., ROSEMONT, PA.

**The Bryn Mawr Pharmacies
OLDEST AND RELIABLE**

Pure Drugs and Toilet Requisites. All Kinds of
Stationery. Prescriptions a Specialty.

Goods Delivered Promptly

Established 1884

CHRISTIAN MOORE

PRICKITT - - -

The reliable Apothecary of ROSEMONT and
BRYN MAWR has been authorized to furnish the
College Students with Drugs, etc. All prescriptions
are compounded by competent graduates only.

Messenger calls at each hall, at 11 a.m. daily.

PHARMACIES

BRYN MAWR

ROSEMONT

**Careful Handling
and Quality**

Wilson Laundry

Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

VAN HORN & SON

121 North Ninth St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Costumers

Costumes to Hire for College Theatricals,
Entertainments and Tableaux

MAURICE BARNETT

CURIOS THINGS,
JEWELRY, CHINA and ANTIQUES

26 South 18th Street
PHILADELPHIA

Boys' and Misses' Sailor Suits a specialty
Ladies' Tailor made Suits and
Riding Habits
Boys' and Young Men's Norfolk, Sack
and Tuxedo Suits

MEN'S DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR

MADE TO ORDER ONLY
NO AGENCIES

PETER THOMSON

Naval and Merchant Tailor

1118 Walnut Street
Philadelphia

14 and 16 W. 33d Street
New York

Intercollegiate Bureau
of Academic Costume

COTRELL & LEONARD
ALBANY, N. Y.



Makers of

**CAPS, GOWNS
and HOODS**

To the American Colleges
and Universities

Bulletins, etc., upon request

Correspondence Solicited

Rich Gowns for Faculties, Pulpit and Bench

Dry Goods and
Notions

Ladies' and Gents'
Furnishing Goods



Miss McNally



Ramsey Block
Lancaster Ave.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

H. D. REESE

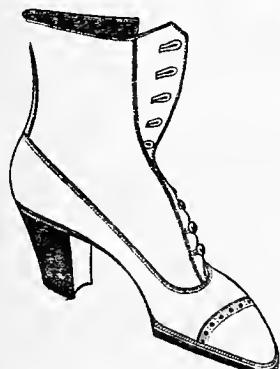
Dealer in the Finest Quality of
**BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, LAMB
AND SMOKED MEATS**

1203 Filbert Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

TIPYN O' BOB



New Street Boots for Young Women, 4\$ and \$5

Distinctive styles and shapes,
showing perfection of finish
down to the smallest detail

All Leathers—Button or Lace

HANAN & SON

1318 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HOSIERY
and
SHOES

Shoes of Individuality for Young Women

Correct Styles, combining taste and comfort to a degree
attained by no others

J. & T. COUSINS

1226 Chestnut Street

Philadelphia

ART NEEDLE WORK
Stamping and Embroidery Materials

THE J. C. BENTLEY CO.,
812 Arch Street - Philadelphia

TIPYN O' BOB

LEADING MILLINERY HOUSE OF PHILADELPHIA

NECK FIXINGS and NOTIONS

RIBBONS and VEILINGS

Announcement of Individuality in Fall Merchandise

TRIMMED MILLINERY—LATEST MODELS FROM BEST MAKERS

Novelties	Laces	Veilings	Ribbons
Velvets	Neckwear	French Jewelry	French Underwear
Corsets		Hosiery and Underwear	

GEORGE ALLEN, Inc., 1214 Chestnut St.

TRIMMINGS, LACES, GARNITURES

IRMA MARCH

Importer of Fine Millinery

AT MODERATE PRICES

1505 WALNUT STREET

NOBLE & LINCOLN

1635

CHESTNUT STREET

A full line of Imported
Novelties in Bonnets, Toques, and Hats

MOURNING A SPECIALTY



The most distinctive street boot of the season.

Steigerwalt

1004 Chestnut Street

PRESS OF
THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
1008-1016 ARCH STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

December, 1909

DEC 6 '09

Tipy'n o' Bob

Contents

Of Heavenly Pastimes	Ruth George, '10	1
Mortalia	Helen Parkhurst, '11	4
War and Peace, An Argument.....	Grace Branham, '10	5
Latin Minor	Margaret Prussing, '11	13
Ulysses	Hilda Smith, '10	19
James' Son	Grace Branham, '10	20
Editorials		25
The Sophomore Circus		29
Dulci Fistula		30
Alumnae Notes		33
College Notes		33
Athletic Notes		34
Oral Songs		35
Lantern Song		38



Tipyn o'Bob

Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.

VOL. VII

DECEMBER, 1909

No. 2

Managing Editors.

GRACE BAGNALL BRANHAM, '10, *Editor-in-Chief.*

RUTH GEORGE, '10.

MARION CRANE, '11.

Editors.

CHARLOTTE ISABEL CLAFLIN, '11.

HELEN PARKHURST, '11.

ISABEL VINCENT, '12.

Business Board.

KATE ETHEL CHAMBERS, '11, *Business Manager.*

LOUISE STERNBERG RUSSELL, '11, *Treasurer.*

HELEN BARBER, '12, *Assistant Business Manager.*

OF HEAVENLY PASTIMES.

RUTH GEORGE, 1910.

Of course the first problem was whether I should even *get* to heaven. My prospects for that were only average. I was not so good as Aunt Comfort or Mother, but then I was much better than Peter Estley. If Peter was going to heaven, so was I. Peter tells thousands of stories, and moves his ball at croquet. Well, sometimes I move my ball just a tiny bit away out at the tip of my slipper; but Peter shoves his all around. And I have told only one story—that was when I cut a flower out of the parlour curtain to lay on my bird's grave—so I told a story then to Auntie Julia, and I told it a great many times all day until evening; but that just counts as one story. Then once I called Bobby a fool before I knew

it was a sin; and quite a good many times, when I had decided to say my prayers in bed, I fell asleep before I could get started. But most of these I made up afterwards by saying them dozens of times in one evening. Besides I could say my catechism without a mistake and ever so many Psalms. And my father was a clergyman—that ought to have some weight, though Lizzie said not. And I could go asleep without a candle; and button my own shoes. On the whole, I entertained a lively hope for eternal life, though there were still times, of course, when I felt very anxious about it. It would all depend on how the Judgment Day turned out. The Judgment Day, as everybody doubtless knows, will probably be held on the Common that is right beside our house. There are several very good reasons for holding it here. For one thing it is very large—three tennis courts, and a baseball diamond, besides all the space under the oaks where the good people will stand. It is doubtful whether there is any place else that will hold everybody. Then again this Common was once a graveyard, so that it will be very convenient for the people buried there to have the Judgment so near. And after we are all judged, this Common will be seen to have another advantage in being so near to heaven—directly under it in fact, while hell is just below that.

Nobody knows exactly what heaven is like, but they say it is something like our sitting-room, though far larger and whiter. The throne is over by the cupboard. Just off this main heaven is another room, like our kitchen, where the saints go to put on their robes. This room is dark. Ice cream is served here—if you want it. But about this there is a great mystery involved. It seems you won't want it. This is what Christiana told me. She told me you could have anything you want, just *anything*.

"Ice cream?" I asked.

"Yes," Christiana said, "you could have ice cream if you wanted it, but you won't want it."

"Won't *want* it!" I could remember only once in all my life that I had not wanted it, and even then I ate almost half my plateful.

"No," Christiana held out, "you won't want it. You won't want anything to eat."

"Won't I want roasting ears?"

"No."

"Nor chocolate pie?"

"No."

"Nor cakes and syrup?"

"No, nothing like that."

"But if I tell them I want it, will they bring it to me?"

"Oh, nonsense, Sarah, you'll be grown up by that time and never think of such things."

"Uncle William's grown up, and he thinks of those things all the time."

"Well, you'd be a funny looking angel if you got as fat as Uncle William."

"Aren't there any fat angels, Christiana?"

"Oh, dear no, Sarah, they would look awful."

"If Uncle William goes to heaven, his wings won't hold him up, will they Christiana?" and I tumbled into the big chair, quite convulsed with the picture my fancy had presented to me.

Christiana looked at me. She is seventeen years old.

"Oh, Sarah," she said, "you do have the worst ideas of heaven. You're so literal."

She did not wait to tell me what *literal* meant, though I screamed after her that I wanted to know.

I sat, a little offended, a little worried, and very much in the dark. What was the matter with my ideas of heaven then? And how did Christiana know so much any way—she was never there. Of course I could get along without the ice-cream; that was only a matter of birthdays, anyway. But it scarcely seemed fair to talk so much about heaven and have it all depend on a little trick like that. Probably I should not want a pony either, or a pearl ring. There was no telling where it would stop. In my own mind, I knew what I should do; if I ever got to heaven, I would put the matter to the test; I would draw an angel aside and ask him for a plate of ice-cream; then if I did not want it, it could stand there on the kitchen table and melt. Already I began to feel less keen about getting to heaven than I had always felt before. Of course, if I did not want these nice things, it would be easy to go without them; but eternity presented a weary prospect, if desire must fail so early. With a mind to get the best out of this present life I went slowly out to Prisoner's Base.

It was late afternoon of that day, or some other, that I came in wearily and out of sorts. Mother sat by her table darning my nicest apron. I stood on her rocker and watched her. Uncle William was in the room, but he read his book without a glance for us. Mother can sew with the thinnest bit of a needle you ever saw, and she never drops it.

After a while, "Mother," I said, "do you want to go to heaven?"

"Why, yes, Sarah," mother said, and looked up long enough to appear interested.

"What will it be like there, mother?"

"It will be full of light," said my mother, looking far off out of the window, and dropping her sewing to stroke my wrist as she sometimes did.

After a pause, "What do they do, mother?"

"They sing, dear."

Then Uncle William looked up from his book.

"Why, Mary," he said, "how very literal you are."

I turned quickly to my mother; the soft pink wave that I loved was creeping over her clear face. She never looked at Uncle William, but only out of the window.

"Perhaps I am, William," she said. "I am not very far along yet."

And though I did not know what she meant, I felt that I stood justified.

MORTALIA.

HELEN PARKHURST, 1911.

One thought that length of days
The thirst for life allays;
While he would vigil keep
He fell asleep.

One thought to know again
The life of sense, and then
He entered soundlessly
The spirit sea.

One thought eternal fame
To win, but human blame
'And praise to oblivion gave
His nameless grave.

One lived rejoicingly,
Nor ever dreamed that he
Had known through mortal strife
Immortal life.

WAR AND PEACE, AN ARGUMENT.

GRACE BRANHAM, 1910.

Since Count Tolstoï adopted non-resistance as a tenet of his religious creed we have from his hand a whole literature on the subject. Essays, short stories, tracts, express his opinions in varying degrees of convincingness, and in his character of philosopher and reformer these opinions have their value. But, as with other philosophical writings, this value depends on the reader's estimate of Count Tolstoï. In an earlier work, however—whether because his theories had not hardened into dogmas or whether because his instincts as a novelist overcame his instincts as a reformer—he refrains from an argumentative expression of his convictions and gives us in *War and Peace* simply a novel on the subject. It is precisely because he does refrain, because the personal bias is omitted, that *War and Peace* deserves and receives so much the consideration of thinking people.

It is unusual for a novel to have more controversial value than other more purely logical forms of writing, and for excellent reasons. The novelist's first interest in his characters; in playing providence to them he shifts and alters events, he subordinates national vicissitudes to private, softens and conceals with sympathetic mists. A few people occupy the stage; the rest of mankind shrink disproportionately, and are painted in with lifeless perfunctoriness with the scenery of the background. If our sympathies are engaged, we lose our sense of proportion and of justice. In spite of these fallacies a novel has superior forcibleness simply because it does interpret events in human terms. But we are in reason bound to disregard forcibleness gained at the expense of truth. Harriet Beecher Stowe descended in her sentimentality to make a

romantic perversion of truth and, though she helped hurl a nation into civil war, as an argument against slavery her book is so much waste paper.

These faults are not, however,—though until Count Tolstoï we had thought they were—inherent in the nature of novels. It is possible to write a novel with the truth of nature; men and history, ideas, causes and effects in due relativity, each with the share and effect of life. Perverted human interest arrogated for partisan or interested purposes arouses our emotions and deceives our reason; but human interest, justly stressed, is as necessary as any other thing to the truth of an argument. It is because the human side is omitted that arguments drawn from statistics or merely logical leave us unconvinced—however the intellect may be cowed. This subtle falseness of omission causes more instinctive mistrust than the obvious untruths of a novel. In the end it takes more than truth of intuition to make an argumentatively truthful novel; it takes the truth of genius.

Count Tolstoï is proverbial for the photographic accuracy and close realism of his work and it is this which contributes equally to the excellence of *War and Peace* as an argument and as a novel. Vivid and truthful details, personal and unidealised representation of character, guarantee the reality of the book as a whole.

But it has a virtue for our argument which is none for a novel. It is Tolstoï's weakness as well as his strength that he is unable to arrange artistically. Another novelist would have fallen before the temptation to subordinate persons to events or events to persons. But Tolstoï does neither. He refuses to arrange, to emphasise, to select or omit, but pours forth scenes, characters, action with the disorderly profusion of life. In a novel it may be inartistic, but here it is pure gain. You may say he gives us reality and not truth—if you look on truth as a distillation of reality—but reality is the most satisfactory sort of evidence. It is what we particularly want and what we are most unlikely to get. This quality makes it impossible for him to leave out what the other side may have to say. However the truth may seem to contradict his own theories, whether disadvantageous or not, never for a moment does he deviate from it. This relieves us of the danger of condemning unheard, and makes—in case we are convinced—for the strength of our conviction.

That he refrains from twisting the plot for ulterior purposes and from uttering partisan sentiments, however convincing, are hardly secondary merits, the more so when we consider the nature of the subject.

War and peace are seldom treated in the spirit of impartial inquiry. People grow hot over them, lose their tempers and count enthusiastic loyalty, however blind, a more requisite virtue than reasonable deliberation. Tolstoi leaves jingoism and encomiums to less steady writers and heroically refuses to comment or interpret.

Besides the readability of the novel form, a quality by no means to be ungrateful for, it has these cardinal virtues: it arouses human interest by involving the fortunes of fellow-humans, it puts the question most vividly by representing life instead of opinion, and finally, in Tolstoi's hands it puts it most impartially. It has this further advantage, that it does not, like more strictly argumentative writing, make the reader combative. The ideal argument puts the arbiter in the ideal frame of mind. Its fair justice makes fair judges.

We have before us then in *War and Peace* a great mass of evidence interestingly and impartially offered. We are called upon to make a decision for or against peace. It is as though he had withdrawn his personal opinions, saying, "Here are the facts. Draw your own conclusions; abstract your own truth." If these conclusions are drawn with just discrimination and in the end are favourable to peace, we may consider Tolstoi's work to have weight and significance denied to more blindly enthusiastic and persuasive arguments, whoever their authors and however convincing.

To more than indicate the tenor of the mass of material at hand is here impossible. There is a multiplicity of scenes and incidents held together by chronological order rather than by the logical necessity of the plot. St. Petersburg, Moscow, the country, Vienna, Austerlitz, drawing-rooms, camps, battlefields, form the backgrounds for persons as diverse and unconnected. Ladies, grandes, soldiers, peasants, diplomats, generals, children, are the *dramatis personæ*, with a host of others. The plot threads through this succession of scenes in broken continuity. Irrelevant characters which contribute nothing to its development interpose themselves, their only claim to existence in the book being their existence in life. Events come also in a like haphazard manner. In one sense of the word plot, as a more or less interdependence of the parts of a story, there is none. Lives passed individually and, as far as other lives are concerned, with seeming aimlessness, now and again touch the lives of other characters; but this is accidental,—as in life. No detail that makes for reality may be omitted and no event, no matter how remote.

An outline of the story, though it throws but little light on the argument, is necessary to understand it and, besides, illustrates the unmixed quality of Tolstoi's truth. He does not use it as insidious criticism or exhortation, but as a record of the effects of peace and war on human beings.

The central figure of the story—not in the sense of being most important, but rather as a master-link in other lives—is perhaps the most charming of all Count Tolstoi's *jeunes filles*,—Natásha Rostóf. To her more than to anyone else in the book peace presents itself in its most smiling aspect, war in its most terrible. Her life as the pretty daughter of extremely "nice" Moscow people is pleasantly filled with parties, music, flirting, gay things of all kinds. But she is not simply the happy, successful débutante. Natásha has "character," which is heightened and ennobled by ensuing misfortune and sorrow. She has two brothers in the war. One of them, Nicolaï Rostóf, is a young, gallant, and very simple soldier, whose virtues are most brilliantly enhanced by war, though in times of peace they lose their romantic aspect. With his impetuous courage, his generosity, his enthusiastic adoration for Russia and his Czar, Rostóf does much to make war attractive. The other brother, little Petya, a mere child, and Natásha's "special pet," enlists from the high-school and within a few months is killed by a bullet through his brain.

The two heroes of the book,—we call them heroes, though in either case the term is a misfit, Pierre being too fat and spectacled and morally too flimsy to deserve the term, and Prince André Bolkowsky somewhat transcending our ideas,—the two heroes are in love with Natásha, Pierre not until after André's death. Count Pierre Besúkhayn is the owner of an immense fortune, and has one of those complicated, contradictory natures less rare in Russia, it seems, than in other places. In his youth he leads the corrupt, fashionable life of Russian nobility, but he is intelligent and at bottom deeply serious. Except for certain adventures and hardships he encounters as a civilian prisoner of war, Pierre is affected only indirectly by the war. If Napoleon had never lived, and there had been no Russian invasion, Pierre would have sought out the meaning of life and lived accordingly. On the other hand, it is not until Prince André is left for dead on the field of Austerlitz that he gazes at the infinite sky and finds the emptiness and the fulness of life. His is an admirable and remarkable character, one of Tolstoi's great men. Not that he is superhumanly heroic or masterful, but his outward dignity and

charm and his sweetness and thoughtfulness preserve him in the memory. We pay much attention to Prince André's opinion about things; when he cries out on the magnanimity and courtesies of war as mere cruel mockeries, we are inclined to believe him. He is enough of a philosopher not to lose his perspective on account of proximity, to question and to criticise what he himself and the rest are doing. "War is not amiability, it is the most hateful thing in the world it is necessary to take this frightful matter seriously. . . . For otherwise it would become a favorite pastime for idle and frivolous men," he argues on the eve of the battle in which he receives his death-wound. His death goes nearer than anything else in the book to giving us an emotional hatred of battle, and yet through him dashing action is made most real and most attractive. No jingoism could be more stirring than Prince André's charge at Austerlitz, to stay the panic of that terrible defeat. "Children, follow me," he cried, and clutching the flagstaff rushed down the hill. Before they reach the bottom the whole company falls and André is left for dead. Napoleon, riding by later and seeing him lying on his back with the broken staff in his hand, remarked "*voilá, une belle mort.*" But it is not until Borodino that he is fatally wounded. He has been estranged from Natasha, but is, by a stroke of good fortune, taken to her house to die. Of course they are reconciled. Nevertheless Prince André does die and Natasha after a year or two marries Pierre.

There is nothing in the plot which suggests the novel with a purpose; as evidence it might be used by either side. We hardly grasp that this is an argument for peace, war seems so taken for granted,—as in any other novel.

But *War and Peace* is not like any other novel for this reason—among others—that the plot is not the book, but imbedded in the rest, almost lost in the fulness of detail and richness of the life portrayed. I do not mean to imply that scenes and characters apart from the plain line of the plot are forced to do duty as evidence for peace. Far from it. They, too, are written impartially; but still it is from them rather than from the plot that we must draw final conclusions. The action alternates from drawing-rooms to hospitals, from St. Petersburg clubs to devastated villages, yet not for purposes of contrast. The whole point of view as the reader catches it has not a touch of the melodramatic, of the over-emphasising. The author proceeds calmly through his many pages, producing almost with indifference a scene from war or a scene from life

at home, only in the technical sense called peace. Now it is Pierre leaning over the beautiful shoulders of the sensuous Ellen, now soldiers jesting at the flying cannon-balls, a Solókay cashiered, or Natásha at her first dance, or Rostóf at the gaming-table,—right and wrong and merely indifferent follow each other from their author's hand without his bitterness or enthusiasm. As I have said, Tolstoï's genius as a novelist subdued his genius as a reformer. At least so it appears. But whatever the motives for his impartial presentation, in the end, if we are looking for truth rather than for supports for previous conviction, this must be the best method.

As disciples of reality we must first thank Tolstoï for the picture of peace he gives us. He has forborne to draw a golden age, even to suggest one—an unusual thing with peace apologists. The life at home in the fashionable society of St. Petersburg offers no antithesis to war. Moscow drinking, duelling, sinning is little better than Moscow in the hands of the French, Moscow in flames! In contrast with life so sodden with corruption and desire or, at best, innocently frivolous, war seems noble, generous, redemptive. It is a pity, we feel, that the necessity of facing bullets, of living in poverty, of nursing the dying, could not come to them all. War at least is serious.

Peace is discouraging! But we have no reason to suppose that universal arbitration would make it more so. We need our reason to help us over these fallacies. Because fighting is a better occupation than cheating or slandering, fighting is not a necessary occupation. Besides, though Count Tolstoï leaves it implicit, this peace is one of the evils of war. It is a peace rooted in battles, peace with a government by the nobility, which is the fighting class. The military, when at home, do not elevate the tone of society. By abolishing war you would probably change the conditions of peace. Tolstoï, however, does not dwell on this, he discloses no New Jerusalems, only reveals earthly cities more clearly. But these cities, corrupt as they are, need not be considered as evidence against war.

Valuable for our purposes as impartial presentation is, Tolstoï gives us something much more valuable. Other writers may display their evidence more seductively or, like Ruskin, argue more convincingly, but Tolstoï has the unique merit of vivid, of life-like, representation. We do not read *War and Peace*, we live through it, and this is a necessity in forming righteous judgments. Incidentally he makes plain the less

pictorial evils of war; but the value of Tolstoï's great book is not a catalogue of these. That war makes the rights of a nation utterly dependent on the number of the nation's soldiers; that it maintains a leisure class in irreproachable and unprofitable idleness; that farming is more advantageous than fighting, excellent data as they are to keep in mind, are still obvious inferences that we may have drawn for ourselves from the long present fact of battles. That war means injustice, waste, terror, and devastation; that war is a cruel game enacted under terrible conditions, we know even better, but we do not *realise* it. These latter are not simple ideas like the former, to be had for the learning, but facts only to be apprehended by sensuous experience or its equivalent. Tolstoï furnishes the equivalent, and therein lies the special value of his book.

Whoever has assisted—if only as Tolstoï's reader—at such scenes as the battle of Austerlitz, where the Russian soldiers, stopped in their retreat by a stream thinly covered with ice, hesitate and then rush on to be trampled underfoot by the men and horses following, will not be tempted to think lightly of war. The description of a battlefield after the battle when “on the ground like shocks of corn on a fertile field lay the men, fifteen were killed or wounded on every rood of the place. The wounded had crawled together . . . ;” or of the hospital—oh, the horror of that hospital!—will convince the imagination when more “reasonable” arguments leave it cold.

“In a long room which was brightly illuminated by the sun. . . . The sick and the wounded lay in two rows. . . . The majority of them were unconscious and paid no attention to the persons entering. Those who were in their senses raised their bodies or their sallow, haggard faces, and all looked fixedly at Rostóf with the same expression of hope for succour, of reproach, of envy for his health. . . . In front of him a sick soldier, apparently a Cossack . . . was lying on the bare floor . . . on his back, stretching out his enormous legs and arms. His face was purple, his eyes were so turned that only the whites could be seen, and on his bare legs and arms the veins were swollen out like ropes. He kept striking his head against the floor, hoarsely repeating one and the same word. Rostóf listened attentively to him and was able to make out his word; it was: ‘Drink, drink, drink!’” In another place he describes Prince André's country-place deserted; in another the opening of the prisons and mad-houses before the French reach Moscow; in another a rain-soaked battlefield.

Taken in this way out of their context scenes of this sort seem to acquire a distorted emphasis which in reality does not belong to them. There is no long accumulation of sickening disaster with the purpose of overwhelming any convictions held for war by sheer horror. They follow each other at irregular distances in the undramatic order of nature. Interspersed there is much to the credit of war; all, indeed, that is to the credit of war;—deeds of generosity, of loyalty, of heroism, of romance, told with the same inspired truthfulness. Tolstoï is so uncompromisingly just that it is possible to leave the book feeling that the noble and admirable qualities elicited by war justify it. Nevertheless he has in those scenes which depict its horrors plainly shown us the price. The price of war! wholesale murder, cruelty, starvation, waste of the most precious stuffs of life. At this price you have purchased noble action; is it worth it? You have also purchased peace, but that could be had for the asking.

If Count Tolstoï were aiming to prove conclusively and instantly that war is an evil to be swept off the earth, he had perhaps better have used his later form of essays and tracts. The value of his novel, as an argument for peace, and I am certain that it has a greater value, lies rather in the adequate presentation of evidence than in the force of the conclusions drawn. The serious reader may or may not come to the same opinions that Tolstoï holds, but his conclusions if wrong will err through some defect in the temper or reason of the reader, not through an unjust or inadequate presentation of evidence. Moreover, in imagination he has experienced all the horror of war and never again may enter into it, or cause others to enter into it lightly. Even for the casual reader who is not seeking convictions, this last holds good. After all it is even more important than being persuaded for us to see clearly and realise fully the meaning of war.

LATIN MINOR.

MARGARET PRUSSING, 1911.

As Daphne opened the door of her study one afternoon she met her room-mate coming out, gloomy and preoccupied.

“What has befallen thee, Maid Alarmed,
Alone and palely wandering?”

demanded the blithe Daphne, believing in the word fitly spoken. Her room-mate sighed.

“A Horace quiz,” she explained. “And it counts for one-third of the entire course. I have been boning all morning.”

“Well,” said Daphne, considering. “Then you’ll probably pass it.”

“Pass!” was the indignant retort. “I trust so! You know I want a fairly decent mark besides, or my father will disown me.” The words ended in a yawn.

“Patience! How late did you stay up last night over this silly quiz?”

“One,” answered Patience, humbly.

“And yet I know for a fact that you know enough Latin to make jokes in it with your father. What you ought to have is a nap, but I think a ride would be more fun. What do you say? A nice, long ride, after your quiz?”

“It sounds ideal, but—”

“Then we’ll do it! Don’t hesitate! You’re late for your quiz now.”

Later, as they cantered out from the campus gate, Patience was still gloomy.

“If I get more than seventy on that quiz, Daphne, I shall slaughter two white heifers to Pallas. Sainted Horatius! Never have I seen such a quiz! Metres! And sight translation! Oh! and I did work so hard for it.” There was something very like a sob in her voice as she ended, which made her room-mate rein in.

"Listen to me, Pat," she commanded, "you know how I hate post-mortems, so please don't spoil this ride with vain remembrances of Horace and his flowering vine. Pat!" joyfully, "let's make this ride a 'bat.' *Tirons en bordé*. Don't you feel like doing mad things in this heavenly air?"

Pat sniffed the scented spring air, and her eyes brightened.

"Don't consider!" Daphne went on in a rush. "Think of the ride we had before Christmas, when we took all the roads that turned off to the right, and finally got picked up by the hunt and were in at the death! Let's do anything that comes along."

"Let's," said Pat, and they started off.

They had been riding for some time down paths, across fields, or through brooks, when the flowery road they followed ended at two high gates. Through them they could see stretches of lawn, gardens, and walks, but of human life there was nowhere a sign.

"Can you open the gate with your crop, or shall I dismount?" demanded Daphne, while Pat gazed longingly at the crocus buds and dogwood, flowering within.

"Daphne, you're crazy. This is private. We haven't lost all considerations of law and order, have we, just because we are feeling foolish, and it is spring?"

"You may well ask," answered Daphne cheerfully as she swung out of the saddle and slipped to the ground. "For we have. And not only of propriety, but of identity, up-bringing, and education as well." She pushed open the gates and led her horse through. Pat followed slowly.

"Take heart, oh my beloved," she sang in mock sentimentality, "because there are probably no people within miles, and it is a sin to neglect such a beautiful garden." She finished her improvised ballad with a little exclamation. "What a long distance from his front gate this man's house seems to be. Wonder whether there is a house?" she continued, and then, "Oh Pat! A sunken garden, as I live."

"Yes, and Daphne! Look! Look! Over there! The ilex hedges, and the stone seats, and the water! We might be in Italy!" Patience was particularly vulnerable on the point of gardens.

They looked about them and saw the sun slanting, in pale gold streaks, across the newly green grass; they looked up and saw the afternoon sky showing delicately blue through the budding trees. In every direction stretched double rows of dark ilex hedges, bordering red flagged

paths. No sound of birds or insects could be heard, the horses stood still with heads up, listening, while the whole garden lay as under an enchantment. Then a little breeze, cool, and fragrant as a wild rose, came through the garden, rustling the tops of the trees and stirring the surface of the water in the pool, and the garden was freed from the spell that lay upon it.

Daphne gave a little shuddering sigh and picked up her bridle; Pat broke off her rapt gazing into space, and together they rode down one of the red paths to a sun-dial by the water.

"What is't o'clock?" asked Daphne, as Patience bent over the dial, and then she continued before Pat could answer, "It's tea-time, and they're having gingerbread; hot, too. Can't you smell it? Wait. It's right over there!"

"Then come along," said Pat. "They may as well ask us to share it." She rode her horse in the direction in which Daphne's keen little nose was turned. Daphne caught up with her just as they came out before the house, red-roofed, gabled, and grey; with terraces stretching before it; and its only sign of life a thin curl of smoke against the sky.

"Oh, Pat," whispered the sobered Daphne then, "what are we doing, anyway?"

"What does it matter?" asked Patience. "The inscription on the sun-dial said: 'The King was with us—yesterday,' which shows a spirit appreciative of the charms of romance, but a reactionary one, which we will do our best to cure, for to the observant eye are we not romance personified?"

"You may well ask," said Daphne in scorn. It was her favourite expression because adaptable to every intonation. "To the slightly critical eye we look like Intrusion and her twin sister, Boldness, and your hair is perfectly awful, Pat."

Patience lifted the knocker and waited while it re-echoed through the house.

"What will you say?" Daphne continued desperately.

"That we have lost our way; perfectly true. That I have torn the heel straps of my skirt, and that I can't ride on without fixing them; a lie, but— May I see your mistress?" with charming smile and manner, to the stout housekeeper who opened the door.

"No, ma'am," that individual replied. She seemed slightly dazed, but extremely firm.

"Oh dear," sighed Pat, a picture of dismay. "We've lost our way, and I've torn my skirt, and—"

"Don't waste thy excellent breath in vain debate, Rachel, bring in my guests, whoever they may be," came a deep voice from somewhere within. Pat heard it and turned to flee, but was detained by Rachel.

"If thee would," she besought, in a shaky whisper. "He is so lonely, and he will see so few. Please, please, step in, thee and thy friend!"

"Of course we will come in," said Daphne over Pat's shoulder. Lower to Pat: "You've got to! You began this madness! See it through. If 'he' is crazy, we can bolt." Turning to the housekeeper again, she continued: "You will have some one see to our horses? And could we—our hair—thank you!" Rachel was already trotting toward the staircase, and Daphne followed. Pat hesitated.

"Tea, my faithful Rachel," she heard in the same deep voice that had ordered Rachel to bring them in. She hesitated no longer, but ran up the stairs after Daphne, for it was a voice whose owner one could trust.

They looked about the dainty room in which Rachel left them; at the silver marked with two intertwining L's; at the soft hangings; at the capacious desk, and at the bookcase, full of books that showed marks of much handling.

"And we can't see the mistress of this lovely place," meditated Daphne. "That's odd."

"Well, it's evident that there was one, and that's some comfort. Oh, Daphne, I know 'he' is crazy; I know 'she' must have gone away because 'he' is. Don't you see it all?" wailed Pat.

"Patience, thee has a mind disordered from much novel reading. Anyhow, the easiest way is to go down and have a look at this 'him.' "

They descended the stairs in silence and crossed the hall, walking close together, heads up, and eyes half-frightened, half-eager, with the adventure.

A man of about forty was lying on a great couch before the fire. His head was thrown back and he was looking abstractedly at the wall opposite him. A look of whimsical amusement made his otherwise melancholy face pleasant. Perhaps it was the firelight or his thoughts that shone in his eyes. At any rate, they, too, had no sternness nor bitterness in them. His whole attitude was one of dreamy contemplation and he started at the appearance of the two in the doorway, as though he had forgotten they were in his house, at his invitation.

"Perhaps we had better explain—" began Pat, with great dignity.

"Don't explain! Don't explain!" he waved his hands beseechingly. "I don't know who you are, and I'd much rather not. You are nymphs, I think, sent to cheer me, to relieve the gloom of this house, for an idle hour. Presently you will go away again, and your visit will be a thing to dwell on in memory; poetic, illusively charming, perfect, because no conventional reasons hold it to earth."

Daphne turned to Patience with a delighted smile, but Patience's look said plainly: "Let us flee before it is too late. Surely this is madness." Daphne seized her by the wrist and turning to the man said: "If you'd rather we didn't tell you, we won't; we should like to say, however, that it is very kind of you to let us take tea with you. Rachel, the spirit lamp is acting queerly," she adjusted the wick and murmured, "This nymph is most inartistically hungry, too."

"It's like a dream," thought Pat. "I know that soon the Rabbit will scuttle by, and the Red Queen will follow. Why, I am mumbling 'Curiouser and curioser' already. Well, if I were merely dreaming I know what I should do." And she went over to the couch and asked, "What have you been reading?"

"I have been talking with Horace all day," said the man.

"So have I," replied Pat, rather dolefully.

"Of course. Of course. One associates nymphs and sylvan goddesses with Horace. Ah! that was a man to appreciate the country, and the happy solitude of a few fields and woods. 'This was among the number of my desires,' he says. 'A portion of ground, not too large, in which there should be a garden; and close to my house a fountain, with continual clear stream; and besides these a bit of woodland.' It is so peaceful, away from all people and free from everything but memories. Poor old Horace! I suppose even he had those around." He looked at Pat as though for information.

"The country is no place in which to forget things," replied Pat. "But I think anyone could be very happy, memories and all, in this place."

The man had not heard the last part of her speech at all. He was turning the leaves of the worn book he held, and finally came to the place he sought.

"You think one remembers the more," he said. "To me life in the country seemed 'the life of those who are free from wretched and burdensome ambition,' of those who recognised the futility of striving, in the

short time given us, for the honours the world can offer us. 'Presently shall darkness and the shades in the ghostly house of Pluto oppress thee.' Then,

‘fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni.’”

“Oh, but the world will ‘permit a place to stand and love in for a day, with darkness and the death hour rounding it,’ ” replied Pat. “And even if you don’t want honours, just that permission ought to make you glad you’re alive.” She stopped, for the look on the man’s face made her feel as though she did not know what she was talking about. The man laughed bitterly.

“I thought so once,” he said vehemently. “‘To stand and love in, for a day,’ yes, I believed that, until I found that the day’s end comes before the death hour, and there is no place in the world for some of us to stand. That sounds like whining, doesn’t it?” he broke off, frowning.

“There is a place in your old Horace,” said Daphne, unexpectedly, from her cushion before the fire. “Wait a moment.” She rose and took the book. “Here it is—a philosophy that deals with the hour, and not the one just past; it’s rather a good thing for us to remember, and I thought of it when you said that about memories. Pat, you translate better than I.”

“The man shall live blessed, who has it in his power to declare, ‘I have lived to-day; to-morrow let the Sire trouble with a black cloud, or brighten with clear sunshine the heavens above,—he shall not render ineffectual what is past, nor undo what this fleeting hour carries off,’ ” read Pat, literally.

“Yes and he will not leave thy soul—the kettle—dear me! spouting all over the place. What was it some one sang about ‘laborum dulce lenimen’? I know they were thinking of tea and hot gingerbread, or prophesying about them. Pat, how’ll you have your tea?” and Daphne rattled the china vigorously.

Then they talked of many things and the man’s laughter rang out with theirs occasionally. Rachel trotted back and forth between the fire-lit room and regions where unlimited supplies of hot gingerbread were stored. It was the dim light that finally reminded them of the ride home.

“Never be worried,” said Rachel to Daphne, as she stood by the window regarding the twilight dubiously. “A groom, a most trusty man, will ride with thee and thy friend to thy door.”

"Thank you, very much," said Daphne, "I don't know what you'll think."

"It is I who should be saying that," interrupted Rachel. "Thee is too young to know what great sorrow, hugged to the heart, and never forgotten, will do."

"Come on, Daphne," called Pat.

"And I will remember what you said," the man was saying, as Daphne came. "Perhaps you are right in your enthusiasm about 'the drink of life's great cup of wonder.' When we meet again I shall tell you." They heard him coughing violently as they went out.

"You had best look about for a herd, my child," said Daphne that night, as she came in from the study hall. "Look for a nice white herd, for Pallas will be expecting her dues. I met your professor just now, and he says you got ninety-one on that quiz this afternoon."

ULYSSES.

HILDA WORTHINGTON SMITH, 1910.

Think not I shall ne'er return,
Penelope,
In the night, when the red watch-fires burn
By the sea,
I sit at my tent door, in far-renowned Troy,
And think with longing of thee and our boy,
In Ithaca, o'er the gray sea,
I know thou art waiting for me.

As the bright web you weave,
Penelope,
At your loom, do not grieve,
Nor gaze to sea.
A wish will not hasten the Trojans' defeat,
Nay, not even a wish from thy brave heart, my sweet,
Can make the Trojan host fly,
If the gods the victory deny.

When dusk falls over Troy,
Penelope,
Then you sit with our boy
On your knee.
Throughout the great palace is quiet and rest,
Eurykleia, thy handmaid, whom thou lovest best,
Keeps a watch at the door of the hall,
Lest he wake at a noise or footfall.

JAMES' SON.

GRACE BRANHAM, 1910.

If suddenly you were called upon for a definition of environment it is not unlikely that you would respond "the home, the church and the school." Such formulas are part of the characteristic inexactness of science dealing in organic material and are stumbling-blocks in the way of knowledge. Because everyone knows that the only outside influence which affects us is "other people," or, still more properly speaking, "another person." Mrs. James Trimble is a case in point.

She was one of those rare people whose stories are more important than themselves. As a personality she was so insignificant that when I look back to the early days of my governessship at Mrs. Cole's I remember every one with more distinctness than the heroine of my story. I remember thinking her a very pretty woman and wondering at her anomalous position in the household of my patroness-cousin. But you could not stay long under the same roof with Mrs. Trimble without knowing her history inside and out and herself from her own comments. She made little appeals for sympathy which left you cold, but so ashamed of your coldness that you listened with doubled attention.

A widow with an only son who was always away from her at school, she complained openly of being slighted because there was nobody to shield her and hinted hard things of her sister-in-law—Mrs. Cole. You half forgave her the hard things, partly because they were not untrue, but mostly because she didn't comprehend the significance of what she was saying. What her relatives actually and definitely thought about her she

merely vaguely surmised. But her general situation had penetrated through layers of self-pity. At forty she was a pronounced, or worse, a tacit, failure; it was by "sponging" on her relatives that she eked out her skimpy income; she was held in no consideration; she was an unloved but frequent guest. The servants addressed her as *Miss Alberta*. All this, vaguely comprehended, fermented within until she looked on the world as a cruel and malicious enemy and became as suspicious and distrustful as a deaf person.

But her sorrows and misfortunes could never wholly crush her. Her very weakness made her incapable of much suffering. And she was spared the most cankerous of all—self-reproach. A deluge of woe could not swamp her as long as she was floated by the buoyant assurance that anyway it was not *her* fault. If people did not love her, if they blamed or rebuked her, Alberta had the good sense to see that it merely reflected on their own characters. For did not the only person in the world who understood her—as Alberta considered—adore her? Willie's affection was itself a refutation of any fault found with her, and the mother leaned heavily on the son's love.

"As long as there is any one in the world to esteem her, Alberta will esteem herself," Mrs. Cole would say in our frequent discussions of Alberta.

"There is no doubt of his love, Cousin Martha," said I. "Only to-day she showed me one of his letters where he calls her 'dear, darling mother' and breaks off into 'I love you, love you, love you.' She showed it to me with the air of vindicating her character."

"That is Alberta's ridiculous attitude, the misunderstood woman."

"I do not know, Cousin Martha, what would happen to her if suddenly this affection were removed. It is almost her *raison d'être*."

Mrs. Cole looked up at me quickly as though to gauge my intelligence.

"I suppose you know that it will be removed—soon?"

"There is nothing the matter with Willie?"

"I don't mean he's going to die, silly, but he is coming home for his long vacation."

"You mean—?"

"I only mean he will find her out."

There was a long pause, during which my cousin's expression changed. The analytical keenness died out and in its place an expression

of mournful pity crept into her eyes. "It is a tragedy," said she, "and it is inevitable."

When Willie did come Alberta swept him off to the country, to the Coles' old place, to spend the three months with her, alone. "Alberta is a fool," was Mrs. Cole's brief comment. But her curiosity was focussed on the *Hermitage*. A day or two before she broke up her establishment for the summer she proposed going down to the *Hermitage*. "I am sorry to break in," she excused herself, "but the second story must be papered. Come along (to me), my dear, I rely on your taste." After all Cousin Martha isn't so very subtle.

Once on the train with the end of our journey only a few hours off, we felt quite free to settle the situation. "What is Willie like?" I asked even before I sat down; "is he like his father?"

"The spitting image. Willie is a darling, generous boy, much too good and simple for either of us to understand."

I could not take time to resent the slur. "Is it true?" I asked, skipping ells of connecting ideas, "is it true what Alberta says, that if 'James' had lived she would have been a different person?"

My neighbour made a quick gesture of dissent. "She was bound to come to this. Why, Alberta is lax, morally lax; she has the character of a dressmaker. Absolutely no gumption and the mental calibre of an infant."

To stem her vivacity I inserted a question. "Wasn't Mrs. Trimble very young when she was married?"

"Twenty, but a baby, and James cherished her infantility. He sheltered her from everything that might make her grow up. Not only unkindness, but even ordinary responsibilities. For instance," Mrs. Cole smiled at the reminiscence, "I remember when I was visiting there, once James peeled the peaches for dessert to keep Alberta from staining her hands. He worshipped the ground she walked on. In all my born days I have never seen such devotion."

"It is strange, isn't it, that a woman like Alberta could inspire such love? Did she also, on her side, worship?"

"Alberta isn't capable of returning such affection. She thrived on it without having the slightest conception of its strength."

"Did he ever, before the end, come to suspect Alberta's—limitations?"

"I think not. What James worshipped was not Alberta, it was the creation of his own hands. She was his idol endowed with divine attributes from his own generous spirit. You know how a certain type of man

idealises the feminity, the youth of a woman without knowing or caring for the personality beneath? Besides, my dear child, Alberta didn't change. She had never deceived him and does not even now guess that it was her gilding, not herself, he knelt before."

Mrs. Cole settled herself more comfortably and took up a magazine. Not to read, but merely to give herself time to remember. After some minutes she turned toward me with one of her swift motions. "Did anyone ever tell you the message he sent home—after he was shot? 'Tell my son to love his mother.' . . . They buried him at sea, wrapped in the flag."

"Ah!" I said, "and Willie is like his father. Then, Cousin Martha, why should not Willie also retain the illusion?"

"Is that the last question in this catechism? It is all so plain to me, but I don't know whether I can explain to you. You are very young."

"Yes, but intelligent, dear Cousin Martha."

She smiled at me affectionately. "It is because of the difference in their ideals, between the mother-idol and the wife-idol. To his wife a man gives everything (or at least a man like James Trimble does) and only asks her to graciously receive. He teaches her, protects her, fashions her. He loves her for her very weakness and dependence and exalts these qualities into divine attributes. But a son, no matter how protecting, looks for real qualities to rest upon. She must have judgment and strength and tenderness. The mother's is the more difficult place to fill. Besides," her thought flashed obliquely, "Alberta furnished a more possible exterior then. Her character lay passive under her borrowed charm and moreover, she was a very pretty girl."

"The clay is visible. Poor Mrs. Trimble!"

"Poor Willie," corrected Mrs. Cole, "poor child!"

Nothing on the world-stage is so infrequent as drama. If you get your situation the background is incongruous, or the audience is inattentive, or the characters do not play up to their rôles. It is the old story. When Alice wants to play her hedgehog has wandered off, or her flamingo will insist on being absorbed in its own affairs, or the Queen is at the other end of the garden squabbling about the King.

Chance furnished Alberta with an audience, a situation and a setting. We found her in the dining-room putting "the finishing touches" to a table laid for two. There was a bowl of blue ragged-robins on the table and the candles were lit. She had drawn back to consider the effect, looking very pretty and young in the soft light. In almost every house

the *penates* reside on the dining-room hearth, but I have never felt so instantly the quality of *home* as in that borrowed dining-room with a table laid for two. Alberta was guarding her hearth.

When she looked up and saw us standing in the doorway she came quickly to greet us, a surprised but hospitable hostess. In her manner—Alberta's manner!—there was not a shadow of suspicion or resentment. Plainly she was too happy to cherish ill-feeling. Being young and sentimental I immediately "caught on," but I don't think Cousin Martha did, not at first, at least. As she fidgeted with her veil, and gave bright little excuses for her coming, she seemed—the oddest thing in the world for Mrs. Cole—a little embarrassed. Where was Willie, Alberta dear? and did flowers like that grow at the *Hermitage*? how well they matched your eyes, and were you and Willie not the least bit solitary?

"You can't know, Martha, how good it is to have Willie with me. I can never, never let him go." At this she commenced wiping her eyes; she was still a little fatuous. "Oh, the comfort of a grown son!"

Mrs. Cole looked helplessly at Alberta. She searched her face for some solution, but withdrew her glance, puzzled and disturbed. From force of habit she folded up her veil and blew into her gloves and while we sat there in the broken silence Willie came in. He came through the French window behind Alberta, out of the glowing twilight. I had not imaged him so tall or so soldierly. He did not see us at first, but walked softly up behind his mother and with a gesture, familiar, intimate, he threw his arm around her shoulder and kissed her,—more like a lover than a son. Alberta did not even start, the action was so familiar.

From Mrs. Cole's face I saw that she was radiantly enlightened. She got up and walked over to Willie and kissed him. Then in a tone oddly significant she said, "My dear, dear boy, you are you father's own son."

On the way home my gossip was taciturn. Her own thoughts kept her busy and contented. Once she asked whether there wasn't something in Virgil about Venus surrounding Æneas with a cloud of glory.

"Something like that."

"This time," said she, "we have reversed the classic situation. The mother is transfigured by the son's gift."

A little later she exclaimed: "Wasn't it dramatic when Willie came in! I declare I almost heard music."

Then finally: "I wonder how long he can keep it up."

EDITORIALS.

We Illuminati.—It is not our custom as students to listen uncritically to the opinions of others. Though we may sometimes weary of sitting as an audience, we continue with undiminished ardour to "take issue" with the speaker. But there is one sentiment, expressed often and under various guise, to which we give an exceptional assent: we agree that we represent the favoured class,—that we are or will eventually be "the *illuminati*." The latter term especially is a gracious one, and it may be said that its application to ourselves arouses in us a spirit more active than mere complaisance. We get a sudden clear vision of a panorama of fortunate conditions and we feel accordingly a vague desire to merit in the future our present happiness. But granting that we are favoured—though we are after all but indifferent judges of our fortune—let us not say in our hearts, even with a magnanimous spirit, that we are enlightened. "*Illuminati*"—the word is passive, in deep significance as well as in form. It is a word which no man may apply to himself. It fades at his touch. Like Virtue, it speaks sternly of a gift bestowed, exceeding "all that we can desire or deserve,"—of a blessing given in secret. It is for us to set our faces toward the sun, but there is no mirror clear enough to show us the light on our own faces. Though the whole world call us enlightened, still must we doubt our ability to find the way alone.

M. C.

Lantern Night.—We are not sure whether our lantern ceremony is anything but a symbol, a beautifully appropriate expression of feelings we do not have. Of course in any traditional act one summons the emotion to fit the ready-made symbol and we are not absurd enough to imagine that the giving of lighted lanterns and the hymn to Pallas would in any case spring forth spontaneously from the Sophomore class's ardent desire to pass on what it has received. But what we *do feel* is that practicing for the occasion and dismal early-morning rehearsals ought not entirely to drive out the informing spirit. Not that the informing spirit has departed, but only that it is rather jaded, else why should we when Freshmen have to pump so vigorously for responsive gratitude or feel obliged

to spend the night watching the wax melt in our "emblems of Bryn Mawr"?

It has occurred to us that instead of the Sophomores the Seniors could with more truth of sentiment perform the initiating rite. Most of us feel that in our first and last years class spirit is more a combining influence and less a deified date. That establishes one sentimental bond and we can all think of the rest, especially the appropriateness of the class which has been longest at college and may be supposed to love it best; the class which though neither very old nor very wise is still the oldest and wisest; the class which is about to depart; leaving for the entering class their symbol of illumination.

G. B. B.

"Insincerity."—Communities, like individuals, have their diseases; and if there is one malady to which a community such as ours is peculiarly liable, it is that which leads its members to credit and repeat matters derogatory to one another. The confined, complex, and concentrated interest of our common life generates an atmosphere of reciprocal surveillance, in which the least action that seems to afford a clue to character is noted, reported and criticised. From this minute scrutiny arise several types of accusation, the most prevalent of which is represented by the term "insincerity." No charge is so often brought; none, I believe, so often brought erroneously; yet not want of charity so much, I think, as want of understanding breeds the error. With our different histories, circumstances, and characters, each of us does naturally some things which in others would be unnatural; and we others, prone, as is the custom of mankind, to measure everyone by ourselves, are swift to cry "pose," "affectation." Only when the cry is raised against ourselves do we discover its possible, nay, probable, and grave injustice. Nothing can forestall such experiences, except a public sentiment which shall check rash speech, in this regard at least, and require of us as an obligation the confidence which we are wont to expect as a right.

C. I. C.

An Invective.—Many of our readers will not care for an invective. The following invective is not yet written. We observe, however, within and about ourselves, so many rising signs of its being about to be written that we hasten to warn the sensitive to flee at once to cover in Dulci

Fistula, or thereabouts, where they will find some light diversion to their taste, let us hope. Or rather, let us not hope even that. It is too much. Far be it from us, being mere men, to presume to afford anything to the taste of the Bryn Mawr undergraduate reading public!

Do you really find *TIP* so bad as you say? Oh, yes, you do say so. And if you do find it so, does it never occur to you to throw out the life line? Did you ever stop to think that the *TIPYN o' BOB* is the literary organ, not of a half dozen English sharks—a species now extinct—but of Bryn Mawr College? Through it you have the privilege, the inestimable and unesteemed privilege, of expressing the literary side of your character. Have you none? Then whence this authoritative criticism of half the stories and poetry that appear in *TIP*? Why not turn those energies into a light essay on *the fault with our short story* (please omit names and abusive language) and hand it in to the Editorial Board?

As it appears to us, those of you who think of the matter at all have decided one of two things about the Editorial Board of the *TIPYN o' BOB*: either that its members ought to do all the work themselves, or that they are set upon doing it themselves.

Now, first, ought we? Of course we have the honour—and a rapidly receding speck it is, by the way, in these latter days—but, such as it is, we may strut up and down and plume ourselves upon it. Well, one person has the honour of being varsity hockey-captain. Do you want her to play all over the field by herself against our visiting teams? Furthermore, if she insisted upon it, would you, for the sake of the college, let her? Are we forcing an analogy? We think not. It is true that we do not all play hockey, but we go to the games—incidentally we cheer; incidentally also we do not openly deride and mock; but this is neither here nor there. Of course, reading *TIP* equals attending the games, but do you read *TIP* in any of the spirit with which you attend games? Do you indeed, as a whole, read anything but *Dulci* and the one story that people tell you is uncommonly poor? In brief, there is a general college interest in athletics. Is there a general college interest in the college magazine?

As for those who think that the board is set upon doing the work themselves, first of all we say: try us. Second: try us again. For first trials and second trials, and even third trials may often be bad; you did not make the hockey team in an afternoon. You say you know we wouldn't print it anyway. Now just what would you think of the sportsmanship of anyone who would say, when urged to play hockey, "Well, I

know you wouldn't put me on varsity anyway"? Of course it is infinitely nicer to make the team, but surely you know that, unless a great many people are willing to do things without a reward, no one will do them well enough to deserve a reward. Your efforts, however unsuccessful, are the stimulus of the college literary life; the poorest writer in college may *raise* the standard. In brief, we need your dead bodies to walk on—are we asking too much? Well, it isn't counted too much in athletics. Will you not make the sacrifice? and then perhaps you will find that writing stories, like playing hockey, is not such a bad game even for its own sake.

And we beg of you, do not wait to be asked. We have no way of knowing who has an idea up her sleeve. Remember, too, that we are poor but proud, and that, though we cannot quite say that we refuse to beg, we do refuse to browbeat—at least in our official capacity. Please understand once and for all that our attitude is one of eager receptiveness. If you are weary of being accosted by the board, believe us, we are weary of accosting you. May we add—and we are trying to add it without bitterness—you are no more weary of being asked for contributions than we, of being told how utterly meaningless you found a story or poem in your last copy.

Dear Reader, do not misunderstand us. Our cry is not altogether from wounded vanity. We trust we are not more susceptible to the mead of praise than is common to human frailty—not that we are insensible either to the proverbial kind word and friendly smile, but we know the labourer must prove himself worthy of his hire. But the fact is that the condition of TIPYN o' BOB needs your consideration. The same six people will get out this magazine by themselves if you wish them to, in which case they are likely to have very personal feelings for it and may resent your criticism. Or, with your support, they will bring it out as a college magazine, as it is supposed to be; and in that case your criticism will be more than welcome. We sincerely hope that you are as anxious for the second of these alternatives to prevail as we are. For the which cause, we beg of you, *support the administration.*

R. G.

THE SOPHOMORE CIRCUS.

I. V., 1912.

The "Sophomore Spectacular Scenic Sircus" was truly "circusy" from the gentle odour of sawdust and peanut shells, which greeted one in the lobby, to the rows of grinning faces which decorated the running track. And, in spite of the misfortune that the performers were limited to one general rehearsal, and that, like Flip and Flap, several of the "artistes" were "no longer with us," the show progressed with no more than the professional breaks. Much credit is due to the ringmaster, whose whip and voice not only controlled the wild animals in the ring, but also subdued those of the green room. The audience, too, did much toward making the show a success by admiring the fat lady, feeding the wild man, and cheering that event of events, the chariot race, with an enthusiasm and abandon found nowhere save at the country circus. Real country-circus style prevailed throughout. There were not three rings, but the clowns made up for that, and diverted the audience with their antics, while the acrobatic Jam family, the bare-back artistes, the tableaux vivants, and the curious animals followed each other in quick succession. And all the time Dinkelbender's band played on with almost siren sweetness, and truly bull-dog pertinacity.

DULCI FISTULA



A Cross-
Section of
Taylor
A Simple
Solution -

THE DAY OF DOOM.

ROSALIND MASON, 1911.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Tearing her hair out,
Gone to her death.
Tell her at breakfast
That one word only,
Ere to her fate she goes,
Weary and lonely.
What was the English for niedergeschlagen?
Ere in her lowly bed she will down lagen.
Give her a neat white dress,—
Clothes help in time of stress,—
Fold her gown o'er her,
Though naught can restore her.
Neatly and sweetly,
With hair trim and curled,
She'll enter the oral
Exit from *this* world.

R. M., 1911.

A PLEA FOR DULCI.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To sign my name to *every* page.
And yet what can a person do?
On Monday comes the next issue.
When I with many a tearful plea,
Go round the halls in agony,
And seize a genius on the run,
Imploring for a single pun

One says to me, "Oh, go away,
How can I write and hockey play?"
Or, "How can I be brisk and snappy,
When German is upon the tapis?"
So with a weary sigh the while,
I seek for jokes to make you smile.
Oh, reader, in your hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
You'd laugh, I know, if you could see
Your own jokes printed in Dulci.
Write them, I beg, I'll print them here,
And then at mine you need not sneer.

R. M., 1911.

A SONNET.

(To an Amoeba.)

It never dies! nor it nor all its kind.
It lives forever mid this mortal coil,
Spending its days in protoplasmic toil,
All with unseeing eye, unthinking mind.
This protozoa, crawling o'er my slide,
Perhaps just thus o'er ancient Troy did crawl,
And passive watched its mighty towers fall;
Perhaps it shrivelled when the Red Sea dried.
Perhaps it once reposed on Cromwell's nose,
Or tickled Aristotle on the ears,
Yet it has never wept beside the biers
Of ancestors or uncles, friends or foes.
It hath kept watch o'er man's mortality
For days unnumbered, yet it does not die.

M. S. S., 1911.

SUPERSTITION.

I have a superstition that I cannot overcome;
I'll see a pin and pick it up from now till kingdom come.
And this is just to tell you before you lose some more,
That in Pembroke West alone I've found three thousand on the floor.

K. A. P., 1913.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

'01. Alice Hooker Day was married, November eighth, to Mr. Percy Jackson.
Elizabeth Ferris Stoddard, formerly Warden, of Merion Hall, visited the college lately.
'03. Margretta Shaw Stewart was married, October twenty-seventh, to Mr. Charles Henry Dietrich.
'05. Margaret Baxter Nichols was married, October twenty-eighth, to Mr. Clarence Morgan Hardenbergh.
Isabel Adair Lynde was married, November sixteenth, to Mr. John Francis Dammann.
Alice McKinstry Meigs Orr (Mrs. Arthur Orr) has a son.
'08. Margaret Washburn visited the college lately.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The results of the class elections are as follows: *President*—Katherine Rotan, 1910; Amy M. Walker, 1911; Mary Pierce, 1912; Eleanor Elmer, 1913. *Vice-President*—Zip Falk, 1910; Isabel Rogers, 1911; Helen Taft, 1912; Katharine Page, 1913. *Secretary*—Dorothy Nearing, 1910; Dorothy Coffin, 1911; Marjorie Thompson, 1912; Katharine Schmidt, 1913.

During October Miss Jones has been giving a series of lectures on

the subject, "How to Use the Library." These are to be followed by two lectures by Miss Applebee on hygiene, and one by Dr. Thomas on the same subject.

On the afternoon of October twenty-ninth took place the dedication of the sun-dial given by the Class of 1910 in memory of Clara McKenny. No one was present at the ceremony except the Senior Class.

The first formal meeting of the Law Club was held on November sixth, in Pembroke East. Dean Ashley addressed the meeting on "The Influence of Reason."

The first Sunday evening service held under the auspices not of the Christian Union, but of the college, was held on November seventh. The sermon was preached by Dr. Steele.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The tennis tournament was completed with an unusual accompaniment of interest and enthusiasm. Faries, '12, defaulted to Emerson, '11; Swift, '10, was defeated by Hamilton, '13; Hamilton, '13, won the inter-class championship from Emerson. Anne Whitney, '09, came down to defend the cup, but lost it to Hamilton, who won also from Miss May, the graduate champion.

At this writing the first preliminaries of the hockey match games have been played between 1910 and 1912, 1910 winning with a score of 7-1, and between 1911 and 1913, the Freshmen winning by 4-2. The second team's games are getting extraordinary attention this year, and may even be played by the help of a friendly cheer from the side lines. 'Varsity has had so far a succession of victories so overwhelming that the college is reduced to hoping that our opponents will make at least a goal or two, for excitement's sake. The scores (in favour of Bryn Mawr) have been as follows: Belmont, 11-1, 12-1; Germantown, 17-0; Philadelphia, 9-3. The 'Varsity line-up: Forwards, Allen, '11, Ashley, '10, Kirk, '10, Hearne, '10, Howell, '10; half-backs, Egan, '11, Emerson, '11, Denison, '10; full-backs, Rotan, '10; Stetson, '13; goal, Worthington, '10.

Miss Applebee gave on Wednesday, November tenth, the first of a series of five lectures on hygiene. The Freshmen are required to come, and everybody wants to come, so that Miss Applebee will have no lack

of audience. She began by a plea for "our sister, the body," and showed us how its care is the part of sense and honour, and a religious duty besides. Afterwards she gave a brief summary of human anatomy. She illustrated her talk from a laboratory model founded on the *Venus de Medici*, and the narrow-chested figure made us thankful for the physical emancipation of the modern woman.

SENIOR ORAL SONG.

1911 TO 1910.

CATHERINE DELANO.

Tune: "Good-a-bye, John."

When the next year comes, and we as Seniors talk
Of all the palpitations orals bring,
We'll have 1910's example to emulate,
And we'll look back at you and sing
Of how you convinced
That poor Dr. Schinz
You knew as much French as he,
And how Miss Thomas finally, in depths of despair,
Said to him very mournfully:

CHORUS.

"Au revoir, Schinz, you had better go 'way,
You have no *force de caractère*!
Au revoir, Schinz, you've flunked no one to-day,
You've not even given a scare!
They act as composed as if this were a tea,
Their accents are like the best in Paree,
Au revoir, Schinz, now go back to your books,
1910 is too bright for you!"

The next week Jessen came to Taylor Hall,
 He wore a look of resolution grim:
 He had heard the tale of Schinz the week before,
 And so he knew 'twas up to him!
 The passage was hard,
 The words were so stiff,
 E'en Goethe would have turned pale,
 But ev'ry Senior read it like the First Reader,
 And not a single one could he fail!

CHORUS.

"Guten Tag, Jessen," said Miss Thomas at last,
 "Though it pains me to see you go!
 There is no use in Órals at all,
 If nobody flunks, you know!
 And were our Endowment not doubtful and far,
 I'd offer them all Dutch chairs at Bryn Mawr.
 Guten Tag, Jessen, there's no place for you here,
 1910 is too bright for you!"

1911 TO 1910.

MARION S. SCOTT.

I had a funny dream last night,
 There were words all floating round,
 And one by one they fell, and then
 They all began to roll upon the ground.
 What? They all began to roll upon the ground?
 Yes, they all began to roll upon the ground!

I laughed aloud and woke myself,
 And when I woke I found
 'Twas Oral words were gone up in smoke,,
 And hoops were rolling on the ground.
 What? Hoops were rolling on the ground?
 Yes, hoops all rolling on the ground!

1912 TO 1910.

HELEN BARBER.

“An’ where are ye goin’ this mornin’, sweet Senior?” sez Oi.
 “Oi’m off to an iligent party before the sun’s hoigh.
 ’This Miss Thomas that’s givin’ the party,
 An’ invited some faculty min,
 To come to her parlor in Taylor
 To meet Nineteen Tin.”

“An’ what will ye do at your party, sweet Senior?” sez Oi.
 “Oi’ll poke up me hair an’ go in wid a smile in me oye,
 An’ cordially greetin’ my hostess,
 Oi’ll sink in an upholstered chair,
 An’ the weather we’ll thin be discussin’
 With a Pareeshun air.”

“What more will ye do at your party, sweet Senior?” sez Oi.
 “Well, with German and Frinch conversation we’ll make the toime floi.
 Till at last Oi’ll just have to be goin’,
 An’ och! Oi am hopin’ that thin
 They will not—though Oi’ve made an impresshun—
 Say, ‘Do come agin’!’”

1912 TO 1910.

MARY ALDEN MORGAN.

Oh, what’s the use
 Of all this worry and this flurry
 For the Class of 1910?
 Oh, what’s the use
 Of making Taylor look attractive
 When they won’t come back again?
 Oh, what’s the use

Of giving such a lot of trouble
To those poor professor men?
When 1910's so bright
That they can read it off at sight
And still get every word just right,
So what's the use?

Oh, what's the use
Of all those interested Freshmen
Looking on with wondering eyes?
Oh, what's the use
Of all these Sophomores around you,
Who just love to sympathize?
Oh, what's the use
Of Juniors singing little ditties
That are meant to stop your sighs
If all our songs seem stale?
For 1910 you can't look pale
And it is plain you cannot fail,
So what's the use?

1913 LANTERN SONG.

March from Tannhäuser.

Bryn Mawr, since thou dost receive us,
Here to thee we dedicate
Our future work, whate'er it is, our play,
Our very best endeavour.
So let us, Nineteen Thirteen, give thee honour,
Last though we be to pass thy portals,
Singing praises and songs of steadfast
Loyalty to thee.

March on, because we trust
Our lantern's crimson light,
To lead us ever onward.
Seeking truth which we have chosen,
Here within the cloisters of the gracious
And the ever wise Bryn Mawr.
Hail! all who went before,
But still our hearts to-night
Go out to Nineteen Twelve,
Givers of the flame which we will cherish
Faithfully for evermore.

KATHARINE A. PAGE, 1913,
GORDON HAMILTON, 1913.

FURNITURE CURTAINS WALL PAPERS

ALL of the new patterns of furniture, curtains and upholstery goods are now ready and we will be glad to show them.

We also have many inexpensive wall papers and fabrics of beautiful designs and can submit sketches and estimates for decorating and furnishing homes or rooms.

KARCHER & REHN COMPANY

1608-1610 CHESTNUT STREET

DREKA

Fine Stationery
AND
Engraving House

1121 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

FINE STATIONERY imported papers from Paris and London, the newest shades and exclusive patterns, with monograms and cyphers

VISITING CARDS, correct styles and shapes

INVITATIONS for weddings and receptions.

BANQUET MENUS and LUNCHEON FAVORS

CHRISTMAS and WEDDING GIFTS of artistic merit at moderate prices.



Superior Furs

The present showing is the largest and most attractive we have ever offered. There is style in every line, quality in every skin and perfect detail in making and finishing, and above all, the models are exclusive with this house.

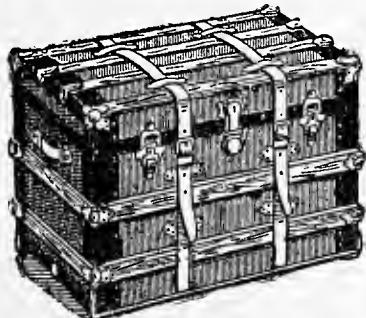
Trimmed Millinery

New types from the French milliners—originals and adaptations from our own designers now displayed. The styles are authoritative.

Smart styles for college girls.

BLAYLOCK & BLYNN, Inc., 824-28 Chestnut Street

SPECIAL VALUES
in
Trunks, Bags and Suit-Cases



All Kinds of Hand-Luggage
We have a Special Department for
the repairing of Trunks, Bags, Suit-
Cases and all kinds of hand-luggage.

EDWARD L. POWERS
Harness and Saddlery
903-905 Lancaster Avenue
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

LEWANDOS
Americas Greatest Dyers
Cleansers and Launderers

FOR THE HOME

Furniture Covering Portieres Draperies
Embroideries Linens Rugs Blankets
Laces Muslin Curtains Silks Satins
Cotton etc

FOR WOMEN

Suits Ribbons etc Feathers
Gloves Real Laces Gowns
Coats

LEWANDOS
1633 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA
EMMA FOSTER Agent Pembroke East



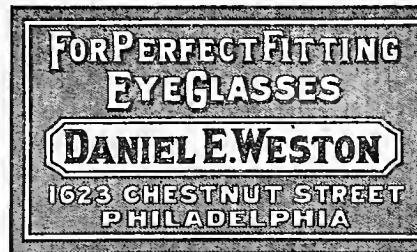
THE CHOICEST FLOWERS

for every occasion will be found
here. Instant delivery from finest
blooms. Telephone your orders.
Prices optional.

ROBERT KIFT, Florist
1725 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ART NEEDLE WORK
Stamping and Embroidery Materials

THE J. O. BENTLEY CO.,
812 Arch Street - Philadelphia



M. M. GAFFNEY

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings
DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS

Post Office Block BRYN MAWR, PA.

MAURICE BARNETT

CURIOS THINGS,
JEWELRY, CHINA and ANTIQUES

26 South 18th Street
PHILADELPHIA

**BRYN MAWR
HARDWARE COMPANY**

**Hardware, Cutlery
and House-Furnishing Goods**

**E. M. FENNER
CONFECTIONER**

ICE CREAM AND ICES
FROZEN FRUITS, CHOICE CONFECTIONERS
HOME-MADE JELLIES and CANNED FRUITS

BRYN MAWR, PA.

ARDMORE, PA.

Miss Helen R. Gill

is exhibiting the latest Parisian Models in
FRENCH MILLINERY

with a choice collection of Original Designs at
ATTRACTIVE PRICES

1217 Walnut Street Philadelphia
Established 1862

C. D. EDWARDS

CONFECTIONER

Chocolate Layer Cake a Specialty

Ice Cream and Ices Fine Fancy Cakes
Ramsey Building, Lancaster Avenue

Telephone Connection *Bryn Mawr, Pa.*

WILLIAM H. RAMSEY

DEALER IN

Choice Recleaned Oats, Flour, Feed, Baled Hay and
Straw, Groceries, etc., Hardware, Paints, Oils, etc.

BRYN MAWR

**JOHN J. CONNELLY
Florist**

Cut Flowers and
Decorative Plants



Telephone
252 L

Lancaster Ave., ROSEMONT, PA.

**The Bryn Mawr Pharmacies
OLDEST AND RELIABLE**

Pure Drugs and Toilet Requisites. All Kinds of
Stationery. Prescriptions a Specialty.

Goods Delivered Promptly

Established 1884

CHRISTIAN MOORE

PRICKITT - - -

The reliable Apothecary of ROSEMONT and
BRYN MAWR has been authorized to furnish the
College Students with Drugs, etc. All prescriptions
are compounded by competent graduates only.

Messenger calls at each hall, at 11 a.m. daily.

PHARMACIES
BRYN MAWR ROSEMONT

**Careful Handling
and Quality**

Wilson Laundry

Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

VAN HORN & SON -
121 North Ninth St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Costumers

Costumes to Hire for College Theatricals,
Entertainments and Tableaux

Boys' and Misses' Sailor Suits a specialty

Ladies' Tailor made Suits and

Riding Habits

Boys' and Young Men's Norfolk, Sack

and Tuxedo Suits

MEN'S DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR

MADE TO ORDER ONLY

NO AGENCIES

PETER THOMSON

Naval and Merchant Tailor

1118 Walnut Street
Philadelphia

14 and 16 W. 33d Street

New York

Intercollegiate Bureau
of Academic Costume

COTRELL & LEONARD

ALBANY, N. Y.

Makers of

**CAPS, GOWNS
and HOODS**

To the American Colleges
and Universities

Bulletins, etc., upon request

Correspondence Solicited

Rich Gowns for Faculties, Pulpit and Bench

Dry Goods and
Notions

Ladies' and Gents'
Furnishing Goods



Miss McNally



Ramsey Block
Lancaster Ave.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

H. D. REESE

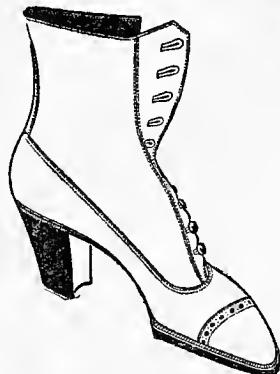
Dealer in the Finest Quality of
**BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, LAMB
AND SMOKED MEATS**

1203 Filbert Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

TIPYN O' BOB



New Street Boots for Young Women, \$4 and \$5

Distinctive styles and shapes,
showing perfection of finish
down to the smallest detail

All Leathers—Button or Lace

HANAN & SON

1318 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HOSIERY
and
SHOES

Shoes of Individuality for Young Women

Correct Styles, combining taste and comfort to a degree
attained by no others

J. & T. COUSINS

1226 Chestnut Street

Philadelphia

TIPYN O' BOB

LEADING MILLINERY HOUSE OF PHILADELPHIA

Announcement of Individuality in
Fall Merchandise

TRIMMED MILLINERY—LATEST MODELS FROM BEST MAKERS

Novelties Laces Veilings Ribbons

Velvets Neckwear French Jewelry French Underwear

Corsets Hosiery and Underwear

NECK FIXINGS and NOTIONS

RIBBONS and VEILINGS

GEORGE ALLEN, Inc., 1214 Chestnut St.

TRIMMINGS, LACES, GARNITURES

IRMA MARCH

Importer of Fine Millinery

AT MODERATE PRICES

1505 WALNUT STREET

NOBLE & LINCOLN
1635
CHESTNUT STREET

A full line of Imported
Novelties in Bonnets, Toques, and Hats
MOURNING A SPECIALTY



The most distinctive street boot of the season.

Steigerwalt

1004 Chestnut Street

PRESS OF
THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
1006-1016 ARCH STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

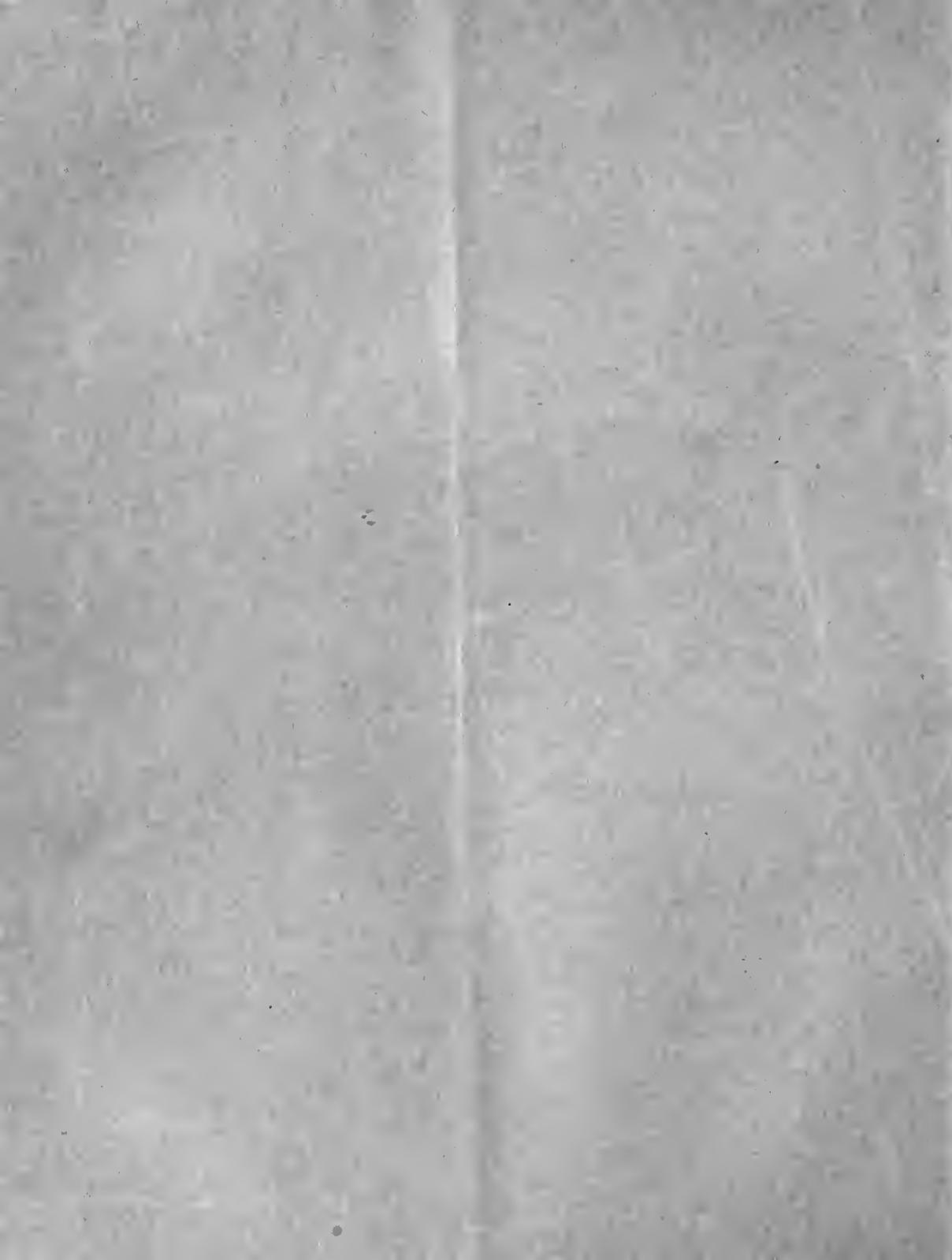
January, 1910

AN 22 '10

Tipyn o' Bob

Contents

A Plea for the Punctual Person	Frances Hunter, '12	1
On Names	Marion D. Crane, '11	3
Symbols	Helen H. Parkhurst, '11	5
Resignation	C. I. Claflin, '11	6
Nightmare	Dorothy Wolff, '12	10
Morituri Salutamus	Rosalind Mason, '11	11
In Defense for a Distaste for Modern Magazine Verse ..	A. Walker, '11	12
Editorials		14
Dulci Fistulae		15
Alumnae Notes		18
College Notes		18
Athletic Notes		19



Tipyn o'Bob

Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.

VOL. VII

JANUARY, 1910

No. 3

Managing Editors.

GRACE BAGNALL BRANHAM, '10, *Editor-in-Chief.*
RUTH GEORGE, '10. MARION CRANE, '11.

Editors.

CHARLOTTE ISABEL CLAFLIN, '11. HELEN PARKHURST, '11.
ISABEL VINCENT, '12

Business Board.

KATE ETHEL CHAMBERS, '11, *Business Manager.*
LOUISE STERNBERG RUSSELL, '11, *Treasurer.*
HELEN BARBER, '12, *Assistant Business Manager.*

A PLEA FOR THE PUNCTUAL PERSON.

FRANCES HUNTER, 1912.

Everything in college is ordered for the person who is habitually late. Lectures begin at fifteen minutes after the hour. If we arrive at a tea when it is scheduled to begin, surprised looks and apologies from an unprepared hostess greet us. There is something eccentric if not actually greedy about the person who goes in to dinner when the doors are first opened. Kindly hands save her from making an exhibition of her peculiarities by beckoning her to fasten up the waists of the tardy. She is forever compelled to wait for or upon the leisurely class. "Oh, Jane! you have done all your private reading, haven't you? Won't you lend me your notes?" is a cry only less familiar to her methodical ear than

this other: "Jane, dear, do you mind holding Nelson away from Box B while I finish my argument? I have only two pages more to write." Not that we who have settled into ruts of punctuality mind doing things for others! On the contrary, we rise cheerfully in a lecture, tipping our chair on its forelegs, to allow the stout and panting late-comer to squeeze by; we whistle gaily in the cloister at seven-thirty sharp, to keep ourselves from freezing, until our tardy classmates come, after their warm and leisurely breakfasts, to sing "Pallas Athene." We willingly dash from hall to hall gathering a reluctant quorum for undergraduate meeting. We enjoy being first lieutenants at fire drills, and serving as heads of committees, because we arrive at class meeting on time. We do not object to work, but we do object to scorn. The gay, genial, irresponsible person who is always late, looks upon us with the same aversion that she feels for schedules, for time-tables, for alarm-clocks. We hear her say with nonchalance: "Oh, I invariably do my English papers between two and three in the morning. My inspiration seems to come then." How poetic and Bohemian to do one's literary work at the mystic hour of which Stevenson tells, when the stars rain down their influences and a thrill runs through all nature! We did our paper between two and three in the afternoon, and walk silently away from the presence of genius, feeling prosaic and commonplace. It is too much to expect that we shall ever receive anything but hatred from those who have one hour before a quiz, and no reserved books; from those who have to pay two dollars for a late medical appointment; from those who have registered late and must pay five dollars for the privilege of taking a deferred examination. The sight of our blessed immunity intensifies their pangs by contrast, and they imagine that we are triumphing over them. We cannot hope to overcome this feeling at once. Time may help to efface it, though even now we have some alleviation, for there are two important places in college where the punctual person shines, in one by her absence, in the other by her presence. The former is the Black List and the latter is the Bryn Mawr Spelling Class.

ON NAMES.

MARION D. CRANE, 1911.

"Names? Could I unfold the influence of names, which are the most important of all clothings, I were a second greater Trismegistus." So says Carlyle,—and the force of the saying is not entirely lost to me, although I have no definite idea as to this Trismegistus. At any rate, I doubt not that he was a thrice-great seer, and withal something of a wonder-worker. I should be at an infinitely greater loss, if I knew more than this of him, and did not know his name.

For I am possessed with a passionate desire to know the names of all things under the sun. To my mind the chief charm of botanising lies in the acquisition of a name for every flower that blows. Frail white blossoms of spring, scarcely visible to the untutored eye, unfold into delicate personality as I call them by their names. I take issue with the saying that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." If, indeed, its fragrance were unchanged, it would lose another virtue not less indispensable for its charm,—this gracious inevitable appellation, given to it by people of our kindred since speech began:

"Of a rose, a lovely rose,
Of a rose is al myn song"—

What if, by some dire mischance, this mysterious symbol of Beauty had been called "convolvulus"! Further, I would know trees, by their foliage, by their bark, by the set of their branches, and I long to identify all small creatures, to distinguish by name the birds and insects. It is thus that I would come into the joy of my forefathers, who by their gift of speech helped to create this featured world. "And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them. And whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof." Surely it was by the spirit of that waiting God that the first man named a rose.

The names of men, with slightly different force, are no less significant. It is no drudgery to work with a list of surnames. They are fit matter for imagination. They speak broadly of race, of ancestral personality and vocation. Who would not congratulate a Trueblood or a Scattergood on his pedigree? Is there a Smith who dares to deny the brawny arms of his forefathers? Christian names, on the other hand, are intimately bound up with personality. They are simple or fantastic, classical or romantic, according to the disposition of parents and godparents. But let these have a care how they fulfil their solemn obligation, for has not every Christian name a forming quality peculiarly its own into which the character of the defenceless infant is poured as into a mould? Is it a matter to be lightly passed over, as to whether we shall have a Virginia or a Mabel in our midst? Fine differences in figure and personality often depend upon small differences in spelling, so that "Catherine" with a "C" and an "e" must perforce be a trifle gentler and more yielding than that more spirited "Katharine" with a "K" and two "a's." It has been noted that an Occidental cannot without long practice discover individuality in the faces of the Chinese. It may be that this curious inability is partly due to this fact: that Chinese names are to the western sense a mere meaningless broth of syllables,—that with their very spirit in making distinctions we have no remotest kinship.

Even in a land of familiar lineaments, a deep significance is attached to these quaint labels by which we are made known to our fellows. If a man forget my name, it is in vain that he protests thereafter a deep interest in my doings. I have still a chilling conviction that in his eyes I am still undifferentiated, still part of mankind in general. And if in an absence of mind I forget my own name, I suffer a dreadful momentary dispersement of that self which I would fain have thought so independent of support. Prisoners whose names are left outside their prison walls, who are forced for a season to answer to consecutive numbers, are said to feel this deprivation as a bitter punishment, and sometimes to sink under an indignity so grievous. And has not many a knight of antiquity died for the honour of his name?

So that it is not without reason that the ceremony of naming should be so universally accompanied by feast and ritual,—that in the last resort it should be a veritable sacrament. It is thus at the beginning of life that a blessing is put upon word of mouth, that men are taught to reverence the

fact, the substantial expression of life. Only by grace of facts is the shining significance of the spirit made manifest. Though Death be an angel at Heaven's gate, it is by Birth that we are set forward on the quest of that high country. And for that faith on which so many hopes depend, the great festival is a Birthday, and the deepest homage is paid to a Holy Name.

SYMBOLS.

HELEN H. PARKHURST, 1911.

The ritual of love,
Its tender minist'ring,
Is less the emblem of
The ecstasy that springs
From tasting love's red wine,
Than of new bonds the sign.

The ritual of creeds,
Its sacrificial flame,
The eye of vision leads
Not to the place whence came
Our faiths, but where there grew
Strange truths we never knew.

The worship that we mean
For earth's mere loveliness
Points on from beauty seen
To where, beyond our guess,
Transcendent splendours gleam
Of which we sometimes dream.

RESIGNATION.

C. I. CLAFLIN, 1911.

"You understand, of course,"—he spoke with effort,—"that if she had been what I thought her there never would have been anyone else. It is the breaking of the illusion which has made me again poor. I am sorry I can offer you nothing better than a second vintage."

"I understand," said the woman softly. They were sitting beneath the birches, where the hill slopes down to the lake. The sunlight glanced among the denuded bouglis, on the leaves that strewed the ground, and brightened the brown of his hair, which had a touch of gray in it. She watched his face as he gazed out on the sparkling water. Certainly he looked far better than he had six months before. Both had been among the first to arrive at the hotel, and it was the association in those early weeks, when the visitors were yet few, which had transformed them from acquaintances to friends. She was glad to think that it was partly her influence, and not alone the mountain air, which had brought back the youth to his face. His confidence she had accepted as an honor, as she did the proposal he had just made her; it would be too much to say that she was altogether satisfied with its terms, but she had so long been accustomed to regard herself as debarred from any but the minor rôles in life that to have been asked to play a leading part, even as it were in the capacity of understudy, seemed more than she had a right to expect. If what he offered was not quite the realisation of her dreams, it at least came nearer fulfilling them than anything she had known before. She was well content.

"I understand," she said again, "and I consent. I think," she added, with an attempt at pleasantry, "that I am too sensible a woman to be jealous of a ghost."

"It is that," he said gravely. "The ghost of a belief."

"Come," said she, gathering up her work, "the evening chill is beginning to fall."

They walked together along the wide lanes of the wood, without other sound than the crackling of the leaves under their feet. As they

emerged upon the grassy space in front of the hotel, they saw the wagon drive away from the steps. A lady standing on the verandah was superintending the entrance of a good-sized trunk and suit-case.

"A new arrival, evidently," observed Miss Page to her companion.

She felt her arm sharply grasped, and, turning, saw that he had blanched. He drew her back into the shelter of the trees.

"I know——," he said. "I saw her face."

She understood him on the instant. "Ghosts, it appears, sometimes walk."

Screened from view of the house, they held a consultation. "It's not that I am afraid,—that you must clearly understand. She has no power over me; but I can't let myself drive her away from here."

She considered, briefly. "Then I see nothing for it but the Montrose."

His glance followed hers across the lake to the mountain whose huge shoulder cut off the setting sun. Beyond it was the house she named, rather more than a comfortable carriage-journey distant. "That would do."

"I will see that your letters to me are left at the post-office."

They took a circuitous route indoors. The packing was soon over, and the parting still left her time to dress for dinner. At table she found herself opposite the newcomer. The latter hardly lifted her eyes from her plate; Miss Page therefore had ample opportunity to scan her, which she did with interest, trying to read into the beautiful, unhappy face all the coldness, the duplicity that she knew lay behind it. In spite of herself a sense of pity awoke in her for this woman who by her own fault had lost so much. Enriched as she was by that loss, she could not be angry with her; but a strong curiosity seized her to test and confirm for herself what she had learned.

It seemed at first that that curiosity would be hard to gratify. Miss Armistead kept her room except at meals, or took long solitary walks. Little by little, however, she thawed, and as she joined now and then in the general talk some of the social charm for which she had been noted flashed forth. She kept to herself, however, far too much to satisfy the gossips, whose chatter over her looks, her clothes, her style was increased tenfold by the air of mystery with which she chose to surround herself. Only Miss Page seemed to come within measurable

distance of her. Perhaps it was the accident of seating, perhaps a community of interest in books and scenery,—none too frequent at such a place—; perhaps the same qualities that had attracted the lonely man had also their influence on the lonely woman. At all events, to Miss Page was accorded a degree, not of intimacy, but of cordiality, to which no one else could lay claim,—though that was saying little enough. Little as it was, however, she sometimes asked herself whether she were entitled even to so much, whether, knowing what she knew, and thinking what she thought, she had any right to masquerade at all in the guise of a friend. She excused herself by the reflection that, after all, second-hand knowledge is not first-hand; there might be mitigating circumstances which her woman's intelligence would recognise where the man's had failed; she wished to do no injustice, and Heaven knew she meant the poor woman no harm. Miss Armistead was obviously ill and sad, and much as one might think she was getting no more than her deserts, it was impossible to feel unkindly toward her. It would be a churlish scruple that would refuse her what small comfort a chance acquaintance might bring. Miss Page preferred to put her acquiescence on grounds like these, rather than acknowledge to herself the pleasure she took in the society of the first really brilliant woman she had met in years,—perhaps with a half-conscious unwillingness to own a fascination.

The change came within a few weeks. Miss Armistead had been in bed all day with a headache, and Miss Page had sat with her awhile. Knocking again at the door of her bedroom after dinner, she heard no answer, and ventured to open. She saw the dark head buried in the pillow, and heard a sound that frightened her.

"What is it?" she called. "What's the matter?"

Miss Armistead lifted her face. "Come in," she commanded, "and shut the door." Then, with an effort at self-control, she added, "It's nothing,—only this." A letter was crushed in her hand.

Miss Page sat down by the bed. "Tell me."

The breakdown of a strong nature is a dreadful thing to witness. The occasion of Miss Armistead's collapse was a letter from a friend containing incidental mention of a reported engagement, which happened to be Miss Page's own. Her name, however, was unknown to the writer, to whom the news had come—through the medium of a violated confidence—from the other source. Miss Page felt acutely the strangeness

of her position, as she sat listening to the flood of speech that she dared not check. The other woman was wholly unnerved, and the reserve of years had gone at a blow. It was late in the night before she could be got to sleep, and even then her friend sat in the room till morning.

The outcome of her vigil took her to the telephone next day. "You must come," she said over the wire. "I can't explain and I can't write. Come at once."

Under the birches, that afternoon, she waged a long and obstinate contest. "I give you my word," she said finally, driven to her last weapon, "I will not marry you until you have done it. I have argued long enough. Now I insist without argument."

Victory was hers. She saw his card presented, saw him admitted to the reception-room, and went upstairs. Her packing was already finished; she had only to fill a hand-bag, and to put on her hat and coat. When all was done she sat still and waited. In her ears was still the voice of the other woman, as she had heard it when she pleaded with her at the end of the long complicated story of misunderstanding and mistrust.

"It would be no use,—he wouldn't believe me," Miss Armistead had declared, but when she pressed her harder, with, "the rumour may be false,—if he should come to you again, would you try once more?" she had wrung from her a promise. Of the result she allowed herself no doubts. When she heard the door of the reception-room give its familiar click, she went to the landing and looked over.

He was walking with her toward her door; the half-light in the corridor showed their faces. Miss Page waited only until they turned the corner; then, picking up her bag, she walked rapidly downstairs and out of the house.

NIGHTMARE.

DOROTHY WOLFF, 1912.

A little girl was sitting up in bed with her fingers in her ears. About her the quiet moonlight played, throwing into relief the shining dark furniture of the big, formal room. All the rest of the hotel was asleep, probably, and untroubled by these hideous dreams. Perhaps if she unstopped her ears now the horror would be over. But could she do it?—It seemed so real. She swallowed hard and lifted a shaking finger. No, oh no! Then it came again, high and piercing, a woman's voice lifted in meaningless laughter. It rose and fell, rose and fell, like a stabbing arm, reaching up to the window. Now it hushed for a moment in a chuckling gasp, while the soft hiccup of a motor-car and the dull murmur of men's voices, cursing persistently, filled up the gap of sound. Then it recommenced shrilly, reaching higher this time, up and up at the little white window.

The child was fully awake now, and knew it, gazing with big eyes at the moon's kindly face and the black shadows of the gables opposite. The rest of the hotel was stirring, too. Floors creaked overhead and windows were raised gratingly. But still the sweet, mirthless laughter pulsed mercilessly outside. The child was inarticulate and sick with fear; but her whole being cried out that it was wrong, wrong. Oh, why didn't they stop it? They couldn't, it seemed; nobody could. And it wasn't a dream, it was as true as mother's laugh when she had tucked the child in bed. Perhaps it was truer. Perhaps—— Firm, quick steps sounded on the floor below, and a man's stern voice broke into the nightmare: "I can't stand this. Come, let's help." There was a murmur of remonstrance in a weaker voice, then the heavy steps sounded outside, and the child cowered in bed, with her fingers once more in her ears, her heart going hand-in-hand with the big man who couldn't stand it.

For a long, long time she waited, hoping desperately for relief. Then suddenly came the slam of the big front door, and, as her hands slipped from her ears, instead of the terrible laughter, only the firm, heavy tread

again in the hall. From the floor below the weaker, querulous man's voice was speaking. It groaned hopelessly and said, half in irony: "Well, *that's* over." But quick as a flash of light came the stronger voice, vibrant with earnestness: "Thank God, it is." The child's face dropped to her hands and the hot tears came as she repeated the words over and over. Then she ran to the window and looked out happily at the kindly white moon and the black street and the big red motor-car standing empty across the way.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

R. MASON, 1911.

We who now pass beyond in order slow
And fade into the distance from your sight,
And from the clamoring voice of friend and foe
Withdraw in noiseless file into the night,
Greet you, our comrades blessed, who strain your eyes
(Your hands now empty which we once did press)
Towards the far distance whither glory flies.
And mighty joy gives place to bitterness.
We pledge you in the cup of joy and pain,
Oh gallant fighters in the field of life,
Fight still more bravely, soldiers without stain.
A radiant peace comes hard upon the strife.
The slow sun climbs the heavens to the west;
Fainter and fainter rings the clang of arms,
The victor in his martial cloak will rest.
The sunset glory closes war's alarms,
The joy of radiant life succeeds the pains,
Rejoin us, comrades, when the long day wanes.

IN DEFENSE OF A DISTASTE FOR MODERN MAGAZINE VERSE.

AMY WALKER, 1911.

Have you ever, in turning over the pages of a magazine, been deluded into giving attention to the verses scattered here and there throughout its pages? If you do not subscribe, mentally or otherwise, to these occasional literary outbreaks, perhaps you have, in a desultory examination of some journal, read its verses as the easiest way to become acquainted with its contents. I for one do not blame you for having thus acquired an irreconcilable prejudice against ever again opening the pages of a magazine. If you are a regular reader it is safe to say you skip the "poems." For it is hard for even the most optimistic of mortals to find anything good in the modern type of incidental verse. If it is designed completely to mystify its readers, it is successful; if it is meant to conceal a paucity of ideas, it does its work well; but if it be intended to convey the sentiments of the author, the most charitable thing is to hope that it is a complete failure. Perhaps we are not intelligent enough to appreciate our poets. It may be because they are so far beyond us that they irritate us. For I frankly admit myself utterly unable to fathom the meaning of most of the verses I come across in my occasional wanderings through the magazines. The atmosphere of mystery which shrouds them gives me a feeling either of utter stupidity or complete superiority, neither of which is conducive to the truest appreciation of that which brings it forth.

If there is one type of this sort of thing which annoys me more than any other, it is the kind of verse one is apt to discover at the end of an article which stops an inch or two short of the bottom of the page. Everyone is familiar with the cryptic quatrain, which takes some abstract quality, relates it to some season or time of day, and then ends with a question which might have baffled the Delphic oracle itself. Let me try to show you what I mean:

Remorse.

The autumn leaves are falling,
The winter comes again,
I hear the wild loon calling,
Did it ever matter then?

Of course, many such as that are not published, and yet much of our choicest verse makes almost that sort of impression on me. One's utter inability to wrestle with the meaning makes one doubt one's own perspicacity, and wonder if one is more than ordinarily obtuse. This same sort of vagueness seems to pervade even the longer poems—poems that wander off into a distinctly impressionistic sort of descripton. Yet the obscurity of their matter is equalled only by the aggravating irregularity of their form. A line two syllables long is tucked cosily between two tremendously overgrown ones which almost stagger off the edge of the page. On the leaves of a magazine, perhaps in need of copy, one can at times forgive such transgressions. The mortal sin is when they appear independently bound, seemingly confident of their right to being,—a "holiday gift book"! Excellent title this, for where is the man who would buy one for himself? So slight as to make hardly one life-sized volume, one hastens to grant them the title of "book," lest this heaven-sent thinness vanish away. Yet even the little they do contain is in most cases so hopelessly obscure. Has the average writer of to-day no ideas, or is he under oath to conceal them? Be that as it may, cannot we do something to force ourselves to silence or to prose,—anything to alleviate this frightful evil, this poetical curse?

EDITORIAL.

Good Company—Perhaps it is not nice to mention it, but we wonder if everyone has observed what a superior element of the college it is that attends chapel regularly. Here for once—the Rich Young Ruler notwithstanding—the very elite and the very elect come near to coinciding. Is it that we go to chapel because we are so nice, or that we are so nice because we go to chapel? Who knows! At all events, if I had no other reason for attending chapel, I should come for this one: that, for ten minutes a day, I can cast my eyes proudly about me and say to myself, "I am of these—these the calm and efficient, the superiors to detail, these whose day, full as it is, *composes*, as the rhetoricians say; and, for this once in my life, I am *not* of those, the wild-eyed, the frenzied, who at this very moment are panting, doubtless, over their nine o'clock lesson—those, the shackled, the unexecutive, the slaves of incident!"

R. G.

The Common Grass.—In copying out an old Saxon manuscript, we happened upon a record of an officer appointed "for the protection of the common grass." Now it is far from our intention to suggest that another office be instituted in Bryn Mawr and another burden laid upon responsible shoulders. If, however, any reader thinks that we have progressed since early Saxon days in respect for common property, let her take a bird's-eye view of this beautiful campus of ours, which is crossed and recrossed by short-cut paths for the irresponsible. If it be argued on theoretic grounds that recurring feet do not hurt the grass in winter, we would beg that each one trust the evidence of her own eyes, or, failing that, form good habits for the softer season of spring. Curiously enough, they are apt to be the least busy among us who are least careful to keep the paths. Let us take this opportunity to develop public spirit, for our own good and the good of "the common grass."

M. C.

DULCI FISTULA

I, TOO, HAVE BEEN IN ARCADY.

The tea-house's smiling doors are open wide
At fifteen minutes of, when all is drear.
Whate'er unto the half-dressed one betide,
She need not shed a single bitter tear,
But swift unto that charmèd mansion flee
And drown her shuddering woes in fragrant tea.
Unto the beggar who's writ home to pa
And to the millionaire with hundred pence
The radiant door stands temptingly ajar,
Within delights for pauper as for prince.
Rich satins sweep the shining floor across,
Or hockey skirts clear it a foot or two—
It matters not—to all the golden store
Of shredded-wheat and eggs and buttered toast.
Far o'er the campus doors may shut or ope,
The library grip souls in agony,
For us always the kindly light of hope,
And e'en at mid-years buttered toast and tea.

R. M., 1911.

TO AN UPPER CLASSMAN.

My lady goes to dinner
Bye and bye,
And would I have her speak to me?
 Not I!
And yet—I think I'll linger on the stairs
 If she should choose to notice—
Well, who cares!

A. G. H., 1913.

LEAF FROM A CYNIC'S NOTE-BOOK.

With Socrates we don't agree, we must confess, in ethics,
His morality's not moral, nor aesthetic his aesthetics.
His rules are all too lenient and his standards too low for us;
When charged with loving pleasure we deny it in a chorus.
We *all* desire a life that's full of pain and of vexation;
In fact, a life of happiness is an abomination.
To live among the lepers would be a life of beauty,
And we all regard that being damned is nothing more than duty.
In fact, we like this being damned; it has distinct attraction,
And surely is far better than vile pleasure and inaction.
We haven't *got* an instinct, and we feel that it is treason
To ever do a thing not guided by the highest reason.
This is all the truth about us,—also one thing more,—
We haven't done our reading, for we thought it was a bore.

M. S. S.

SUBJECTIVE IDEALISM.

Philosophy is nice for those
Who like such mental diet,
It has th' effect of a new pose
Quite ladylike and quiet.

And think what a relief in store,
Instead of dire confusion,
Should failed seem posted on the door
Mere sensory illusion.

R. M., 1911.

THE LAMENT OF THE BRAINLESS CONTRIBUTOR.

(Apologies to A. Dobson.)

I can't write an ode,
I can't write a sonnet,
Yet to my abode
The fierce editor strode
Cried, "A verse you've long owed
Me." Insisted upon it,
But I can't write an ode,
Nor even a sonnet.

E. B., 1913.

CONCERNING 'AN EARTHWORM.

I've been drawing me an earthworm, a most fetching little fellow;
I made his nerve-cord purple, his digestive tract all yellow.
I drew five little hearts on him, all beating pitty pat,
And all around a greenish thing, which probably was fat.

When I had finished making him a mouth in a sweet pout,
I found that his prostomium was on just inside out.
The colors on his body wall were quite of my own choosing;
So was his circulation, which was more or less confusing.

I fixed him up insides prepared for any kind of diet,
And the colors on him would have made a Joseph's coat look quiet.
And he looked about as much like any earthworm I have seen
As a cog-road up the Jungfrau like a well-kept putting green.

M. S. S.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

'97. Corinne Haven Putnam Smith (Mrs. Joseph Lindon Smith) was recently in Bryn Mawr as the guest of Miss Ely. Her interesting talk on Modern Egypt, given December eleventh, was heard by many of the students.

'06. Anna Elizabeth Caldwell MacClanahan was married in Chicago, November eighteenth, to Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell. Dr. and Mrs. Grenfell stopped at Bryn Mawr on their way to Labrador, where they will spend the winter.

Among recent visitors at college have been:

Evelyn MacFarlane Holliday Patterson, '04; Mary Herr, Mary Nearing, Evelyn Holt, '09; Louise Carey, '10; Mollie Kilner, '11.

COLLEGE NOTES.

At a recent meeting of the Students' Association for Self-Government it was decided that each hall should vote separately on the question of abolishing the proctorial system for the maintenance of quiet hours. The new non-proctor system which was unanimously adopted has thus far succeeded extremely well.

Mr. Whiting has given two of the series of five concerts arranged for this year. At the first an all-Bach program was rendered, and the second was a song recital.

The Sophomores gave a fancy-dress ball for the Freshmen on the evening of December third. The costumes were unusually effective and picturesque.

On December fifth, at the monthly service held under the auspices of the college, the sermon was preached by Professor Hugh Black, of the Union Theological Seminary.

Mrs. Wentworth, whom we remembered for her rendering of Mae-terlinck's "Ariadne" and "Barbe Bleue," last winter, read this year some of Olive Schreiner's "Dreams" and the second act of "Votes for Women."

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The Seniors have said good-bye to hockey, holding the college championship as a sort of consolation prize. The scores in the preliminaries were as follows:

1911 vs. 1913 : 2-3—1913
1910 vs. 1912 : 7-1—1910
1911 vs. 1913 : 2-2
1910 vs. 1912 : 9-1—1910
1911 vs. 1913 : 2-3—1913

Three games were played in the finals, the first going to the Seniors by a score of 2-1, the second to the Freshmen by a score of 6-0, and the third, with the championship, to the Seniors by a score of 5-1. The finals in the second team games were played by 1910 and 1911, and the championship won by 1911. Incidentally it may be said that 1911's second team takes an invincible pride in the fact that it has held this modest championship since its Freshman year.

Varsity won in a somewhat impromptu game with the alumnæ by 9-1, and also finished an unbroken series of victories over outside teams by defeating Merion Cricket Club. The first and only defeat of the season for Varsity was suffered subsequently at the hands of All-Philadelphia. Score, 7-3. The Freshmen were allowed by President Thomas to play the second team of Germantown Hockey Club, and won the game by a score of 5-0.

The swimming pool, beautiful in white tiles, is at this writing ready for its formal opening.

FURNITURE CURTAINS WALL PAPERS

ALL of the new patterns of furniture, curtains and upholstery goods are now ready and we will be glad to show them.

We also have many inexpensive wall papers and fabrics of beautiful designs and can submit sketches and estimates for decorating and furnishing homes or rooms.

KARCHER & REHN COMPANY

1608-1610 CHESTNUT STREET

DREKA

Fine Stationery
AND
Engraving House

1121 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

FINE STATIONERY imported papers from Paris and London, the newest shades and exclusive patterns, with monograms and cyphers

VISITING CARDS, correct styles and shapes

INVITATIONS for weddings and receptions.

BANQUET MENUS and LUNCHEON FAVORS

CHRISTMAS and WEDDING GIFTS
of artistic merit at moderate prices.



Superior Furs

The present showing is the largest and most attractive we have ever offered. There is style in every line, quality in every skin and perfect detail in making and finishing, and above all, the models are exclusive with this house.

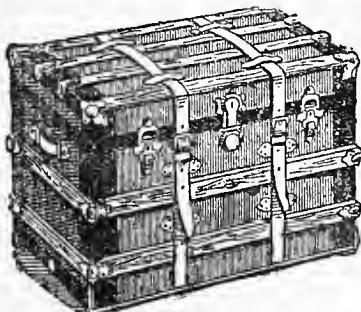
Trimmed Millinery

New types from the French milliners—originals and adaptations from our own designers now displayed. The styles are authoritative.

Smart styles for college girls.

BLAYLOCK & BLYNN, Inc., 824-28 Chestnut Street

SPECIAL VALUES
in
Trunks, Bags and Suit-Cases



All Kinds of Hand-Luggage
We have a Special Department for
the repairing of Trunks, Bags, Suit-
Cases and all kinds of hand-luggage.

EDWARD L. POWERS
Harness and Saddlery
908-905 Lancaster Avenue
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

LEWANDOS
Americas Greatest Dyers
Cleansers and Launderers

FOR THE HOME
Furniture Covering Portieres Draperies
Embroideries Linens Rugs Blankets
Laces Muslin Curtains Silks Satins
Cotton etc

FOR WOMEN
Suits Ribbons etc Feathers
Gloves Real Laces Gowns
Coats

LEWANDOS
1633 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA
EMMA FOSTER Agent Pembroke East

THE CHOICEST FLOWERS



for every occasion will be found
here. Instant delivery from finest
blooms. Telephone your orders.
Prices optional.

ROBERT KIFT, Florist
1725 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ART NEEDLE WORK
Stamping and Embroidery Materials

THE J. O. BENTLEY CO.,
812 Arch Street - Philadelphia



M. M. GAFFNEY

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings
DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS

Post Office Block BRYN MAWR, PA.

MAURICE BARNETT

CURIOS THINGS,
JEWELRY, CHINA and ANTIQUES

26 South 18th Street
PHILADELPHIA

**BRYN MAWR
HARDWARE COMPANY**



**Hardware, Cutlery
and House-Furnishing Goods**

**E. M. FENNER
CONFECTIONER**

ICE CREAM AND ICES
FROZEN FRUITS, CHOICE CONFECTIONERS
HOME-MADE JELLIES and CANNED FRUITS

BRYN MAWR, PA.

ARDMORE, PA.

Miss Helen R. Gill

is exhibiting the latest Parisian Models in
FRENCH MILLINERY

with a choice collection of Original Designs at
ATTRACTIVE PRICES

1217 Walnut Street Philadelphia
Established 1862

C. D. EDWARDS

CONFECTIONER

Chocolate Layer Cake a Specialty

Ice Cream and Ices Fine Fancy Cakes
Ramsey Building, Lancaster Avenue

Telephone Connection Bryn Mawr, Pa.

WILLIAM H. RAMSEY

DEALER IN

Choice Reclesned Oats, Flour, Feed, Baled Hay and
Straw, Groceries, etc., Hardware, Paints, Oils, etc.

BRYN MAWR

**JOHN J. CONNELLY
Florist**

Cut Flowers and
Decorative Plants



Telephone
252 L

Lancaster Ave., ROSEMONT, PA.

The Bryn Mawr Pharmacies

OLDEST AND RELIABLE

Pure Drugs and Toilet Requisites. All Kinds of
Stationery. Prescriptions a Specialty.

Goods Delivered Promptly

Established 1884

CHRISTIAN MOORE

PRICKITT - - -

The reliable Apothecary of ROSEMONT and
BRYN MAWR has been authorized to furnish the
College Students with Drugs, etc. All prescriptions
are compounded by competent graduates only.

Messenger calls at each hall, at 11 a.m. daily.

PHARMACIES

BRYN MAWR

ROSEMONT

**Careful Handling
and Quality**

Wilson Laundry

Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

VAN HORN & SON

121 North Ninth St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Costumers

Costumes to Hire for College Theatricals,
Entertainments and Tableaux

TIPYN O' BOB

Boys' and Misses' Sailor Suits a specialty

Ladies' Tailor made Suits and

Riding Habits

Boys' and Young Men's Norfolk, Sack
and Tuxedo Suits

MEN'S DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR

MADE TO ORDER ONLY
NO AGENCIES

PETER THOMSON

Naval and Merchant Tailor

1118 Walnut Street
Philadelphia

14 and 16 W. 33d Street
New York

Intercollegiate Bureau
of Academic Costume

COTRELL & LEONARD
ALBANY, N. Y.



Makers of

**CAPS, GOWNS
and HOODS**

To the American Colleges
and Universities

Bulletins, etc., upon request

Correspondence solicited

Rich Gowns for Faculties, Pulpit and Bench

Dry Goods and
Notions

Ladies' and Gents'
Furnishing Goods



Miss McNally



Ramsey Block
Lancaster Ave.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

H. D. REESE

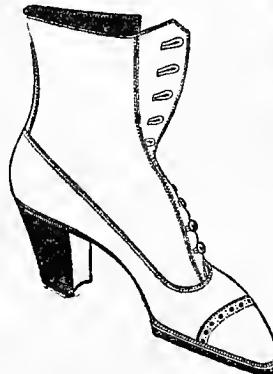
Dealer in the Finest Quality of
**BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, LAMB
AND SMOKED MEATS**

1203 Filbert Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

TIPYN O' BOB



New Street Boots for Young Women, \$4 and \$5

Distinctive styles and shapes,
showing perfection of finish
down to the smallest detail

All Leathers—Button or Lace

HANAN & SON

1318 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HOSIERY
and
SHOES

Shoes of Individuality for Young Women

Correct Styles, combining taste and comfort to a degree
attained by no others

J. & T. COUSINS

1226 Chestnut Street

Philadelphia

TIPYN O' BOB

LEADING MILLINERY HOUSE OF PHILADELPHIA

Announcement of Individuality in
Fall Merchandise

TRIMMED MILLINERY—LATEST MODELS FROM BEST MAKERS

Novelties Laces Veilings Ribbons

Velvets Neckwear French Jewelry French Underwear
Corsets Hosiery and Underwear

NECK FIXINGS and NOTIONS

RIBBONS and VEILINGS

GEORGE ALLEN, Inc., 1214 Chestnut St

TRIMMINGS, LACES, GARNITURES

IRMA MARCH

Importer of Fine Millinery

AT MODERATE PRICES

1505 WALNUT STREET

NOBLE & LINCOLN
1635
CHESTNUT STREET
A full line of Imported
Novelties in Bonnets, Toques, and Hats
MOURNING A SPECIALTY

Correct Slippers

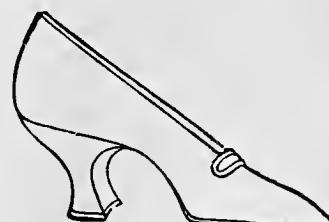
for the

Debutante

\$4.00 up

Steigerwalt

1004 Chestnut Street



PRESS OF
THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
1006-1016 ARCH STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

February, 1910

FEB 12 '10

Tipyn o' Bob

Contents

The Bon Festival.....	Ai Hoshino, '12	1
The Song of the Wanderer	Katherine Kelley, '10	3
Three Plays by John Galsworthy	Ruth Collins, '10	4
To M. W.	Grace Branham, '10	8
Mount Vernon	Helen Barber, '12	8
Chiaroscuro	Ruth George, '10	10
Birds at Dawn	Marjorie Murray, '13	16
Editorials.....		17
Dulci Fistula		20
Alumnae Notes		25
College Notes		25
Athletic Notes		27
Senior Oral Song.....		27



Tipyn o'Bob

Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.

VOL. VII

FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 4

Managing Editors.

GRACE BAGNALL BRANHAM, '10, *Editor-in-Chief.*

RUTH GEORGE, '10.

MARION CRANE, '11.

Editors.

CHARLOTTE ISABEL CLAFLIN, '11.

HELEN PARKHURST, '11.

MARJORIE THOMPSON, '12.

Business Board.

KATE ETHEL CHAMBERS, '11, *Business Manager.*

LOUISE STERNBERG RUSSELL, '11, *Treasurer.*

HELEN BARBER, '12, *Assistant Business Manager.*

THE BON FESTIVAL.

AI HOSHINO, 1912.

The moon is pouring its full light on a spacious cultivated field, on a patch of tall corn, on creeping cucumber vines, on melons lying about loosely on their soft beds of earth, and on a narrow path across the field, which at its extremity joins a road leading up the gentle slope of the hill, and soon losing itself among the mulberry trees. The road up the hill is strangely lighted to-night by another gleam than the cool, pale moonlight. On near observation one can see that a number of burning torches fastened at the ends of stakes, about a foot high from the ground, stand on both sides of the road at a regular interval of three or four yards, their light flickering at every soft summer breeze, and after a moment

blazing up again. The scene reminds one that it is the last night of the "Bon" festival, the annual mid-summer festival for the dead. They say around this country, that the spirits of the dead come back to their earthly homes every year, during this festival, and that on its last night they all must depart for their gloomy abodes in a lonely graveyard up on a secluded hill. The lights on the roadside are to guide their wandering, reluctant souls to their destined places.

Soon on the other side of the field, from huts, cottages, and houses, sally forth in groups, figures dark, white, tall and slight, some carrying lighted torches, and some lanterns, and all take the same path across the field up the hill, forming a long, single-filed, slowly-moving procession. Those tall, hatless, and somberly dressed, with burning torches, are the figures of men, and the white, slender, those of women. The moonlight is strangely bright on their white summer dresses, and the soft breeze plays in and out their graceful sleeves. Some are sad and mute, others are talking, gossiping and laughing. Thus they go along the winding road between thickly planted mulberry fields, swinging their red lights to and fro. As they come to the top of the hill, they turn to the left, and a few yards farther they are in the cemetery. At its entrance, an enormous pine tree stands with its dark figure against the sky. Here, too, the soft moonlight bathes everything, new white tombstones, old ones with mossy faces, flowers on and round them, and even the gilded characters inscribed on the stones.

The procession comes in slowly, breaks up as it passes the pine, and each one goes to a different tombstone, stoops before it and for a minute or two clasps his hand on the cold stone, in mute devotion to the soul of the dead.

Ten minutes later, not a single man is left in the cemetery yard, not a sound to be heard but the fading voices of the returning villagers and the soft, silvery singing of crickets from somewhere behind tombstones. Many a slender streak of light smoke from the offered incense—one might almost think that the souls of the dead are rising heavenward in it—ascends slowly yet steadily until it melts in the soft, light haze.

THE SONG OF THE WANDERER.

KATHARINE M. KELLEY, 1910.

The days are long
And the nights are deep;
It's the trail by day
And by night it is sleep.
By day it is song
And by night it is rest,
If the wind blows east
Or the wind blows west.

For the sun is kind
And the stars are friends;
And the way lies free
To the wide world's ends.
By day it is song
And by night it is rest,
If the wind blows east
Or the wind blows west.

For there is no care
And there is no woe
With a heart to sing
And a path to go.
For life is a song
And the world is a jest,
Blow the wind east
Or blow the wind west.

THREE PLAYS BY JOHN GALSWORTHY.

RUTH COLLINS, 1910.

The titles of Mr. Galsworthy's recent plays are terse and significant,—“The Silver Box,” “Joy,” “Strife.” The first, rather conventional, perhaps, simply gives the immediate cause of the action, but the second and third are more comprehensive, showing larger aspects of the situation. The names “Joy” and “Strife” reveal the contemplative attitude,—the attitude of a man who looks at the world in the large. The first and the last plays, which deal frankly with socialistic questions, give certain phases of the present economic unrest and struggle, the struggle between labour and capital. Yet they are far from being mere propaganda. Mr. Galsworthy is neither agitator nor reformer. He is the literary artist, who observes life, and selects and records those aspects which appeal to him most strongly. He presents the facts pitilessly, in all their ugliness; he shows the blindness of class hatred, the sordidness and meanness of motives in the economic struggle, the meaningless waste of energy, and the apparent futility of the combat. The plays are tragic, intense, almost entirely devoid of brightness; they offer no remedy for the evils they reveal, they reach no solution. They simply bring you face to face with life as it is—difficult, bewildering, problematic. The second play, “Joy,” is in a lighter, more humorous tone, and, placed as it is between “The Silver Box” and “Strife,” affords the reader breathing space between the two intense themes. Yet the title “Joy” is half satiric, for the play, as the writer tells you, is a “play upon the letter I.” It shows each one hugging his own private happiness, each one unwilling, perhaps unable, to see the world from another's point of view, to step outside of his own little circle of individuality.

“The Silver Box” is worked through on a dramatic contrast between the son of a rich member of Parliament and a man of the unemployed, a drunkard and wife-beater. The first scene shows these two men together. Young Dick Barthwick has been assisted in opening his own door by Jones, who was loitering near the house. Both men are drunk.

Dick has had too much champagne at supper and has brought home with him a woman's blue velvet reticule containing a purse with money. "I've squared her off. Th' cat," he hiccoughs. "Serves her joll' well right." He offers Jones whiskey, and then goes to sleep on the sofa. Jones drinks until "there is no sobriety left in him," glares in dull hatred at the "fat calf" on the sofa, and with the snarl, "I'll square you off too, that's wot I'll do," he picks up the purse and a silver cigarette box and disappears. Here is the situation of the play. Both men have done strikingly similar things. Both have become drunk, both have stolen, both have acted from the same impulse—a kind of personal spite, without any intelligent motive. The contrast appears when they face the consequences of these acts. But with the contrast comes again and again the echo of the truth that these two men have, after all, done the same thing. When Jack is being questioned by his father concerning the events of the night before, Mrs. Barthwick cries, "O Jack, do you mean to say you were so tipsy you can't even remember!" And later Jones stands before the magistrate, who says sternly, "Do you mean to say you were so drunk that you can remember nothing?" Again this similarity is insisted upon when Mr. Barthwick tells Jack that he and his sort are a nuisance to the community, and when the magistrate condemns Jones with the same words: "Let me tell you that men like you, who get drunk and give way to your spite or whatever it is that's in you,—are—*a nuisance to the community*." And Jack stupidly mutters, "Dad! that's what you said to me!" Then comes the climax of the play in Jones' incoherent roar for justice: "Call this justice? What about 'im? 'E got drunk! 'E took the purse—'e took the purse but—it's *'is money* got *'im off—Justice!*" The most striking character in the play, however, is not Jones, who rebels against injustice, but his wife, whose slender, black-gowned figure glides through the scenes quietly, an embodiment of the patient endurance of injustice. Her low, monotonous voice, the unemotional, almost impersonal account she gives of her hardships, her repeated phrase "of course,"—all this expresses her unquestioning acceptance of her lot.

In "Joy," as we have noted, the action is a play upon the letter "I." Each person feels that his own situation is a "special case." Each one believes in rules, each one has principles, but in his "special case" such rules and principles do not apply. This failure to take an impersonal

view of things is illustrated in various more or less amusing situations, and finally is shown under the aspect of the persistent struggle of the individual to develop his own nature, to live his own life to the utmost, rejecting all relations that hinder such freedom. Hot-tempered Colonel Hope contests a point in a tennis game because it is a special case to which rules do not apply. He has, also, firm principles about gold mines—"For every ounce you take out of a gold mine, you put two in"—yet when he becomes interested in the mine Maurice Lever represents, he invests in it largely, because "this is not an ordinary gold mine." When Dick tries to explain to Joy his broader views of marriage, in order to reconcile her to her mother's position, she suddenly breaks out, "*But it's my own mother!*" Whereupon Dick replies gravely, "I know, of course. I can't expect you to see it in *your own* case like this." And when Joy, in the first glow of love, cries, "Dick, is love always like this?" he answers with conviction, "It's never been like this before. It's you and me!"

The tragic element in this play comes in Mrs. Gwyn's struggle between her duty to her daughter and her devotion to her lover. Is she to play the woman or the mother? Is it to be "dancing or sitting out?" "It's time I played the mother, isn't it?" she whispers. "It'll be all sitting out then." But her instinct for individual freedom and happiness is stronger than her love for her daughter. In the face of Joy's condemnation, she exclaims, "Am I to live like the dead because you're a child that knows nothing of life? Do you think because I suffered when you were born and because I've suffered with every ache you've ever had, that that gives you the right to dictate to me now?" Then realizing that, after all, the young girl cannot understand, she goes away, leaving Joy to the experience that may finally teach her to interpret her mother's course. In this rivalry of individual interests, the character of Miss Beech alone stands for the impersonal. It is she who understands all the motives, and who watches it all with pity for poor human nature. Her repeated exclamation, "Poor creature!" at first rather pointless, takes on deep significance as the intensity of the play increases.

The triumph of personal interest over abstract principle, which plays so large a part in "Joy," is seen again in "Strife." The situation is a struggle between the directors and employees of the Trenartha Tin Plate Works. The directors, with Mr. Anthony as chairman, have come down

from London to treat with the men led by Roberts. The strike has lasted long enough to make both sides suffer,—the men from hunger, the directors from anxiety for their dividends. The fight for principle, for the rights of labour and capital, has degenerated into an individual struggle for personal comfort and satisfaction. The only men who put self in the background, who stand for principle alone, are the leaders, Anthony and Roberts, and they are powerless in the hands of men whose physical needs are stronger than their desire for justice or victory. "You've felt the pinch o't in your bellies," cries Roberts scornfully to the wavering strikers. "You've forgotten what the fight 'as been. . . . The fight of those that spend themselves with every blow they strike and every breath they draw, against a thing that fattens on them, and grows and grows by the law of *merciful* nature. That thing is Capital."

Among the directors, eager for compromise, a single voice pleads for the rights of the workmen. It is the voice of the "younger generation," of Edgar Anthony, the son of the chairman. But against him rises the older man, the representative of Capital. He denounces the generation that he cannot understand—"a soft breed of men," who "take their enemies' side." "It has been said that masters and men are equal," he cries. "Cant! There can only be one master in a house! Where two men meet the better man will rule. This middle-class sentiment, or socialism, or whatever it may be, is rotten. Masters are masters, men are men!" Thus principle speaks on both sides, but in vain. Compromise prevails, and the terms are agreed upon—the same terms that were drawn up and presented to both sides before the fight began. And we are left with the question; "All this—all this—and—and what for?"

Unpleasant these plays may be called—unsatisfactory, perhaps, to those who find satisfaction only in problems solved. To those, however, who are willing to confront the complexity of our social life, who dare acknowledge the meanness and injustice of human nature, who believe that only in facing these conditions squarely and unflinchingly can any adequate knowledge of life be gained or any solution of its problems,—to such as these, the plays will have a strong and lasting appeal.

TO M. W.

GRACE BRANHAM, 1910.

I wandered through a wood,
A high hill's crest along,—
When the drooping silence moved
At a bird's ecstatic song.—
Dearest, methought it imaged thee,
Singing up there poised happily,
Pervading thought with melody.

I wandered down a green;
Patterned across my sight
A dogwood, like a screen,
Rifted a shower of light.—
Dearest, methought it imaged thee,
Bringing a bright felicity,
Gleaming, and stealing my heart from me.

MOUNT VERNON.

HELEN BARBER, 1912.

It was one of the newest of the spring days when the two of us, my friend from England, I from the West, took passage down the flooded Potomac to Mt. Vernon. The afternoon sun streamed down warm upon the white deck of our excursion steamer, but was never a match for the damp winds that rose and swept along from the swollen waters. As we sat huddled close together, talking, fitly enough, of England and America, of the disappearance of the old scar, of the absence now of national causes that could rouse a people to fight, we scarcely noticed the

passing moments, until, soaked in sunshine, blown by wind, we roused ourselves and saw that the steamer was turning across the current and making for the southern shore where stood a little wharf below green-folded hills.

Letting the garrulous crowd go ahead, we made our ascent slowly along the road. Here nothing save vistas of black-limbed trees, softened above by palest of early green, was before us up the hill. The ground below, damp and soft, sent up moist, earthy odours and the breezes straying down from the sunnier places bore promise of young grass, crocuses, and even violets. Leaving the wood-road we turned off by a foot-path, and soon, crossing the hill, came of a sudden into the open. Below, its bank latticed off by wide-branching elms, rushed the Potomac; up and across the ridge rose the stretches of tender green, darkened here and there by clumps of shrubbery, and over the crest gleamed the white gable ends of the house we had come to see—the oldest house I had ever seen, the house sacred to the man still first in the hearts of the young country.

The warm air, melting, over-laden with soft odours of the growing world, had a peculiar rareness, a reserve sweetness, that came from April days of the eighteen hundreds. From the old bricks that formed the walk over the hill, from the ancient turf that modestly wore the crocus' purpling cup among its short blades, from the damp roofs of the low-built out-houses along the path, came a curious blending of April sun on March's rains with a delicate old-time fragrance. "There must be yew-hedges about," said my English friend, "the air tells me that"—and so there were, further on, close-clipped borders along the walk-edge. From "Washington's Coach House," and his "Spinning House," where we stopped to peer over shoulders at the brave old coach and the spinning wheels, musty odours came out, savours of old wood and varnish and gilding. Restored, tended and guarded by officious men in uniform, as these relics were, they still retained their ever-increasing charm of venerable seasoned age.

Then, into the house itself, we turned from the fragrant air. The instant we stepped through the door-way of the old summer kitchen we were sensible that something was wrong, and no wonder. The fine old house, set in its rare garden, had, thanks to a zealous society of patriots, been so well, and more than well preserved—embalmed, almost—that it

had no more than the charm of a museum. The prescribed path, between ropes, past doors open yet chained off, leading up within six feet of the polished high-boy and no further, was filled with crowding tourists; disappointed as I was, I could not hurry through. The dignified four-posters, the worn rugs and faded brocades, all labeled and slated, stood stiff behind the ropes, and let themselves be stared at. A rush of indignation came over me at the cruelty of keeping them thus. It was as if we should dress an aged grandfather in flowered waistcoat and beaver hat, bring him into the drawing-room and keep him there on show, for everyone to admire as a "very fine relic of the past generation—very fine lines, has he not,—and such distinction!"

At last we burst out of the house, out the big front door on the high-pillared portico. Here old worn stones below brought us back to the real Mt. Vernon of a hundred years ago. The great trees slanted their shadows down the soft sweeps of turf. And as we looked through the sweet air at the calm old estate, sleeping in the sun, we forgot the tourists, and the labels, and the uniformed guards; and my friend and I, in entirely different ways, she of England and I very much of America, felt of a sudden the power of the place that has grown old and beautiful along with our knowledge and the influence of its old master.

CHIAROSCURO.

Being a story without a denouement, but full of helpful morals.

RUTH GEORGE, 1910.

Mary Fenton had a fire. A fire, by the way, is the real college drawing-card. No one—after her Freshman mid-years, say—would walk round the corner for a stringy Welsh rabbit, or a fudge party, barring the prospect of good company; but a fire, with blue and blood-orange flames licking delicately a grate-full of conventional little clinkers, and casting a flickering line across the ceiling of an otherwise darkened room—ah, believe me, it is there you get your real academic emotion!

The occupants of Mary Fenton's room—there were some eight or

ten among the shadows and changing lights—must have been thinking of something of this sort, for, when one of them who had been softly trumming a banjo all the while, now took advantage of a new silence to start in briskly on her best piece, another raised her head from the couch and said,

“Yes do, Maysie! Nothing makes me feel so much as if I had got what I came to college for as to have someone play the banjo. Every one played banjos in the college stories that made me come to college.”

“Oh, college stories!” some one groaned gently. “Either they are liars or we are liars. Do you suppose we ought to live up to them?”

“Up?—and talk like that?”

“Like what?”

“Oh, the sort in the *Ladies' Home Journal*—archaisms, and quoting poetry, and ‘whither away, fair maid?’ that sort.”

“Oh, I hope not.”

“The *Ladies' Home Journal*—” some one began.

“Yes—does a great deal of good,” finished her best friend. “You’re so adorable to stand up for it, Louise, but you must admit it presents college life over-fantastically. Why, do you know, I actually believed you could play those amusing tricks on the faculty, and all that. Fancy a ‘bright young mad-cap,’ as they call her, playing a ‘clever joke’ with Miss Trevorley’s visitors, and being invited to tea the next day as a reward!”

“Fancy being invited to tea under any circumstances,” said plain Sarah Lang, “unless you were the star of the class play, or some one of that sort.”

“Well, of course there are colleges where the students *do* know the faculty, you can’t expect all college stories to be about Mt. Ledley.”

“I don’t care what college they’re about, but it’s a terrible responsibility for an author to send such hopelessly insane girls out into the world. Why, I fully expected a room-mate who would cheer my lonely hours by clapping the chafing dish on her head and dancing about merrily—that sort of thing—whereas, just look at Amy! You’re so empty of resources, Amy, for my amusement.”

“Oh, it isn’t only I,” protested the room-mate, “it’s the whole college; it’s life; you’ve just begun to see things as they are.”

“And we’ve fallen on an iron time besides.”

"I think you all sound disagreeably worldly," said little Mary Keen. "It's our own fault if college life has had the bloom rubbed off or if it appears never to have had any on. We've got to romanticise as we go along. We ought to create an academic atmosphere."

"Oh, there's atmosphere enough," interrupted Amy, "the thing is not to notice it. If I stopped to think about my setting, I'd go mad."

"Of course you would. Why, before I came to college, I remember I used to light the candles of my dresser, and let down my hair, and I looked so well I could rise to any heights,—but now, in all this wild rush, I know very well I'll look tired in the glass, so I do my braids and snap off the light all in a breath, and never think of myself from one day's end to the other, any more than if I had never met myself."

"Just exactly," put in Aline Pennington. Aline Pennington was very beautiful, and for having what we called *executive ability* she paid the price of having to keep a great deal of the college machinery in motion. "Just exactly," she repeated; "impersonality is the only possible relief to one's self-respect. I hate this new competent self I have come to have dragging around with me. I was far nicer before. I have got so smart now—so shrewd—I despise myself. I know too much, I know everything. I can't trust my most sacred and simple emotions. Every time I take a walk alone, I suddenly remember, *now heart to heart with nature*; and when I find myself in any perplexity, my know-all-self says, *Aha! the period of doubt*; and when I have the least bit of a tragic emotion I suddenly remember the hot ginger-bread at luncheon, and that my tragedy is all physical. It makes me wish I had never come to college."

"Well, but if all that sort of thing is sentiment, you'll be far more useful for seeing it so."

"Well, I was far more nice for not seeing it so."

"Oh well, *nice*," said Barbara Fair, who could always make fiction sound truer than truth, "no one tries to be nice, nowadays. *Be smart, sweet maid, and let who will be nicer.*"

"Now you do sound like *Ladies' Home Journal*. It isn't even true. Look at Celia, she's still nice."

"Yes, I'm making a character," said Celia Harding. "Its absorbing, and I think I'm doing well, but it takes so much time learning poetry, and getting calm between tasks, and taking deep breaths, and

all the rest of my theories, that I'm afraid I'm going to flunk my mid-year's."

"Oh, they couldn't flunk so lovely a character as you, Celia."

"Yes, they could, Barbara, dear; my character was never so lovely as the day of my Italian quiz; I felt so benign and kindly toward every one in the world, and I flunked for the first time in college."

"Well, did you continue to feel benign?"

"Oh, dear no,—I had righteous indignation."

"Well I should think you would. The idea of flunking a Senior! and such a lovely Senior in a lavender dress and a coronet braid of her own hair," and Barbara patted the braid affectionately. "But do you really learn poetry, Celia?"

"Yes really—that is, frequently. We all do. Mary Fenton and Rebecca and I. Doctor Trenton told us to learn half a dozen lines of poetry every day, and some morning we would wake up cultured."

"Ah! I wonder what you say to your alarm clock the morning you wake up cultured."

"Oh, the same old thing, I dare say, but it's an excellent idea; you can't imagine how good it makes you feel. I learn mine just after I turn my light out, and my day looks so finished. It's just like tying up one's Christmas gifts; the poetry equals tissue paper and a bow."

"Yes, but poetry can't really save your soul; it seems such a silly thing to expect the learning of a few lines to solve the problem of life for you—no matter how pleased with yourself it makes you before you go to bed."

"Oh, of course you've got to have something in the package!"

"Well, I think it's all right to learn poetry, but I think it's positively indecent to talk about it," said Mary Keene, "—not you, Celie—but just in general, to make it such a nameable thing."

"Yes, I used to think that when I wasn't learning poetry," agreed Celia. "And I thought it rude to talk of religion when I had no opinions about religion, and simply boorish to mention politics before I began to read the papers. That sort of people runs society nowadays, and half the time their reserve is nothing but ignorance. Which is exactly the reason, I think, that college interests are getting to be so very unscholarly."

"Unscholarly! Why, my dear Celia, are you going to join that party?"

"Yes, of course, unscholarly, Maysie—now you aren't going to drag in the 'all-round-girl,' are you?"

"But the best people here *are* all-round; they've got endless high credits and yet they're athletic as can be."

"But, Maysie, you Freshman, talk as if an all-round girl were a paste-board effect with high credits on one side, and athletics on the other."

"Why not?"

"Well, of course, it simply depends on what you mean by 'all-round'—all-round the girl or all-round the universe."

"Oh well, I don't claim to have any all-round-the-universe-girls here. My kind's all round the college, just the same, and nobody can get along without her—isn't that test enough?"

"*Your* kind? You mean Frances Laird, and Peggy Vance and Alice Le Maire and the others; they're perfectly charming, of course, but they're here on a lark."

"Well, that's all right. They do their share in all directions."

"No, that's where you're wrong. They've snatched the whole loaf simply because they're capable."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want them to eat the loaf."

"Oh, pshaw, Celie, they're not hungry."

"Well, they're not doing their whole duty until they do—that's my point. If they really are the most capable people, as you contend—then it's their duty to make the *best* interests the standard interests."

"But if what you're driving at is that they should close down on games and plays to make room for reading the newspapers,—why they can't take any more of that on without lessening their capability."

"Oh, in that case, then, they are bound by the same limitations as your friends, the grinds—which explodes your favourite theory about the best families."

"How tiresome you are, Celie, dear. What else are you doing for your character?"

"Now don't try to offend me, for you can't do it. That's part of my new training. I'm vanquishing egotisms. It involves all sorts of things—being patient with your friends, and not working for marks, and not being hurt when you're left out of teas."

"Well, I should think you wouldn't be; I never knew anybody invited to so many."

"Oh, well, there are teas and teas."

"You mean that there are Freshmen teas and faculty teas."

"Oh, yes,—and hall teas."

"A-ha! you evade the issue. I knew you were a snob for all your lovely character. But seriously, Celia, if it's a toss-up between a character and a degree, which should I, being a Freshman, go in for?"

"But it can't be a toss-up; take both."

"How can I? No one is more clever than Aline, and she claims she's lost her character. No one is more lovely than Celia, and she's going to flunk out."

"Oh, not clear out," protested Celia.

"Oh, well it's the same thing."

"I can't believe it," interposed Sidney Wentworth, the president of the College Suffrage League. "It would mean that women are less capable than men!"

"Not at all. Men have no character."

"No, that's true. Still it would mean women are incapable of doing what men do in addition to what they do already."

"Yes, so it would."

"Then what's the answer?" urged the Freshman.

"The answer—the answer—why that's what we're working for."

"But isn't the answer in the book?"

"Yes, of course it is—but—"

"What?"

"Well, some women are afraid now that the book may be wrong."

BIRDS AT DAWN.

M. F. MURRAY, 1913.

A note, a bird's clear note,
Breaks through the stillness of the day's gray dawn,
Then once more all is still.

But soon a sound is heard,
The cry of bird to bird,
Till each one, wakened by another's call,
Joins his sweet voice in one great song of all.
Higher and ever higher they raise the strain
Till heaven itself sends back the glad refrain,
And each heart, thrilling with pure joyful praise,
Attains to such high worship as to raise
A perfect gift of perfect song to Heaven.

EDITORIALS.

Do the duty that lies nearest thee!—On this motto, which to its framer Carlyle seemed the adequate answer to the problem of conduct, many an earnest soul, struggling through a busy life, has seized as on the solution of all difficulties. Do the duty that lies nearest,—what could be simpler? The application is so easy, so direct. If we chance to live in Denbigh, Denbigh duties must take precedence of those that await us in Pembroke; or, if it is nearness in time that we consider, to-night's duties must be discharged before to-morrow's can be so much as thought of. True, the Pembroke friend whose need for a day or two demanded our sympathy or service may have gone her way meanwhile unassisted by us; we may wake the morning after our dutiful vigil barely in time to reach our first lecture breakfastless, handicapped for the day by heavy eyes and unstrung nerves; but we have done the duty that lay nearest to hand, and Providence, not we, is to be blamed for the consequences.

The truth as I see it is that if we live the lives of free agents there is no power which will undertake for us the responsibility of arranging our duties in a rational order. There is small credit in being the victims of a blind moral sense which, groping helplessly for something to fasten upon, clutches at the first support that offers itself. If we are not, "by thronging duties pressed," to be swamped, overborne, and trampled upon in the crowd, we must encounter them, each of us, like a wise and firm master of ceremonies, assigning precedence in order of rank and merit instead of haphazard; here thrusting back a big bullying gallant with, "Keep your place, sir"; there leading forward a shy modest damsel, almost overlooked in a corner, to her rightful station of dignity. For when we hear the terrible indictment, "I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat; thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not," it is more than doubtful if the answer, "Lord, I didn't get round to it," will be accepted as a sufficient excuse.

C. I. C.

The Group Spirit.—Our occasional apostrophe to the college as “guiding star,” though it be delivered with reverence, nay, even with an animated desire to add “Amen” at the end, expresses a fallacious attitude toward the spirit of Bryn Mawr. Taken very much in the abstract, and for moments of exaltation, that spirit may be regarded as a mysterious entity outside of us and above us, which we are to follow. We are apt, however, to feel continually that our sins here are quite upon our own heads, that in neglecting our work and our health, in occupying ourselves with petty concerns, we are merely our own worst enemies, and that Bryn Mawr will continue to guide the rising generations in spite of us. As a matter of fact, the spirit of Bryn Mawr is nothing more nor less than the sum of the spirits of all of its past and present votaries, faculty and students. When any one of us forgets her high prerogative as an element in that combination; weakens in her honourable intention of doing her best in all departments of her life here, the college spirit is by just so much the loser. It is only by the help of a sense of responsibility alive in each of us that Bryn Mawr can continue to be our gracious inspiration.

M. D. C.

Class Songs.—It isn't easy to find the right note in a discussion of class songs. On poetic grounds it does not seem fair to attack them,—they are so plainly not poetry. And yet they are the rhymed expression of sentiment which *ought* to be a species of poetry. Would it not be fairer, considering everything, to criticize them under the head of Required Verse? Or more accurately still, from their prevailing note, Annual Hymns? To blame the authors for writing verse they never wanted to; to find fault with them for doing their duty, is a piece of unjust cruelty, of which we for one would rather not be guilty. Indeed there are so many reasons for not exposing our simple hymnology to the light of criticism that had we no remedy to offer, we would for very shame keep silence.

The main faults of our class songs are their matter and their manner. Their manner,—no, perhaps we are not capable of improving it—but

there are those (we sincerely trust) who can and will. But *the matter* seems taken out of our hands. It is hereditary, it is unchangeable, consisting in substance of the following simple ideas:

Our college and class we enthusiastically adore;
We came from all parts of the country.
We shall never forget that we lived here for four years,
We expect to make many friends and retain them forever.

A new metre, a tune, for this purpose hitherto unused, a fresh sprinkling of sentiment, are all left us to provide. But even they are a terrible strain. In the absence of real emotion we are forced to twist out elaborate compliments to our Alma Mater, poor lady! Then, worse still, emulation comes in to spur on invention and where 1910 merely pledged herself—or rather themselves—to always return with hearts of love (we forbear to quote more) 1911 offers all that they may be and all that they are. It does seem too much to ask. One gets the impression that the material is being too violently worked over. Our protestations of adulation occasionally fall flat. One thinks a little gloomily of 1913's one thousandth reunion. Poor ghosts! presided over still, we trust, by their class-spirit.

We hate to confess it, but our promised remedy is open to almost insuperable objections. We offer it with misgiving and would refrain altogether were we not haunted by the ghosts of unborn classes of those years when *all* the tunes have been used up and there is no *possible* variation of words. Here it is. Why not in analogy to our four class-colors have only four songs, the four best? They could be subject to replacement, so our poetic genius would not be crushed. We will say nothing of spontaneity, for fear of sounding ironical.

G. B. B.

DULCI FISTULA

A Match Game



You ought to see these friends,
I tell you, they have lots of
fun,
They scarcely ever hit the
ball,
But that is not the point
at all.

Five very drowsy Two of the line,
Two others went in Town to drive.
The other one has gone, I think,
To get a cool, refreshing drink.



These half backs hardly seem complete,
Without the proper set of feet;
(And so of course they cannot hit
the ball or even run for it)

(My heroines grow smaller here.
The season plainly must appear,
To go there all upon the street
I may leave off the fullback's feet.)

In full back is a necessary soul,
She's kept to cheer the languid goal,
All through the game she tells her jokes,
As feebly at the ball she pokes

But just the fullback! you exclaim
You see an hour before the game
She has got a card for tea.
And so she went, quite naturally.



A lonely life the goose doth lead,
From Bacco's Essays see her read.
She hurried to the game so quick,
She carelessly forgot her sticks.

THE PESSIMIST OF THE SEASON.

(*With Apologies to Kipling.*)

When our last mid-year is over, and the papers signed and passed in,
When the fairest student is blear-eyed, and the fattest student is thin,
We shall rest, at least we shall try to; our alarm clocks be silent again;
With encouraging “post-mortems” we shall lull ourselves from pain.

“Did I pass? O dear, I should think not! For I’d never heard of Bede,
I said that he was an Aryan (but my writing’s hard to read)
And I didn’t know the Riddles, and I simply bluffed Grimm’s law,
For it was the hardest, longest paper I ever saw.

My last hope lay in English, for I flunked my Latin and Bi,
(When I saw that earthworm question, I really thought I should die)
No, the Latin’s not posted either, but that, of all, was the worst
And I’ve told them, at home, to expect me on February first.”

C. D.

ON HANDING IN A CONTRIBUTION TO “TIP.”

With hot tears my eyes are seethin’,
For I feel just like a heathen,
Casting out this child of mine
To the death—as I opine.
Yet take her—do not fear my wrath,
But place her body in your path,
And tread o’er her without a slip,
To greater things and fatter Tip.

H. D. B., 1912.

SHELLEY AND LEIGH HUNT'S FAMILY.

Shelley's pulmonary troubles
Worried all his dearest friends,
So they planned to make him happy;
You shall see how it all ends.

Shelley's cough was fairly racking,
Mary Godwin looked quite thin,
Then the neighbors there in Italy,
Said, "We'll ask some company in."

So Keats came away from London,
Byron too was hovering near,
And they broke the news to Shelley,
"Leigh Hunt's family is due here."

Shelley sighed a cheerful sigh,
Looked around the cottage floor,
"Two we'll put on the piano,
Five can sleep behind the door.

Mrs. Hunt can have the pantry,
Leigh can have the kitchen floor,
Mary, dear, you take the hamper,
I'll use a wash-tub—say no more."

Epilogue: Men of genius all should be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

M. S., 1910.

*A MID-YEAR MORNING SONG.**(Medley.)*

ROSALIND MASON, 1911.

Most any morn, ah, bitter chill it is,
With ev'n four heavy blankets one is cold.
And from the lack of sleep weary and worn
One thinks one would not rise for untold gold.
Oh for a blast from heater that is used
Now and again to reach the seventies!
To warm the winds that 'cross our beds sweep keen
And melt the drifting snow upon our knees.
Wake! for the sun has scattered in his flight
The clouds. I 'spose what's here would pass for light,
Although the dark gray mist that wreathes the sky
Would make you swear four-thirty was not by.
Come, maid, full many loveliest and best
Have risen from their chilly beds and dressed.
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.
No. It and marks are won by weary toil,
And 'tis essential to get out of bed
To cram a million facts in one poor head.
Cram, Freshman, cram; read, Senior, on!
For only thus are marks e'er to be won.

*A TEA DIRGE.**(With Apologies to Lewis Carroll.)*

There are things—as not using Denbigh's grad. door,
Swimming-meets, promptness, retiring at three—
That I hate, but there's nothing that I hate more
Than the thing they call a tea.

Thrust forty girls on a ten by ten floor—
Crowded I'm sure you'll declare it to be:
Suppose from late gym comes a dozen more,
That's what you get at tea.

Start ten Victrolas in different keys—
Noisy,—but alright at B. M. C.:
Suppose they keep running two hours, if you please,
That would be like a tea.

It is sociable, chummy, no doubt, to chat
With friends as vapid as friends can be:
But suppose your seat-mate is exceedingly fat,
How do you like a tea?

There is a creature wise persons avoid
(Whence comes the verb "b-o-r-e").
Where has it most your peace destroyed?
On window-seats at tea.

If you like your beverage pale and cold,
And one cracker dripping with jelly for three,
And a sand-tart, nutless and rather old,
By all means go to a tea.

And if, with these dainties to drink, and eat,
You like vociferous repartee,
And a chronic state of mental defeat,
Then *I* recommend a tea.

H. D. B., 1912.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

The following marriages are announced:

- '97. Elizabeth Bethune Higginson to Mr. Charles Jackson.
- '00. Mary Wood to Mr. T. Willard Ayres, of Bound Brook, New Jersey.
- '02. Ellen Marion Ropes to Pastor Gottfried Martin Horn.
- '03. Ethel McClellan Bacon to Mr. A. Levering Smith.
- '04. Martha Skerry Rockwell to Mr. Henry Wilson Morehouse, of Ardmore.
- '05. Mary Worsdale Spencer to Dr. J. Kent Worthington.
Nathalie Fairbank to Mr. Laird Bell.
Ruth Lovering Jones to Mr. Clarence Dean Huddleston.
Mabel Henszey Austin to Mr. Bernard Todd Converse.
Clara Phelps Porter to Mr. William Page Yarnelle.
- '06. Grace Herbert Neilson to Mr. John Constable La Coste, of England.
Alice Rogers Ropes to Mr. Edwin Dwight Kellogg, a missionary to China.
- '08. Caroline Frank Schock to Mr. Chester Lloyd Jones, of the University of Pennsylvania.
Edith Chambers to Mr. Joseph Edgar Rhoads.
Hazel Ellen McLane to Mr. John Alexander Clark.
- '10. Edith May Klett to Mr. George Albert Cunning.

The following are among recent visitors; Myra Elliot, Anna Estelle Platt, Cynthia Maria Wesson, Margaret Bontecou, Barbara Spofford (just returned from a tour around the world).

COLLEGE NOTES.

The presentation of the Freshman banner by the Juniors took place Friday evening, November the twelfth, in the gymnasium. It was preceded by a most amusing show of the vaudeville variety, which was especially appreciated by the gallery.

A domino dance for the benefit of the College Settlement Association was given in the gymnasium Saturday evening, November the thirteenth.

The Sunday evening meeting under the auspices of the Christian Union was led, November the fourteenth, by Miss Applebee and the following week by Rev. Henry Seebeck, rector of the Church of Zion and St. Timothy, New York City.

On the afternoon of November nineteenth, an illustrated lecture was given by Mr. Leonard C. Woolley of the University of Oxford, England, under the auspices of the department of Art and Archaeology. His subject was "The Results of the Third Eckley B. Coxe Expedition to Nubia and the Excavations at Halfa." The lecture was followed in the evening by Mr. Whiting's first musical recital this year. Mr. Whiting illustrated his remarks by means of the harpsichord, clavichord and piano.

December the third, the Sophomores gave a costume dance to the Freshmen in the gymnasium.

Mrs. Craig-Wentworth gave readings from Maeterlinck the evening of December the fourth, in the chapel. Most of us remember with pleasure the rendering of "Barbe Bleu" last year.

The usual Sunday evening meeting was held December the fifth, under the auspices of the college. The sermon was preached by Professor Hugh Black, M.A., of Union Theological Seminary. The chapel was crowded, not only with students and members of the faculty, but with outsiders as well.

December the tenth, Mr. Whiting gave his second recital; he was assisted by a vocalist who sang a number of French, German and English songs.

The first formal meeting of the Philosophical Club was held the evening of December the eleventh, in Rockefeller Hall. Professor Stanton Coit addressed the meeting on the subject of Eugenics. So interesting was he and so numerous were the questions which he raised in the minds of his audience that he was forced to deliver a second and an informal lecture.

The Sunday evening meeting under the auspices of the Christian Union was led, December twelfth, by the Rev. Percy S. Grant, rector of the Church of the Ascension, New York City, and the following week

the annual Christmas service was held under the auspices of both the League and the Union.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The opening of the new swimming pool on December fifteenth was an event long anticipated and vociferously appreciated. In the widened space between pool and wall there was room for a goodly proportion of the whole college, seated and standing. President Thomas made a commendatory address on the qualities of the pool, and Miss Denison, as president of the athletic association, expressed in flowing numbers our gratitude for its white tiles and limpid waters. Then some of the swimmers of the college gave an aquatic exhibition of college life. There were social swims, and gym drills, and classic dancing and a May pole, which latter was supported by Miss Biddle, treading water with Elizabethan gayety. At the end there were rousing cheers and many unexpressed resolutions for an appreciative use of the new pool.

The basket-ball elections for the year are as follows: 1910, F. Hearne, captain; A. Whittemore, manager; 1912, A. Chambers, captain; J. Southwick, manager; 1913, G. Hamilton, captain; G. Hinrichs, manager. The Junior elections have not yet been held and at present stand as last year: J. Allen, captain; L. Houghteling, manager.

SENIOR ORAL SONG.

CONSTANCE DEMING, 1910.

I thought I saw a morning dawn upon a lovely day,
Singing, Oh, what a jolly thing are orals,
I looked again and saw the date and then I looked away,
Singing, Oh, what a jolly thing are orals.

CHORUS.

Go get your gown on, don't hesitate,
Walk right in and smile at your fate.
Kind-hearted faculty, they funk you while you wait,
Singing, Oh, what a jolly thing are orals.

I thought I saw a cap and gown upon a senior friend,
Singing, Oh, what a jolly thing are orals,
I looked again and saw it was my own untimely end,
Singing, Oh, what a jolly thing are orals.—Cho.

I thought I saw a scrap basket, heaped high beside the door,
Singing, Oh, what a jolly thing are orals,
I looked again and saw it was the ones who'd gone before,
Singing, Oh, what a jolly thing are orals.—Cho.

I thought I saw the president a sitting up in state,
Singing, Oh, what a jolly thing are orals,
I looked again and saw it was B.M.'s quick exit gate,
Singing, Oh, what a jolly thing are orals.—Cho.

I thought I saw a passing mule, my eyes began to burn,
Singing, Oh, what a jolly thing are orals,
I looked again and saw it was an "invite" to return,
Singing, Oh, what a jolly thing are orals.—Cho.

1910 SENIOR ORAL SONG.

RUTH GEORGE, 1910.

Tune: "Christopher Columbo."

Our country has a list of sins:
The railroad trusts begin it,
Then inhumane child labour laws
And Mormons in the Senate.

The sweatshops they're another thing,
(It can be put most graphic;)
Unequal suffrage, that's a sin
And so's the liquor traffic.

CHORUS.

But what can you expect?
The cause is most direct;
Of all this pain and blight and curse,
Conditions daily growing worse,
Expressed in language plain and terse
Is simply—*Senior Orals!*

And foreign countries, well, of course,
They're bound to heathen custom;
And when they do the best they can
You can't begin to trust them.
To practise vain religious rites,
Their zeal it knows no bridle;
Those mothers seize their helpless young
And cast them to an idol.—CHORUS.

I once knew such a lovely girl.
(This story's been derided;
I had it from a friend of hers
In whom this girl confided.)
This girl went up to take her French,
Her French and Dutch collided;
That girl took one look down that page,
Then up and suicided.

CHORUS.

Now that's a simple case,
I ask you if it pays!
When all this pain and blight and curse,
Conditions daily growing worse,
Expressed in language plain and terse
Are caused by—*Senior Orals!*

No seas can cool this fevered brow,
Nor perfumes of Araby
Can waft away the ceaseless pain
I've had to get my A.B.
And when I think of how I've slaved,
And still won't get it, maybe,
I often wish I'd never lived,
Or died when just a baby.

CHORUS.

They're even now in wait,
That dread triumvirate,
I feel their touch,
I feel their clutch,
I don't know French,
I don't know Dutch,
To tell the truth
I don't know much
About these *Senior Orals!*

Correct Slippers

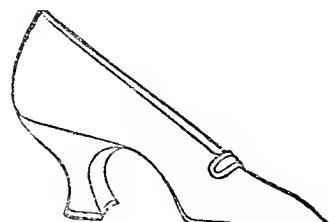
for the

Debutante

\$4.00 up

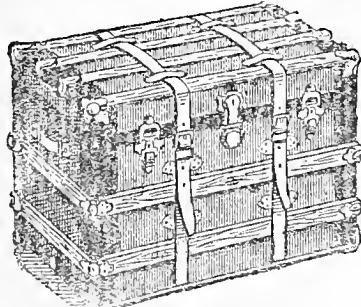
Steigerwalt

1004 Chestnut Street



TIPYN O' BOB

SPECIAL VALUES in Trunks, Bags and Suit-Cases



All Kinds of Hand-Luggage
We have a Special Department for
the repairing of Trunks, Bags, Suit-
Cases and all kinds of hand-luggage.

EDWARD L. POWERS
Harness and Saddlery
903-905 Lancaster Avenue
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

LEWANDOS

America's Greatest Dyers
Cleansers and Launderers

FOR THE HOME
Furniture Covering Portieres Draperies
Embroideries Linens Rugs Blankets
Laces Muslin Curtains Silks Satins
Cotton etc

FOR WOMEN
Suits Ribbons etc Feathers
Gloves Real Laces Gowns
Coats

LEWANDOS
1633 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA
EMMA FOSTER Agent Pembroke East

THE CHOICEST FLOWERS



for every occasion will be found
here. Instant delivery from finest
blooms. Telephone your orders.
Prices optional.

ROBERT KIFT, Florist
1725 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ART NEEDLE WORK

Stamping and Embroidery Materials

THE J. O. BENTLEY CO.,
812 Arch Street - Philadelphia



M. M. GAFFNEY
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings
DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS

Post Office Block BRYN MAWR, PA.

MAURICE BARNETT
CURIOS THINGS,
JEWELRY, CHINA and ANTIQUES

26 South 18th Street
PHILADELPHIA

BRYN MAWR HARDWARE COMPANY



*Hardware, Cutlery
and House-Furnishing Goods*

E. M. FENNER CONFECTIONER

ICE CREAM AND ICES
FROZEN FRUITS, CHOICE CONFECTIONERS
HOME-MADE JELLIES and CANNED FRUIT,

BRYN MAWR, PA.

ARDMORE, PA.

Miss Helen R. Gill

is exhibiting the latest Parisian Models in

FRENCH MILLINERY

with a choice collection of Original Designs at
ATTRACTIVE PRICES

1217 Walnut Street Philadelphia
Established 1862

C. D. EDWARDS

CONFECTIONER

Chocolate Layer Cake a Specialty

Ice Cream and Ices Fine Fancy Cakes
Ramsey Building, Lancaster Avenue

Telephone Connection *Bryn Mawr, Pa.*

WILLIAM H. RAMSEY

DEALER IN

Choice Recleaned Oats, Flour, Feed, Baled Hay and
Straw, Groceries, etc., Hardware, Paints, Oils, etc.

BRYN MAWR

JOHN J. CONNELLY

Florist

Cut Flowers and
Decorative Plants



Telephone 252 L

Lancaster Ave., ROSEMONT, PA.

The Bryn Mawr Pharmacies

OLDEST AND RELIABLE

Pure Drugs and Toilet Requisites. All Kinds of
Stationery. Prescriptions a Specialty.

Goods Delivered Promptly

Established 1884

CHRISTIAN MOORE

PRICKITT

The reliable Apothecary of ROSEMONT and
BRYN MAWR has been authorized to furnish the
College Students with Drugs, etc. All prescriptions
are compounded by competent graduates only.

Messenger calls at each hall, at 11 a.m. daily.

PHARMACIES

BRYN MAWR

ROSEMONT

Careful Handling and Quality

Wilson Laundry

Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa

VAN HORN & SON

121 North Ninth St.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Costumers

Costumes to Hire for College Theatricals,
Entertainments and Tableaux

A Trip Around the World for \$1.00

By Post Cards. 100 of the finest lithographed
views showing every important City and Historical
point of interest in the World. Each card
bearing full description of scene. Samples free.

25 Beautiful Valentine Cards 20c.

MEADE NOVELTY CO., 420 W. 124th St., N. Y. City

TIPYN O' BOB

Boys' and Misses' Sailor Suits a specialty

Ladies' Tailor made Suits and

Riding Habits

Boys' and Young Men's Norfolk, Sack
and Tuxedo Suits

MEN'S DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR

MADE TO ORDER ONLY
NO AGENCIES

PETER THOMSON

Naval and Merchant Tailor

1118 Walnut Street
Philadelphia

14 and 16 W. 33d Street
New York

Intercollegiate Bureau
of Academic Costume

COTRELL & LEONARD
ALBANY, N. Y.



Makers of

**CAPS, GOWNS
and HOODS**

To the American Colleges
and Universities

Bulletins, etc., upon request

Correspondence Solicited

Rich Gowns for Faculties, Pulpit and Bench

Dry Goods and
Notions

Ladies' and Gents'
Furnishing Goods



Miss McNally



Ramsey Block
Lancaster Ave.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

H. D. REESE

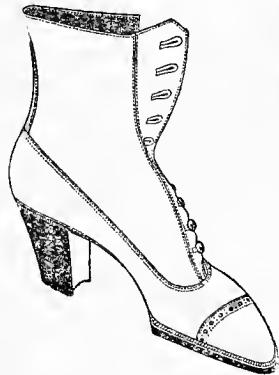
Dealer in the Finest Quality of
**BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, LAMB
AND SMOKED MEATS**

1203 Filbert Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

TIPYN O' BOB



New Street Boots for Young Women, \$4 and \$5

Distinctive styles and shapes,
showing perfection of finish
down to the smallest detail

All Leathers—Button or Lace

HANAN & SON

1318 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HOSIERY
and
SHOES

Shoes of Individuality for Young Women

Correct Styles, combining taste and comfort to a degree
attained by no others

J. & T. COUSINS

1226 Chestnut Street

Philadelphia

FURNITURE CURTAINS WALL PAPERS

ALL of the new patterns of furniture, curtains and upholstery goods are now ready and we will be glad to show them.

We also have many inexpensive wall papers and fabrics of beautiful designs and can submit sketches and estimates for decorating and furnishing homes or rooms.

KARCHER & REHN COMPANY

1608-1610 CHESTNUT STREET


NOBLE & LINCOLN
1635
CHESTNUT STREET
A full line of Imported
Novelties in Bonnets, Toques, and Hats

MOURNING A SPECIALTY

IRMA MARCH

Importer of **Fine Millinery**

AT MODERATE PRICES

1505 WALNUT STREET

LEADING MILLINERY HOUSE OF PHILADELPHIA

Announcement of Individuality in Fall Merchandise

TRIMMED MILLINERY—LATEST MODELS FROM BEST MAKERS

Velvets	Novelties	Laces	Veilings	Ribbons
		Neckwear	French Jewelry	French Underwear
		Corsets	Hosiery and Underwear	

NECK FIXINGS and NOTIONS

RIBBONS and VEILINGS

GEORGE ALLEN, Inc., 1214 Chestnut St

TRIMMINGS, LACES, GARNITURES



PRESS OF
THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
1006-1016 ARCH STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

March, 1910

Tippy o' Bob

MAR 22 '10

Contents

Dreams.....	Marjorie Thompson, '12	1
Experience.....	Helen Parkhurst, '11	4
Skeletons.....	Ruth George, '10	5
The Tax Collector.....	Frances Hunter, '12	14
Off Shore.....	Grace Branham, '10	15
Moonlight.....	Katherine M. Kelly, '10	19
Roses.....	Helen Parkhurst, '11	20
Copy of Resolutions.....		23
Editorials.....		24
The Amazons.....		27
Dulci Fistula.....		28
College Notes.....		32
Alumnae Notes.....		32

Tipyn o'Bob

Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.

VOL. VII

MARCH, 1910

No. 5

Managing Editors.

GRACE BAGNALL BRANHAM, '10, *Editor-in-Chief.*
RUTH GEORGE, '10. MARION CRANE, '11.

Editors.

CHARLOTTE ISABEL CLAFLIN, '11. HELEN PARKHURST, '11.
MARJORIE THOMPSON, '12.

Business Board.

KATE ETHEL CHAMBERS, '11, *Business Manager.*
LOUISE STERNBERG RUSSELL, '11, *Treasurer.*
HELEN BARBER, '12, *Assistant Business Manager.*

DREAMS.

MARJORIE L. THOMPSON, 1912.

The man strode up and down the brick walk in the summer dusk, trying to rid himself of the heavy sense of depression which hung over him. He shrugged his shoulders as if he could rid himself of a tangible burden. Even to himself he could not define his mood, but it was a sinister thing, taking away his joy and strength. He felt old and tired, and yet, there was in him a certain bitter sense of impotence. He clenched and unclenched his hands nervously, and once in his turnings he kicked angrily at some empty flower-pots that lay in his way, and was childishly pleased at the resulting crash of broken pottery. He felt like an alien in his own garden. It was very sweet and very quiet there. A

cool wind, laden with the fragrance of late roses and stocks and pretty-by-nights, fanned across his face. As the moon sailed higher in the sky the sense of witchery and lovely unreality increased. White flowers seemed to have a faint radiance in the white moonlight, and under the trees, and on the west side of the lilac hedge, were great cool pools of shadow. The soft light, striking to the bottom of the clear, marble-edged spring made it seem very shallow. He remembered how the boy used to laugh and toss the water into the air that he might see it sparkle in the moonlight. So remembering, the man stopped to dabble his hands, but with a half-groan he straightened himself again.

It was just one year ago to-night that Dick had—— the man gulped as he said “died” under his breath. He was lonelier now than he had been in those first awful weeks after the accident, and drearily he wondered how long he could stand the horror of it. Would his brain give way, and would he sit, a poor hull of a thing, forever turning over little toys and mumbling to himself in the sunshine? Or would he just—not care any more? He felt that he could not go on in this way any longer. He believed in nothing—he cared for nothing. He avoided children of Dick’s age. He almost hated the boys that he saw playing ball on the hot, dusty vacant lots. The other day he had shrunk away from a child in the street because he had eyes like Dick. They had been such good chums—he and Dick. Standing there by the edge of the clear pool, he recalled detail by detail the last romp they had had together in the moonlit garden. The deep shadows had been dry land, he remembered, and they had swum the clear, bright seas between and jumped from cape to cape, until they had reached the little spring. He remembered how the boy had grown suddenly silent and had leaned over the narrow coping, watching the sand stirring gently in the clear depths. Then suddenly the boy’s mood had changed again, and he had tossed the water from his hands into the air that he might see it turn to jewels in the moonlight, and then had run and hid himself under the old white lilac bush, where he had a sort of playhouse. The man had made an elaborate pretense of hunting elsewhere, and then, making a sudden raid upon the lilac bush, had seized the boy and borne him, shrieking with delight, up to the house.

Under the impulse of these memories he started forward to examine once more the little playhouse. As he parted the leaves, a child

sprang up laughing, from under his very hands, and gaily taunted him from the next blot of shadow. The man, not stopping to think, ran after him, remembering in his turn to avoid the moonlight seas when he could. Always the child escaped his reaching fingers until they both dropped at the edge of the spring, laughing across it at each other. They flung water, a glistening rain into the air. They plunged their arms in up to the elbow to see how queer and squat their fingers looked in the clear water. At last, cooled and refreshed, they started on their wild games once more. They were pirates, they were discoverers. They decorated the fairy ring under the tallest pine-tree and gravely recited the chant that the man had composed for Dick, that the fairies might be properly invited. They shook free a bumble-bee that they heard buzzing in a tightly closed poppy. They pelted each other with rose-leaves. They laughed and raced and did all the things that the boy had loved best. At last they dropped down cross-legged opposite each other in the soft, damp grass, and the man, with his eyes fixed on the child's eager face, told once more all the stories that Dick used to beg for—stories that he had never expected to tell again.

Still the moon sailed higher and higher into the sky, and the garden became more and more lovely. It was an enchanted, peaceful place, with a charm that finally held the child and the man quite silent and quiet, opposite each other. In a measure they were awed and each feared to stir. It occurred to the man that the Sleeping Beauty's garden must have lain like this for years and years before the prince broke in. As he leaned forward to tell his fancy to the child, the child gave an awkward little hop and then stood upright. He looked gravely at the man for an instant and then, turning, ran down the path and darted under the white lilac bush. The man laughed and followed more slowly, but when he parted the branches, there was nothing there. Thinking the child was teasing him, he began to hunt in all the little nooks where Dick had loved to creep, and as he searched, he called. Once it occurred to him that his voice sounded strangely loud, but he thought that was only natural in the silence of the garden. He hunted high and low, until finally, damp and tired and rather chilled, he decided that the boy had been a neighbor child and had slipped away to his mother. He started once more up the brick walk toward the house, but this time he

whistled softly under his breath. Once he wished that he had asked the boy his name, but he thought some one would know in the morning.

* * * * *

The garden was lovely still as it lay in the bright sunlight, and yet it seemed as far removed as the poles from the enchanted, mystic place of the night before. As the man paced the brick walk once more he wondered how much he had dreamt, how much he remembered. There were no flowers on the fairy ring, and yet that proved nothing. Anybody might have taken them away. The child had laughed and talked—he could swear that and yet—and yet—as he recalled it now there had been a certain sense of unreality about the whole adventure. He had thought at the time that it was due to the glamor of the moonlight. Coming once more to the white lilac bush, the man parted the branches. There in the soft earth was the print of a small, square-toed boot and beside it was an old wooden horse that Dick had loved. The man gently picked it up and turned it over and over in his two hands. As he slowly carried it up toward the house he wondered—but his sense of crushing loneliness was gone.

EXPERIENCE.

HELEN H. PARKHURST, 1911.

The little days sailed by, sailed by,

They brought me naught, took naught away.

No wiser grown in heart was I

For all their brave array.

And then came one that offered me

A sudden joy in rich excess;

The next left as a legacy

Its heavy load of bitterness.

And still the days sail by, sail by—

That first, once-cherished gift is gone

And now forgot long since, but I

Muse on the other one.

SKELETONS.

RUTH GEORGE, 1910.

At half-past ten Mary Ranier laid down her book and said to herself that she would sit up no longer for her husband. The servants, of whom there were but two, were long since gone to their rooms in a distant wing of the house. Sidney was perhaps staying down town. The streets were grown very silent. The room, it occurred to her, was oppressively so. As she stood half-yawning, with her eye on the clock, the telephone rang sharply. Sidney, no doubt, she thought, and stepped quickly across the floor. Before she could reach the telephone, it rang again, and, as she laid her hand on the receiver, once again. Half impatient, she spoke nevertheless in her usual quiet tone:

“Hello?”

Then again, “Hello?”

And after another moment of waiting, “Hello, this is Mrs. Ranier.”

Shaking the hook sharply she waited a little longer; then, with a shrug of impatience, put up the receiver. But as she turned away, it came again—the ringing—this time without a break until she returned, lifted the receiver and spoke once more. A moment’s silence, then some one answered her.

“Is this Mrs. Ranier?”

“Yes, this is Mrs. Ranier.”

“Is Mr. Ranier at home?”

“No, Mr. Ranier has not come in.”

Silence.

“Mr. Ranier has not come in. Can I do something for you?”

Silence.

“Hello?”

Silence.

“Hello? Central, you have cut me off. Hello?”

At the last word, she turned half about from the telephone; and as she stood hesitating there came upon her the unmistakable sense that

some one was in the room. Her hand trembled, but she raised it and shook the hook violently. No answer. In a horror she dropped the receiver from her fingers and left it dangling from the wire, then turned slowly about prepared for—anything rather than what she saw. A few feet from her stood a woman, dressed in black, a thick veil across her face. It occurred to Mrs. Ranier that the figure was familiar; but her blood beat thickly in her ears.

"Who are you?" she asked in a very low voice.

"I'm your sister."

"I have no sister."

The answer might have been meant for a laugh. Then Mary Ranier observed that the woman was undoing her veil. She reminded herself that she was not afraid of any man, nor even of any woman; but as the folds of the veil fell, she heard herself cry out shortly. The face that looked back at her was as like her own as the two candles on either side the mirror which multiplied that face again.

"What do you want?" asked Mary Ranier.

"Are those our father and mother?" and the woman swept with her glance two paintings in oil by the chimney piece.

"They are *my* father and mother."

"Then they are mine. You thought them so good. I suppose they were. But it wasn't fair to me. There is no time to lose now, though. You see I want my turn. You've had twenty years. I want twenty hours at the most. They cast me off"—indicating the pictures. "It was to meet the will. They had to, or lose it all, if there were more than one child. It was absurd."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Ah, well, it's no time to talk. See, you'll wear these," drawing off her coat and pulling the pins from her hat.

Mrs. Ranier drew back quickly. "You're mad!" she said.

The woman smiled slightly. "Ah, be quick!" she urged. "They're waiting for you."

"My husband"—

"Will not be home to-night," finished the other; and you are cut off the telephone. Though, of course, if you want every one to know that our good parents"—

"Don't make threats. I'm no coward."

"I know you're not," low and earnestly, "that's why I came. I know all about you. You're my own sister. But you owe it to me, it isn't as if you would be worse off; I shouldn't ask that; but you can save me if you will. And if you won't, I'll have to save myself, but it will be at their expense;" and she looked again at the pictures.

Mary Ranier realized that she had her courage back. "What is it you want me to save you from?" she asked.

"You'd better not know," said the other; "you'll do it better for not knowing; but you'll see; take the carriage; it's down at the lane; Antoine's in it by this time. She'll help you. She's my maid." Then in a flash the tone changed from command to indescribable entreaty. "You're my sister—my *sister*. If you had known me all this time, you would not hesitate to do it for me."

"But my husband—and," glancing at the ring on the other's hand—it was a better hand than hers, she thought—"and your husband."

"Ah, that's it—trust me and I'll trust you. It will not be long. Antoine will see. Trust her, too. I want—not that dress you've got on, but some other of yours, high in the neck. I have a cold."

"Come in here, then. Sidney—my husband—may come any minute."

"No, he won't. Antoine fixed it all. She sent the messages. She even managed the telephone. No, not that one," as Mrs. Ranier held up a dress. "The lace is so thin. I have a cold. Yes, that's better. Now go and I'll bring you mine."

Mary Ranier hesitated. Sidney would say she was a fool to leave the woman in that room of all rooms. Her lock-box with her mother's jewels was there. But suddenly she turned away and closed the door after her.

In less than five minutes the woman brought her dress and she changed into it rapidly. Then they stood for a moment looking at each other.

"And I'm to go now?"

"Antoine will help you."

"Good-bye, then."

"Good-bye."

"Do you know how to act here?"

"Yes, I know—I know. Antoine has told me."

"Good-bye, then," and going out Mary Ranier closed the door of her own home behind her.

At seven o'clock the next evening she sat before the mirror in a strange dressing-room, while the strange Antoine brushed her hair for her and chose out a gown for her to wear at dinner. She had traveled all night without sleep; had reached this destination in the morning, and had slept soundly throughout the day—thanks to Antoine's herb tea. The blood burned in her cheeks, and the light in her eyes frightened her a little. In an hour she would go downstairs and find the man who believed her to be his wife. She would call him Fenton, Antoine said—Fenton Hereford, and he would call her Celia—Celia Hereford. And there would be half a dozen guests, but her husband would talk a great deal, and Miss Lester would talk even more. Who was Miss Lester? Well, that was the question, Antoine said. After dinner there would be music. It would take up all the time. No one would trouble her after the music began.

Antoine brought a yellow gown. It was far more beautiful than any Mary Ranier had ever worn. When she was dressed she stood before the mirror thoughtfully. The woman in the glass was more lovely than ever she had been. She had a great rôle to play, but she was not afraid. How black her hair was! she thought. And how white her shoulders! She was proud of her shoulders. Perhaps, for that reason, she hesitated an instant when Antoine brought out an exquisite flame-coloured scarf. As it lay about her shoulders she was wonderful, and Mary Ranier was scarcely used to being wonderful. She felt herself a tragedy queen. Somehow a sudden memory of the pleading face, so like her own, deepened the sense of tragedy, and for a moment she forgot to listen to Antoine.

"Don't take it off," repeated Antoine, "until I let you know. You won't forget and take it off, will you? See, I'll pin it back here. No matter what happens, you will not take it off, will you?"

"No, I suppose not," agreed Mrs. Ranier.

"You will not fail," persisted the maid.

"I shall not fail," repeated Mary Ranier, and she knew that the hand which held that soft, glowing mesh, trembled.

As she entered the drawing-room, she heard voices in the little study beyond. A man and a woman came out. The man, of course, was Fenton Hereford; and the woman with the close eye-brows was certainly Miss Lester.

"Celia," said the man—and it seemed to her that his tone was full of meaning—"that's a pretty scarf."

"It's one you gave me," said Mary Ranier, indifferently, and drew it close to hide the beating of her heart.

"Well, I always said you're the last woman that needs a scarf on her pretty shoulders."

Then the guests arrived. Antoine had indeed made the way as easy as it could be made by her simple, significant descriptions and explanations. Mrs. Ranier talked somewhat excitedly, but none the less well, to a little foreign gentleman who had a passion for violet gardening. Once or twice, when she raised her eyes suddenly, she found Fenton Hereford looking at her, and wondered if she had been guilty of some indiscretion. But, on the whole, she felt that she succeeded in being non-committal and gradually became better possessed of the situation.

It was just at the end of dinner, when the excitement of the occasion had resolved itself into something of a game, that an incident occurred which once more shook Mrs. Ranier's composure and gave her the feeling that, game or no game, she was, after all, skating on very thin ice. The table was not a long one and, without any difficulty, she found herself following the conversation of Fenton Hereford with his neighbour, a pretty, dark girl, whose father, Antoine had said, was Spanish. The girl herself had been born in the West Indies, where she had spent her childhood; and, on the strength of this Spanish interest, Mr. Fenton was describing a recent trip to Jamaica.

"That's the place for you women," he said, lightly. "Such silks, such dyes! Celia's been a bird of paradise ever since I came back," he laughed. "That's one of their scarfs she's got now. Celia," leaning forward, "pass up your scarf, will you? I want to show Miss Vall-Spinosa how the dyes blend."

As he spoke, the table had become quiet. Miss Lester, who was the second from Celia's end, leaned forward for the scarf. Almost mechanically, Mrs. Ranier unclasped the pin and began to draw it off from sheer discomposure. Then quickly,

"It is fastened, Fenton," she said, "I'll undo it after dinner." Immediately she rose, but she did not miss the look that passed between Fenton Hereford and the girl with the close brows.

When Fenton Hereford came into the drawing-room a half-hour later, Mrs. Ranier was playing accompaniments for the Spanish girl. Antoine had told her that Celia Hereford played wonderfully. Mary Ranier played rather badly—though she knew what she could do with her voice. But the real Mrs. Hereford seldom sang for company, Antoine said.

"What's the matter with you, Celia?" said Fenton Hereford, pausing by the piano as she tossed aside a song through which she had stumbled lamely. Then he passed on, and she saw him join Miss Lester. About an hour later, Mrs. Ranier missed the two from the room. Some one asked her to sing. Remembering Antoine, she refused, but her failures with the accompaniments annoyed her. She could sing herself into new confidence, she felt, and after all, Mr. Hereford would not be there to note the difference. She began modestly a pleasant little air of Nevin's, such as a woman "who never sang for people" might sing. Then forgetting herself, as she always did, she began to sing more freely. The old gentleman who cared for violet gardening played a rare accompaniment. Perhaps divining her mood, he began of his own accord some of the homesick little songs from *Wilhelm Meister*. The room became very silent as she sang. It was always so. She stood with her unseeing eyes aglow and her face plaintive with sympathy for the lonely Mignon—who somehow seemed to her now to have pleading eyes like Celia Hereford's:

Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin! Möcht' ich mit dir, O mein Geliebter, ziehn."

At the last words, she looked up, frightened at what the stillness told her she had done, and saw, facing her in the doorway, Fenton Hereford and Miss Lester. It was Fenton Hereford who, crossing to her, stooped, picked up the flame-coloured scarf from the floor, and, laying it about her shoulders, smiled.

In the little dressing-room again Mary Ranier sat—her face in her hands. The play was over, and somehow she had succeeded. Fenton

Hereford's smile told her that. But what she had succeeded in doing she did not know. She had restored confidence where confidence had been slipping away—but why? and by what right? If this other, this sister, could not restore it, why should she do it for her? What lie had she acted for an unknown woman, or even for a sister? Fenton Hereford had left on the midnight train, along with their guests, to be gone for a fortnight. When he should have come back, she would be out of the way again, and his own wife would be secure, once more, in the trust which somehow she had lost and which only Mary Ranier's likeness had been able to restore to her. At that moment a note was brought to Mrs. Ranier—a crumpled and soiled little note on lined paper, addressed to "Mrs. Hereford." Antoine had been gone some place for several hours, and, without her advice, Mrs. Ranier hesitated to leave the note unconsidered. In a boyish hand she read this:

DEAR SIS:

I don't know just what I done, but I'd rather you'd tell your husband, and if you don't, I will. Antoine says I slashed you twice. Celia, I'm a failure myself, but I know what you are. Celia, I'm going to tell Fenton Hereford the whole thing. You're too good to have to lie for anybody. We'd better get straight, or the next time I'm drunk I might have a sharper knife. Celia, it ain't saying much to say I'd die for you. I'd do that for any dog.

PHILIP.

As the letter fell from her fingers, Mary Ranier realized that the telephone had been ringing in the lower hall. No one was up, she knew, but the servant who had delivered the note she had been reading. As she opened her door she heard him answering.

"Hello?"

"Hello?"

"Hello?"

"Is some one calling Chester 3-4-8?"

"Yes."

"No."

"Hello?"

"Hello?"

"Central, this is the sixth time I've come to this telephone"—

But Mary Ranier heard no more, for at that moment a figure that she knew glided from the back hallway, and drew her gently back into the room, closing the door.

"Antoine sent for me. Ah, you have done everything—everything! Perhaps it wasn't right to ask you, but it was for Philip. I'd die for Philip."

"And Philip would die for you," putting the note into her hand. The real Mrs. Hereford read it, her hand trembling. Then she laughed queerly.

"So it's all up," she said. "He's told Fenton by now. He was on the same train. So Antoine told him he'd slashed me. Undo these buttons, Mary," she said, "I can't, it hurts so." It was the "high-necked dress," and as Mary Ranier loosed it from the white throat, the blood began to ooze slightly from an imperfectly closed wound.

"So that's where he 'slashed you,' as he calls it?"

"He's a good boy," insisted Celia, "but he's had no chance. He's our brother, Mary. They put him in the same Home with me. But Phil was wild, and wouldn't go to school, and, long ago, he ran away. He always liked me and I protected him when I could. Then Mrs. Hereford, Fenton's mother, adopted me. She knew I had a brother, but he stayed away. Then I married Fenton Hereford. Part of the time Phil was in prison. He tried to do better, but he always forgot. And when he got wild he would sneak around and threaten me for things, and say he meant to tell everybody everything about how our parents had cast us off to get the money. Miss Lester—she has always lived with us, I don't know why—Miss Lester found out that there was a man who could frighten me into things. Miss Lester was the governess at the Herefords. I think she must be in love with Fenton. At least, she hated me after I was adopted. So she sneaked about and heard Philip the last time, and saw him give me this (pointing to the wound). He was half-drunk, poor Phil, and he didn't know. She never supposed Phil was my brother. And Antoine—Antoine was our nurse when we were first sent away from you, and she always kept her eye on us—Antoine heard Miss Lester dare Fenton to ask me to wear my evening gown instead of the high-necked ones I began to wear. I knew that if I could get through to-night, Fenton would go on his trip at midnight, and the scar would have time to heal. It is not at all deep, for all it looks so badly. Antoine always keeps track of you. So she man-

aged it all. Then to-night she gave you the dress I was afraid to wear. Miss Lester had promised to tell Fenton to-night why she gave him the dare. Antoine overheard all this, so that when you first saw them to-night he only knew that he was to try to get you to take off the scarf. Antoine wanted you to keep on the scarf until Miss Lester had told Fenton the reason, so that when Fenton saw you had no scar, he would know that Miss Lester was trying to make trouble here. Then we hoped Fenton would send her away from living with us.

"So Antoine listened again to-night and heard her tell him all her story while you were singing. Antoine told me how you sang for me; she said you made her cry. And Fenton had told her that he would not believe it. And then she brought him to the door, and Fenton was to have you remove the scarf for proof. Then Antoine meant to let you know to obey, but, when they reached the door, you know what happened."

"Yes."

"And Antoine says that Miss Lester was furious and told Fenton it was magic and a trick. And Fenton only laughed and said the saints had interfered and performed a miracle. Miss Lester has left the house —whatever that may mean."

"And don't you think that a man like that deserves to know the truth about his wife's family?"

"Oh, as to that," began Celia Hereford—when she was interrupted by Antoine, who had just returned—"You have news, Antoine, did you see Fenton?"

"As he changed trains—yes. And he sent you this."

One after the other the three women read the following:

DEAR CELIA:

It is time to tell you that Emily Lester is my own half-sister. I never meant to lie to you, but I could not see that anything would be gained by telling you before. My mother married secretly, at the age of fifteen, a man who was beneath her in every way. She was freed from his cruelty by his early death. Her parents thought best to shield her from the distress of having these facts made public. When she married my father she told him the whole truth, but, at his wish, the earlier marriage remained a secret, and the child of that marriage was never recognized. Whether she deserved to be, you can judge now as well as I. I have tried to be as fair to her as was consistent with my mother's wishes. But in doing that I have been far from fair to you.

F. H.

THE TAX COLLECTOR.

FRANCES HUNTER, 1912.

Every one who has the slightest pretensions to honesty or persuasiveness is bound to be a collector of taxes for various more or less worthy objects at some time during her college course. If she has entered college with scorn for the extortioner, she will leave it with pity. In the first place, she will find no one willing to pay the bills, dues, taxes, or voluntary offerings which it is her lot to solicit; for those who *desire* to pay their teahouse bill will go and do so without waiting to be dunned. Besides, most of her victims are those "beautiful, ineffectual" souls who rashly join organizations at the beginning of the year, allured by the promise that dues need not be paid until the second semester. The second semester finds them still charitable and well-intentioned, but quite out of pocket. The most exasperating thing of all is that the collector, in addition to the burden of making other people pay their class dues, is in decency bound to pay her own, no matter how reduced her circumstances may be. Still, it is less disagreeable to be a poor collector than to be a rich one, because you can dun the poverty-stricken without compunction, since you are in the same case. Disagreeable it always is, for as you go your rounds, three-fourths of the people are out. You sit up till after ten-thirty to catch them in the hall and the majority have gone to bed. You wait outside the dining-room door in East and they escape by way of West to class meeting or the book shop. There are times when any one with feeling will hesitate to break into a room with the demand for cash. "Will you pay your Consumers' League dues?" will fall but coldly on the ear of the hostess of the supper party, and will be a discordant note in the happy roar of a tea. When one sees a large sign, "Please Do NOT Disturb," one feels that it would be hardly tactful to press the claims of a Japanese missionary. For the faint-hearted collector many and many a trip is necessary, for notes are ineffectual to wring money from the close-fisted student. When you have finally cornered the quarry, and

she gives a reluctant consent to meet her obligations, doubtless she will have no change smaller than a ten-dollar bill. If she has change, it will be in the form of pennies, shaken and poked with great labor and loss of time out of a china pig. Contributions of fifty cents for library books, when paid in pennies, soon cause the collectors pocketboog to bulge most inconveniently. Sometimes a happy compromise can be effected. "Will you pay me two dollars for the Christian Union?" "Yes, if you will pay me two dollars for May day." No money changes hands and both are happy. It seems that some such clearing-house system on a large scale could be put in operation in the college, for every one, practically, has both dues to pay and dues to collect. Let us all agree to settle our accounts at a fixed time and place, and do away with this endless bother of exacting small sums from the unwilling. If there were a point system in college, and if a major part in a play counted five, then collecting money ought to count ten; for the former stimulates and rests, while the latter affords no pleasure whatsoever, and takes twice as much time away from one's proper work.

*OFF SHORE.**GRACE BRANHAM, 1910.*

"It takes a really philosophic person ever to be properly afraid. You must have all your wits about you to comprehend the extent of the danger threatening, don't you see? That's the reason young and foolish persons rush in and leave the angels cackling on the shore."

"Your hypothesis is entirely unscientific. My dear lady, in common psychology"—

"My dear Alison, allow me to illustrate."

"O, if it comes to that!" and the old gentleman who had a distaste for anecdotal conversation settled back for prolonged and meditative inattention.

"It does come to that. Have you ever been deep-sea fishing?"

"No, never! It is a dangerous and an inhumane sport."

"Then you may not appreciate my story. You won't know what it is to be in a tiny boat on the ocean itself, hours from the land, and on the sensation from that experience my adventure depends. In a steamer you get something of the loneliness of the desert of waters; you even feel that it was an impertinence, your crawling from under the sky's dome into that unbounded circle of the ocean. You have other sensations, which may or may not have to do with fear; but until you sail out upon the deep in a cockle-shell which answers like a reed to every stir, every finger motion of that huge rolling mass, you have still to find out man's place in the universe.

"At the time of my adventure I was young—chronologically as well as spiritually—and may have missed some of the poignancy of our position of utter helplessness. Sunshine, early morning sunshine, playing freely above and beneath the water's surface robs even the sea of its perils.

"Besides we were absorbed, my brother and I (you remember Luke at eighteen?) in catching fish. That was another emotion. To drop a line at random in the ocean and always bring up some of its funny inhabitants. It had all the joy and surprise of a windfall. Every time to happen upon a trout or a hard-head or something when it was like a special miracle to strike one!

"But later we exhausted this pleasure. The sun beat vertically down upon the flat water. Geometric blue shadows shifted and glided with the low swells and their unstable motion, together with the double rock of the dory and the intense heat and the smell of fish . . .

"Don't you think we have been out long enough?" I asked the boat at large and turned toward the stern to see how our fisherman took the suggestion. It was the first time since we anchored that either of us had paid him any attention. I wondered what he had been doing all this time, and as I turned with the sun in my eyes it surprised me to see him quietly fishing and testing the line with his fore-finger. My remark had not reached his unconsciousness, or if it had it elicited nothing. He squinted wisely at the water, drew up his line and dropped it again in a certain spot, just as though he saw the fish.

"It was because Al Burbidge was such a beautiful specimen of his type that Luke and I made special efforts to have him for our adventure. Bronzed, big featured, baby-blue-eyed sailor, he looked a very

repository of confidence in matters marine. He knew all signs; he could tell to a nicety the direction, the force, often the hour of an approaching storm; he read the heavens like an almanac. In his ability we forgot our danger, our inexperience.

"What possible reason then could there be for my feeling of uneasiness? I was worried; I looked at him and lost confidence. Out on the ocean in that peanut of a boat he seemed not such a firm bulwark of seamanship.

"'Mr. Burbidge,' said I, more emphatically, 'it's getting awfully hot and I want to go in. We have enough fish to make the trip worth your while.'

"'Ain't feeling so well, hey, Miss?'

"'Besides the family are likely to be worried.'

"'That's all right; little worry won't do nobody no harm.'

"Just then instead of my brother's coming to my rescue, he called out, 'Burbidge, I've got something queer. It's too jerky for a hard-head and pulls too much for a trout.' Just below the surface appeared a white, vicious fish-face, and a moment after a struggling fish-body was lashing furiously against the boat's side.

"'Nothin' but a shark.' Burbidge took the line from Luke and plunged his knife into the back of the creature's head. As it fell back limp into the element from which it had so violently emerged a wave of repulsion for the whole business flowed over me.

"'Luke, I *will* go in,' I said.

"'Alice!' Luke said softly, 'go on fishing. I have something to tell you.' Then aloud, 'Let me bait your hook.'

"He carefully shifted himself over to my side, and speaking now out loud and between times very low he informed me that Al was drunk or almost. Anyway, we would have to get the boat in by ourselves. But the thing to do right off was to get the whiskey from him.

"'We can't make him, Luke, by force.'

"'No, strategy, my dear sister.'

"The exciting word set my wits so agog that it was some time before the natural thing occurred to me.

"'He thinks I'm sea-sick. Ask him if he has anything to drink.'

"Carefully I disposed myself in the cross-seat, and laid my head on the sweater Luke had rolled up for a pillow.

"‘Burbidge,’ commenced Luke in the most obviously affected tone, ‘my sister is feeling rather badly. Did you happen to bring any whiskey?’

“With the sureness of habit Burbidge’s hand went to his pocket. He pulled out the flask, shook it, then held it up to the light. It was entirely empty.

“‘Sorry,’ he vouchsafed.

“‘So’m I. We are going in now. I’ll step the mast. Don’t move; it rocks the boat.’

“I was not in the least afraid. I merely transferred my confidence.

“‘Better not try to *sail* in.’ This from our sailor in a voice in which he had lost assurance. ‘Looks like a squall.’

“At the horizon the water-edge darkened before the wind. It was still a long, long way off, but even near the boat the gliding parallelograms of shadows changed to deeper blues and greens. The ocean shook off the sunshine and gathered itself into itself. But the most palpable evidence of the storm was the steadily rising swells.

“‘Ever steer with an oar, Alice?’

“‘No, but I’m convinced I can.’ I took Al’s place in the stern, and he took the back cross-seat with the extra pair of oars. Luke took his place in front—as sober and vigilant as a saint.

“‘Now, said he, ‘we’d better hurry.’

“White-caps were appearing at a distance. The swells, that morning so oily and inert, rolled higher and deeper, working themselves into a passion of energy. Most luckily for us the dory was extraordinarily light. She rose and fell with the waves, offering no resistance to the crossing under-swells. She mounted to the very crests of the high waves, then disappeared in the troughs, nose downward, so deep that we lost sight of the shore.

“‘Keep her heading!’

“‘I will, all right!’ I answered in the joyous elation of danger. I think I have never felt happier, freer than then.

“The force of the water twisted my steering-oar until I had to brace my feet and lean my whole weight against it. Each slackening of the current’s grip meant momentary rest, but I felt no need of it. Indeed, I did not. I had a sensation of immense capacity for exertion

“As the waves grew higher still there were moments when we

seemed barely to balance on an exalted crest. The rudder lifted lightly out of the water and left me leaning against unresisting air. The two rowers were thrown forward by their own force, the blades of their oars exposed to the tips.

“Is that breakers I hear, Luke?”

“They’ll be the worst. You don’t know how to run over breakers, Mr. Luke. Don’t feel very steady myself.”

“We could now plainly see the foam of the breakers, and beyond them a crowd of people standing on the shore watching us. Some of them were running up and down, excitedly, and some had binoculars.

“The obverse side of a breaking wave gives you a curious sensation. Of course that is the only possible way for it to look, and your surprise is unreasonable. It is like discovering something that has been there all along.

“Never seen ‘em so high; never did!” remarked the comforting, reliable Burbidge.

“Hadn’t we better anchor out here?” I was watching the broad back of each wave as it rose, towered and broke, shivering the shore.

“They will probably get worse. Keep your tiller steady.”

“I grasped my oar and held it straight. Both men took fresh grips on their oars. For some breakers we held back, waiting our chance.

“Catch this one! Steady, for God’s sake!”

“The next moment we were on shore, pulled up, boat and all, by the crowd. The impetus of the breaker had driven us in.

“They all wanted to know whether we were not horribly afraid. But, Alison, I assure you that even at that age I illustrated my own theories.”

MOONLIGHT.

KATHERINE M. KELLY.

At night when moonlight floods the dreaming land,
And threads its way to dark, deep-shadowed glade,
Where strange and wild, the satyrs dance, 'tis said,
A half-divine on-luring mystic band;
When moonbeams gleam upon the silvered strand
And light to golden splendor the soft jade
Of sleeping waves, their swelling crests inlaid
With the gems a-sparkle on a sea-god's hand
Then dreaming as I wander thro' the light
My soul thrills at the mystery of it all,
And o'er my heart to the strange charm atune
Steal spells exotic of the shining night
And thro' my senses like the satyr's call
The haunting witchery of the silver moon.

ROSES.

HELEN H. PARKHURST, 1911.

There was something of the fatalist about Elizabeth Stone. An odd bent of mind which, in her childhood had led her to determine a course of action according as she came out on her left foot or her right in going upstairs, or to solve problems by the turning up of a name upon a card, had become a permanent trait. It was as natural for her to attach deep significance to the most trivial objects, and to be ruled by casualties, as it is for most women to be controlled by momentary emotion. And so when, on the afternoon of Jonathan Dale's proposal of marriage, made again after an interval of twelve years, she received from him a basket of roses, it was the current of her natural thought that led her to say:

"Please leave me for a week. I will think about what you have said, I promise you. And the roses will decide."

Jonathan failed, naturally, to understand what she meant. He knew only that she was dismissing him, gently, graciously, with a faint pres-

sure of the hand, and a vague smile. The moment reminded him of the other parting, after their brief engagement, and on the eve of Elizabeth's immolation of herself to her invalid mother. He caught back her hand and kissed it passionately. "They must decide the *right* way, then," he said.

Elizabeth knew scarcely better than he exactly what she had meant about her proposed method of decision. There had merely come to her a fancy that the roses represented, at this crisis, her youth and the return of freedom to love. They were the visible part of the day's experience, and seemed somehow to hold the secret of its solution. When she found herself alone she arranged them carefully in a tall crystal vase which she placed on the window ledge in her own room. The warm April sunlight fell across them, burning through their deep crimson petals. She almost laughed as she sat down before them, a thing she had not done for three months—since her mother's death.

She felt oddly unacquainted with herself to-day. The shade of her old self, called up by her lover, had remained with her, staring into her face until she questioned whether it were not a projection of her present self into the world without. The habit of introspection, long disused, was difficult to resume, and she found herself strangely unfamiliar with the furniture of her own mind. Yet in this hour a necessity lay upon her to traverse those inner chambers and look upon the things they held. And how unnatural seemed the ambitions, laid away like garments cut from too scanty material and left unfinished; how dusty and colorless the appreciations, once so beautiful, but marred now as disregarded bits of broken porcelain! The affections she had once cherished were dwarfed and faded from lack of sun and air, and their blossoms drooped as if blighted with a frost. Along dim corridors stood the locked chests containing all her old theories and worn-out opinions and beliefs. In the dusk she glanced about fearfully, hardly recognizing the strange-featured, shrouded figures of her dreams. It was her present task to open up these neglected places and let in the light.

The next morning her first thought was for the flowers. They were more radiant, more fragrant almost than on the night before, and she buried her face among them for a moment as she gathered them into her hands. One rose was just ready to open up its heart. From some impulse she could not explain she thrust it back among the leaves.

According to his promise Jonathan did not come near the house, but Elizabeth fancied she saw him at sunset time walking rapidly down the street.

On the third day two roses were fully blown, and she fell in with so many thoughts that it took a full half-hour to change the water on them and clip the stems. A petal fell on the fourth day. Elizabeth found it early in the afternoon, and it lay in the palm of her hand until the sun went down. She was thinking much and rapidly now, but, like the horizon, the goal of her cogitations seemed to recede as she advanced. By a curious transfer of interest she was beginning to dread the loss of her flowers as the most immediate and real pain she could know. Her fatalism was in full though half-conscious operation.

By the next noon a crimson carpet lay about the vase. She took a bitter satisfaction in shaking the remaining blossoms to see how many would fall. That afternoon she distinctly saw Jonathan go by, and her head drooped on the window ledge long after he had passed.

On the evening before the seventh day there still clung to the stems a few pale petals. Elizabeth gazed upon them mournfully. Had she expected a miracle? She scarcely knew. From the beginning there had certainly lurked in her mind a hope that when the last day of probation dawned, one of all those roses might still be living. But it was quite clear now—if the flowers that typified her love could not last the week, what reason was there to believe that the love itself was still warm and alive? The decision did not rest with her. She had pinned her faith to the roses and they were dead. Long after midnight sitting beside the window she wrote a brief note. It took an hour to finish.

DEAR JONATHAN:

I told you that the flowers would decide for me. I gave them every chance—they couldn't have had better care, and yet they are dead. How could I dare to hope that the old affection, so long neglected, would outlast them? Forgive them for telling me the truth. I have just watched the last petal fall.

ELIZABETH.

She was about to close the letter, but her hand was stayed. When she sealed it afterward a little bunch of rose leaves lay between its folds. Her lips rested on the cold heap upon the window ledge.

COPY OF RESOLUTIONS

Passed by the Undergraduate Association, February 22, 1910, upon the death of Professor J. Edmund Wright.

WHEREAS, The death of Professor J. Edmund Wright has filled the whole College with a realization of his brilliant promise as a scholar, and with a deep sense of loss; and

WHEREAS, His death has moved especially his students, to whom he has endeared himself and in whom he has inspired an increasing admiration for the transcendent power of his mind.

Resolved, That we, the Undergraduate Association, do hereby express to his family and to the Faculty our sympathy with their sorrow, and our gratitude for his unwearied and effective service in behalf of the scholarly ideals of this college; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and to the Faculty, and be inserted in the records of the Association.

EDITORIALS.

The Higher Criticism.—In the short time left before the constitution of the Bryn Mawr Association for Self Government is lifted high above comment by becoming a sacred tradition, an inheritance whose authority it is treason to question, we beg to humbly remonstrate on a few points. We do not hesitate to pick out these few flaws (though it took all our penetration to find any in that almost perfect institution) because we realize that there is nothing to hinder our repairing them; for is not self government self-government, and are we not at liberty to change even the smallest point if it seems good in our eyes?

Merely to describe self government in operation sounds like an eulogy upon ourselves, but we trust our good sense will preserve us from vanity. It is another instance of our superiority over colleges for men. You have only to picture the way such an institution would be carried on at Princeton or Cornell, the unseemly racket at elections; the self-assertion of the incompetent; the impudent demands on the faculty, and the privileged almost independent undergraduate body as a result.

We on the contrary recognize the selfishness of regarding our own interests—the undergraduates are, of course, not the first part of the college to be considered. For was not self government granted its charter in order to save the faculty time and trouble? And could we in common gratitude disregard their slightest requests? To act otherwise would outrage the spirit of Bryn Mawr, the spirit of reverence, of self-depreciation, of law and order.

Rightly sensible of the political incapacity of the majority, and with a modesty becoming in our youth and sex, we have handed over the whole management to a capable and conscientious few. For could there be conceived a better rule than that of a zealous and intelligent board, who in any case reap no rewards and gratify no personal ambitions. Such a board, decorous and conservative, with a sensible submissiveness to higher authority, announces its just and reasonable decisions to the *ipso facto's* who vote in accordance. Thus the democratic form is preserved as a concession to cant convention and the aristocratic (in its original sense) principle kept intact.

Such concessions to democracy are, we suppose, necessary, but (and this is the first of our objections) there seems no good reason why instead of a general election each spring to acquiesce in the board's nominations, it should not be made a self-perpetuating body. Certainly they know better than we could possibly the sort of person who could best fulfil the duties of the office. This would obviate the necessity of stopping people to vote who are in a hurry to go to the pike, and it would save the tellers the trouble of scouring the halls for a quorum. Our seeming indifference on these occasions is in reality but a touching proof of our confidence in the board.

The drawbacks of this admirable system are inconsiderable. Suppose our curiosity is baffled by sealed records, and that we do suffer such slight inconveniences as having to obey more rules than even an inventive faculty could devise, and to acquiesce in decisions perhaps other than our youthful high spirits would dictate, or to be caught up now and again for neglect of some obsolete mandate; in consideration of the benefits received we are more than content. Owing to the intermediary position of the board, faculty requests are quickly and duly recognized by an overwhelming majority; hazing is abolished, our cheers put to elegant music, our disgraceful dining-room noises quelled, the eyes and ears of visiting alumnae are no longer offended, the college neighbors rest in unwonted peace and there is harmony between faculty and board

G. B. B.

Public Opinion.—The trouble with Public Opinion is that there is always so much of it. It is like salt; one wants just a sprinkling, and one has to buy a whole bag. To be sure the bag does not cost much—and Public Opinion costs even five cents less than a bag of salt. But think how highly we should prize both of them if they were weighed out to us on gold-dust scales. Why even the Fairbanks hay scales would find themselves taxed with Bryn Mawr Public Opinion! It simply can not be had in merely *usable* quantities; for either we pay no attention to a problem that is up for discussion, or else the entire college goes mad over it.

In the weeks just before Christmas, for example, we were somewhat overworked. An unexcited, unexaggerated statement of that fact was no doubt in order. But even a very sensible and impartial statement, if repeated by three hundred and fifty or four hundred people, comes to ring,

finally, with an over-amount of protest. I venture to say that if our eloquent statements of the case could somehow have inscribed themselves on the stone tablets of the cloister, and then have been buried for a few thousand years under a layer of lava, that the archaeologists of coming eras, deciphering them, would conclude that, at the very best, our bodies probably strewed the campus where we fell, book in hand, murmuring to the last our tabs for five quizzes in one week; and, of course, the heap of dead about the English boxes would be judged to have been positively insurmountable. No one is lying, but every person is having one little dot of her consciousness overstimulated by hearing three hundred and fifty people express much the same opinion. Consequently every one begins to express a more and more highly stimulated opinion every time she tries to state the case, and the more violent an opinion she finds herself having, the more disinclined she feels to leave off stating it. As a result we are become a derision and a stumbling block.

So, too, with college plays. We say that we want them and need them, and in order to drive that fact home tellingly we work heavy pathos until the College Senate, if they credit us, will probably abandon themselves to an agony of remorse which will render them incapable of action. "Oh, the long and dreary winter! Oh, the cold and cruel winter!" Of course, we missed plays, and we missed milk lunch. By the way, may not the defection in our ranks have sprung from the latter bereavement? If we are going to parade our woes so feelingly, shall we not add the "full dinner pail" to our demands, and so ally ourselves definitely with the Great Unsatisfied.

To be quite just, we are perfectly capable of sane and happy opinions. Witness the good cheer of the overwork statistics now being collected by two members of each class. The thing is to keep one's bearings when the full pressure is on of having a large group thinking of the same thing at the same time. Some of our courses, and some of our regulations, would have a fairer name if we could get a better motto than Be violent while it is to-day, to-morrow you may find there is nothing to be violent about. So long as the smell of blood is in our nostrils, external criticism and suggestion will have to make a hard fight before they get our attention. Many people think that this is an advantage. But the wounds of a friend are faithful, and in that confidence the student body has made several concessions and will perhaps make more, if need be, and if we do not become too keen about

establishing our own point of view. We are indeed an uncommonly nice three hundred and fifty, but the last word has not been said of our perfection, and nothing is lost by cultivating receptiveness—even receptiveness to the idea that we play too much, or the other idea, that we work too much, or that most unmanly charge that we are not religious enough! But perhaps it is against human nature to accept gracefully and mildly this last insult. At all events, the college en masse closes its mouth in calm contempt, lays its fingers on its chest, and dismisses this subject with, *Now, I ask you, look at us!*

Not to put too long a point upon it, there are some questions upon which we, the college, have made up our minds. We may be right or we may be wrong. Certainly we have a right to our own opinions. The point is that our opinions will have vastly more weight if we can get them expressed without what older people call *the arrogance of youth*. We doubt if there is another college in the country where the undergraduates are so freely encouraged to suggest improvements. It would be too bad to abuse the privilege by our much speaking, or even by the finality of our speaking. Let us sell our Public Opinion very dear. Thereby we may increase the demand.

R. G.

THE AMAZONS.

Few of our plays have been more enjoyed than *The Amazons*, given under the auspices of the Class of 1908 for the benefit of the Endowment Fund. It was clever, delightful comedy from the beginning to the end, and situation followed situation while the audience laughed and applauded. Once indeed their enjoyment was so noisy that they had to be sternly "hushed." The character work of all the actors was admirable, from the preacher and the gamekeeper, with his suggestive hand, up to Lord Litterly himself. Nor could anything have been more amusing than Tweenway, hanging on a rope between heaven and earth, being presented to the horrified Lady Castlejordan, or the vivacious little Count de Grival with his innocent misuse of English profanity and his gay little dance. The profanity especially pleased the audience. At the end, when Lady Castlejordan turned to the "boys" and sternly ordered them into their skirts, "never to come out of them again," we sighed, for it meant that a delightful play, delightfully acted, was at an end.

M. L. T., 1912.

DULCI FISTULA

The Curse of Ambition,
or
The Pathetic Plight of the Aspiring Artist.

One art there is above the rest that
Specially I sigh for,
To drawing I devote my life, and
Though unwilling, die for;
And yet - The painful toil still state
With frackness - I may rise it, -
No matter how I try to do it, I
Really cannot do it.



A palette,
(not a jellyfish)



paint brushes
(not coal shovels.)

As I go on with my conceited, silly
drawings I will label
So that you'll recognize their worth (as
far as you are able.)
The artists, above everything, crave true
appreciation,
It fills artistic temperaments with
Something like elation.

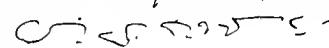


A Student

Waif's That day that I have sighed To
Sketch a fellow I steadied,
And yet the more and more I tried
The more I failed I couldnt
My special trouble is, I find, in
Drawing human creatures
To get their arms and legs are right,
And, I may add, their features.

I wish that things would always
 seem to look the way they pointed.
 my people's feet were not turned out,
 but fairly look dislocated.
 To get the necks at all, my pictures
 go through wild contortions.
 necks always are too long or short,-
 See not much on proportions.



(note the hair on these two
 portraits. Drawing mediating
 lines is considered my strongest
 point) 

The hours and hours that I have.
 Spent in puzzling o'er perspective
 Would make a less sweet-tempered
 girl indulge in rarer invective.
 If now and then I choose to draw
 Two objects in proximity,
 The finished product quite disturbs
 my artist's equanimity.



Students at
 chapel ?

I try to sketch a striking group:- a
 few students at chapel:-
 a charming little rustic bit:- a  apple
 snow-ball or an apple,-
 and yet with all the trained technique
 of which I am so fond,
 the picture somehow fails to charm,
 and much less does it raise.

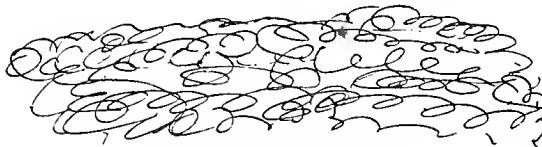
 snow-
 ball.

Just take a glace if you have
Time, upon this bowl and ~~platte~~
I Tossed three off this afternoon, —
Say frankle what's the ~~matter~~.
I just left all the lines in, for I
find it much a bother
Deciding which should be erased,
when one thing's one another.



bowl
platte

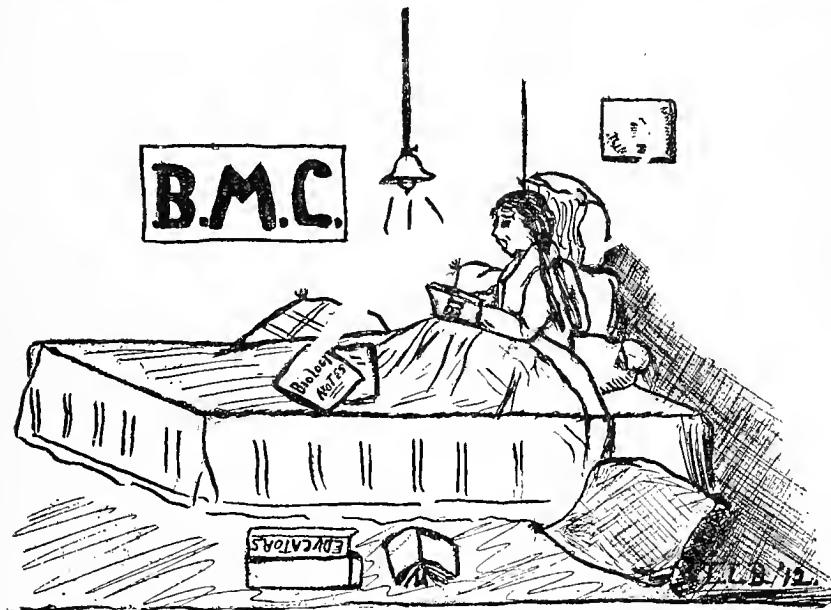
So fatal to my fleeting time is
such a high ambition,
I find myself neglecting to pursue
mere creation.
Yours, atmosphere, and color, — Toes,
a gesture, or an attitude,
Will spur me on to try to draw
in every clime and latitude.



Atmosphere,
Artistic Temperament.

W. H. Smith

4 A.M.-CRAMMING FOR BI EXAM



"The early bird gets the [earth-] worm."

A CURRENT EVENT OF WIDESPREAD INTEREST.

When the river overflowed its banks all Paris was in seine.

P. BAKER, 1909.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On the evening of February 4th, Dr. Madison Taylor spoke in Taylor Hall on the "Aims of the Society for Prevention of Infant Mortality."

Miss Geraldine Gordon lectured in Pembroke East on February 5th, under the auspices of the College Settlement League.

The fourth of Mr. Whiting's concerts was given on February 11th. A Brahms program was rendered, and Mr. Whiting was assisted by Miss Edith Rodgers, who sang a number of Brahms' songs.

At a meeting of the Undergraduate Association, held on the evening of February 9th, the following officers were elected for the year 1910-1911:

Catherine Delano, 1911, President.

Fannie Crenshawe, 1912, Vice-President and Treasurer.

Julia Haines, 1912, Secretary.

Nathalie Swift, 1913, Assistant Secretary.

Dr. Isabelle Stone is taking the place of Dr. Saunders as Professor of Greek during his absence this semester.

Preparations for May day are going rapidly forward under the direction of Miss Daly and Mr. King. All the parts have been assigned, and at a meeting of the Undergraduate Association, Mary Worthington was elected May queen.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

The following items are taken from the *Alumnae Quarterly*:

- '96. Caroline Wormeley Latimer, A. M., formerly instructor in biology in the Woman's College of Baltimore, has published a book, *Girl and Woman* (Appleton & Co.).
- '97. Baroness Mosa Bogura Uchida and her husband, Baron Yasuya Uchida, the recently accredited Japanese representative to the

United States, have begun residence at the Japanese Embassy in Washington. A dinner is to be given for them on the 18th of February by the Japan Society of New York.

'00. The engagement is announced of Ellen Duncan Baltz to Mr. John Morton Fultz.

Cornelia Von Wyck Halsey Kellogg (Mrs. Frederick R. Kellogg) has a son, Frederick Brainerd Kellogg, born November 28, 1909.

The tenth reunion of the class will be held at Bryn Mawr on June 1st.

'01. The engagement is announced of Mary Farwell Ayer to Mr. John B. Rousmaniere, of Boston.

'04. Evelyn Macfarlane Holliday was married in Indianapolis, November 24th, to Mr. William Wallace Patterson, of Pittsburg.

Maud Elizabeth Temple, A. M., is working at Radcliffe College for a Ph. D. in English.

'05. Hope Emily Allen, A. M., is also working at Radcliffe toward the same end.

Leslie Farwell Hill (Mrs. Edward Buffum Hill) has a son, Granger Farwell Hill, born July 19, 1909.

'06. Ethel Bullock Stratton Beecher (Mrs. Harold Kline Beecher) has a daughter, Carolyn Bullock Beecher, born November 22, 1909.

Adeline Jones Spencer Curry (Mrs. Charles Henry Curry) has a second son, Charles Henry Curry, Jr., born November 22, 1909.

'07. The engagement is announced of Catherine Merea Utley to Mr. George E. Hill, of Bridgeport, Conn.

Alice Martin Hawkins is spending the winter in Europe.

'08. The engagement is announced of Louise Congdon to Mr. Julius P. Balmer, of Chicago, and of

Jacqueline Pascal Morris to Mr. Edward Evans.

'09. The engagement is announced of Grace La Pierre Wooldridge to Mr. Edwin Peter Dewes, of Chicago.

Copies of the 1909 musical comedy, *When Knighthood Was in Favor*, may be had until March 15th from Mary Allen, Pembroke East, or at any time from Barbara Spofford, 155 West 58th Street, New York. The price is seventy-five cents.

TIPYN O' BOB

FURNITURE CURTAINS WALL PAPERS

ALL of the new patterns of furniture, curtains and upholstery goods are now ready and we will be glad to show them.

We also have many inexpensive wall papers and fabrics of beautiful designs and can submit sketches and estimates for decorating and furnishing homes or rooms.

KARCHER & REHN COMPANY

1608-1610 CHESTNUT STREET

**NOBLE & LINCOLN**
1635
CHESTNUT STREET
A full line of Imported
Novelties in Bonnets, Toques, and Hats

MOURNING A SPECIALTY

IRMA MARCH

Importer of **Fine Millinery**

AT MODERATE PRICES

1505 WALNUT STREET

NECK FIXINGS and NOTIONS

LEADING MILLINERY HOUSE OF PHILADELPHIA

Announcement of Individuality in
Spring Merchandise

TRIMMED MILLINERY—LATEST MODELS FROM BEST MAKERS

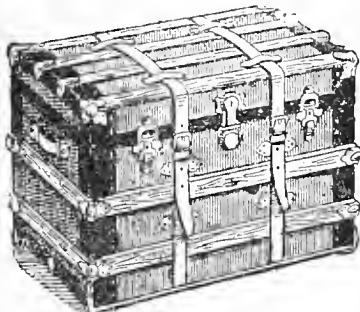
Novelties	Laces	Veilings	Ribbons
Velvets	Neckwear	French Jewelry	French Underwear
Corsets	Hosiery and Underwear		

RIBBONS and VEILINGS

GEORGE ALLEN, Inc., 1214 Chesnut St.

TRIMMINGS, LACES, GARNITURES

SPECIAL VALUES
in
Trunks, Bags and Suit-Cases



All Kinds of Hand-Luggage
We have a Special Department for
the repairing of Trunks, Bags, Suit-
Cases and all Kinds of hand-luggage.

EDWARD L. POWERS
Harness and Saddlery
903-905 Lancaster Avenue
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

LEWANDOS
Americas Greatest Dyers
Cleansers and Launderers

FOR THE HOME

Furniture Covering Portieres Draperies
Embroideries Linens Rugs Blankets
Laces Muslin Curtains Silks Satins
Cotton etc

FOR WOMEN

Suits Ribbons etc Feathers
Gloves Real Laces Gowns
Coats

LEWANDOS
1633 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA
EMMA FOSTER Agent Pembroke East



THE CHOICEST FLOWERS

for every occasion will be found
here. Instant delivery from finest
blooms. Telephone your orders.
Prices optional.

ROBERT KIFT, Florist
1725 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ART NEEDLE WORK
Stamping and Embroidery Materials

THE J. O. BENTLEY CO.,
812 Arch Street - Philadelphia



M. M. GAFFNEY

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings
DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS

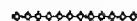
Post Office Block BRYN MAWR, PA.

MAURICE BARNETT
CURIOS THINGS,
JEWELRY, CHINA and ANTIQUES

26 South 18th Street
PHILADELPHIA

TIPYN O' BOB

BRYN MAWR HARDWARE COMPANY



**Hardware, Cutlery
and House-Furnishing Goods**

E. M. FENNER

CONFECTIONER

ICE CREAM AND ICES
FROZEN FRUITS, CHOICE CONFECTIONERY
HOME-MADE JELLIES and CANNED FRUITS

BRYN MAWR, PA.

ARDMORE, PA

Miss Helen R. Gill

is exhibiting the latest Parisian Models in
FRENCH MILLINERY

with a choice collection of Original Designs at
ATTRACTIVE PRICES

1217 Walnut Street Philadelphia
Established 1862

C. D. EDWARDS

CONFECTIONER

Chocolate Layer Cake a Specialty
Ice Cream and Ices Fine Fancy Cakes
Ramsey Building, Lancaster Avenue
Telephone Connection *Bryn Mawr, Pa.*

WILLIAM H. RAMSEY

DEALER IN

Choice Recleaned Oats, Flour, Feed, Baled Hay and
Straw, Groceries, etc., Hardware, Paints, Oils, etc.

BRYN MAWR

JOHN J. CONNELLY

Florist

Cut Flowers and
Decorative Plants



Telephone 252 L

Lancaster Ave., ROSEMONT, PA.

The Bryn Mawr Pharmacies

OLDEST AND RELIABLE

**Pure Drugs and Toilet Requisites. All Kinds of
Stationery. Prescriptions a Specialty.**

Goods Delivered Promptly

Established 1884

CHRISTIAN MOORE

PRICKITT

The reliable Apothecary of ROSEMONT and
BRYN MAWR has been authorized to furnish the
College Students with Drugs, etc. All prescriptions
are compounded by competent graduates only.

Messenger calls at each hall, at 11 a.m. daily.

PHARMACIES

BRYN MAWR

ROSEMONT

Careful Handling and Quality

Wilson Laundry

Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

VAN HORN & SON

121 North Ninth St.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Costumers

Costumes to Hire for College Theatricals,
Entertainments and Tableaux

Boys' and Misses' Sailor Suits a specialty
Ladies' Tailor made Suits and
Riding Habits
Boys' and Young Men's Norfolk, Sack
and Tuxedo Suits

MEN'S DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR

MADE TO ORDER ONLY
NO AGENCIES

PETER THOMSON

Naval and Merchant Tailor

1118 Walnut Street
Philadelphia

14 and 16 W. 33rd Street
New York

Intercollegiate Bureau of Academic Costume

COTRELL & LEONARD
ALBANY, N. Y.



Makers of

*CAPS, GOWNS
and HOODS*

To the American Colleges
and Universities

Bulletins, etc., upon request

Correspondence Solicited

Rich Gowns for Faculties, Pulpit and Bench

Dry Goods and
Notions

Ladies' and Gents'
Furnishing Goods



Miss McNally



Ramsey Block
Lancaster Ave.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

H. D. REESE

Dealer in the Finest Quality of
BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, LAMB
AND SMOKED MEATS

1203 Filbert Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

TIPYN O' BOB



New Street Boots for Young Women, \$4 and \$5

Distinctive styles and shapes,
showing perfection of finish
down to the smallest detail

All Leathers—Button or Lace

HANAN & SON 1318 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HOSIERY
and
SHOES

Shoes of Individuality for Young Women

Correct Styles, combining taste and comfort to a degree
attained by no others

J. & T. COUSINS

1226 Chestnut Street

Philadelphia

Mexican Indian Blankets

THE NEWEST THING FOR YOUR COLLEGE ROOM,
Den, Library or Music Room; for Canoes, Rugs, Couch Covers,
Portieres and Wall Decorations

7 ft. 8 in. x 3 ft. 10 in.
\$5.00

6 ft. 8 in. x 3 ft. 4 in.
\$3.50

5 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 8 in.
\$2.50

The set of three (one
of each size) for
\$10.00



Gorgeous Color
Effects

Beautiful
Designs

Select your favorite
background color:
Crimson, Blue,
Red, Green, White,
Black

Silk Scarfs

The most beautiful Mexican Hand-Drawn Head Scarf. Made of
finest pure silks. Colors: White, Blue, Cream, Red, Black or any
special color desired. The only Proper Thing for Theatre, Opera,
Dance or any Evening Wear

Price, \$10.00

Sent Anywhere. Carriage Prepaid, on Receipt of Price
Order To-day. Money Back If You Want It

MEXICAN BLANKET COMPANY

AGUASCALIENTES, MEXICO

Correct Slippers

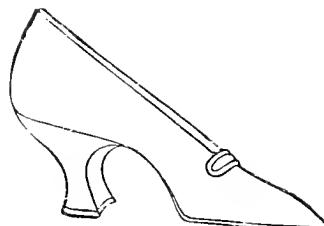
for the

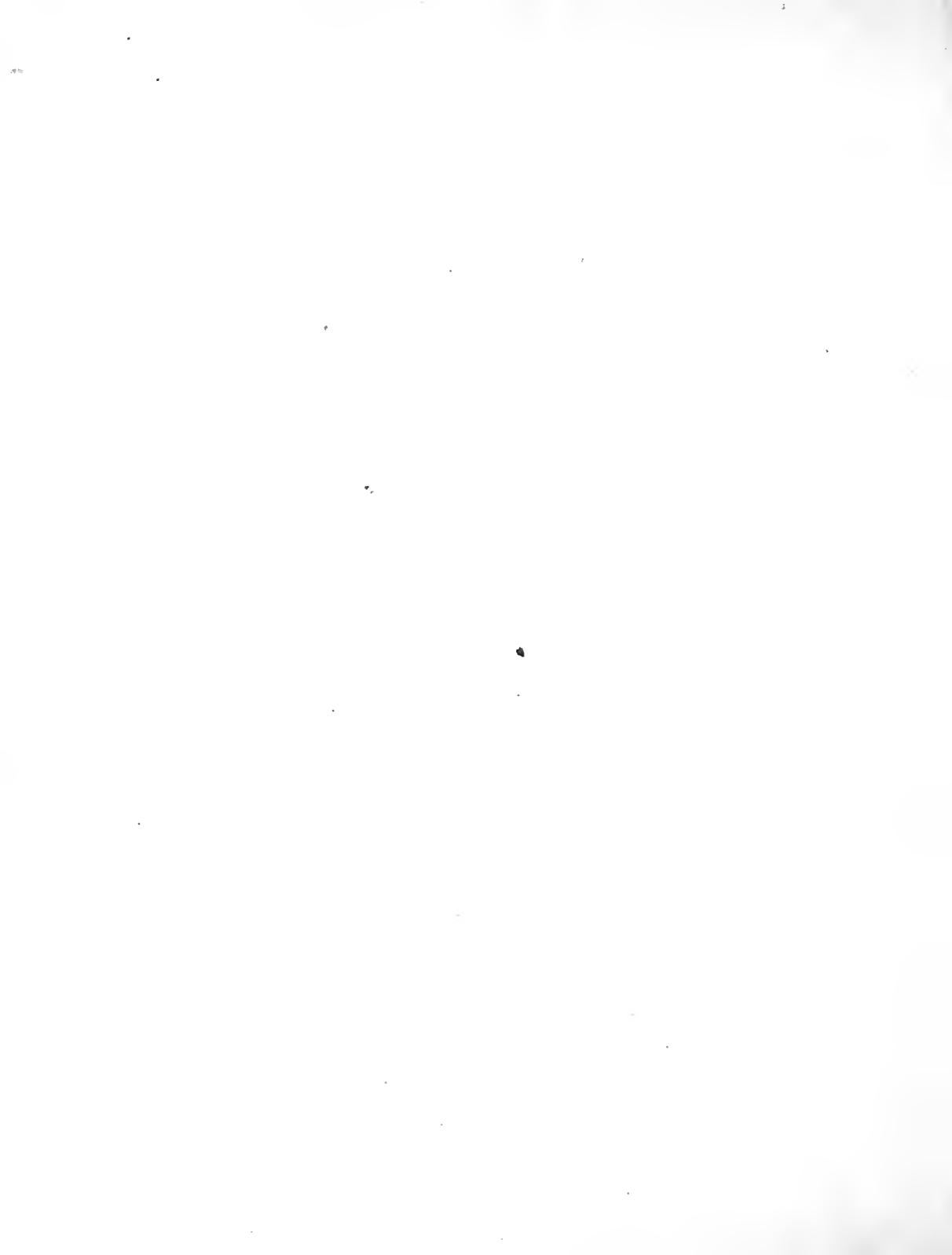
Debutante

\$4.00 up

Steigerwalt

1004 Chestnut Street





PRESS OF
THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
1006-1016 ARCH STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

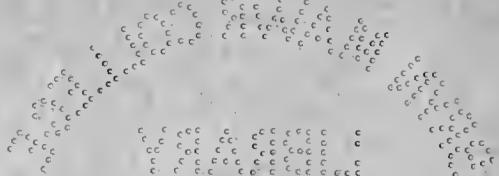
April, 1910

APR 4 '10

Tipyyn o' Bob

Contents

Reconciliation.....	Ruth George, '10	1
The Housekeeper.....	Frances Hunter, '12	7
The Butterfly.....	Helen H. Parkhurst, '11	11
The Sonnet as an Instrument for the Expression of Individuality.....	Elsie Deems, '10	11
The Storm.....	Amy Gordon Hamilton, '13	17
Writing in the Dark.....	Helen H. Parkhurst, '11	17
The Visitation.....	Marion Crane, '11	23
Editorials.....		27
Dulci Fistula		30
College Notes		34
Alumnae Notes		35



Tipyn o'Bob

Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.

VOL. VII

APRIL, 1910

No. 6

Managing Editors.

GRACE BAGNALL BRANHAM, '10, *Editor-in-Chief.*
RUTH GEORGE, '10. HELEN PARKHURST, '11.

Editors.

CHARLOTTE ISABEL CLAFLIN, '11. MARION CRANE, '11.
MARJORIE THOMPSON, '12.

Business Board.

KATE ETHEL CHAMBERS, '11, *Business Manager.*
LOUISE STERNBERG RUSSELL, '11, *Treasurer.*
HELEN BARBER, '12, *Assistant Business Manager.*

THE RECONCILIATION.

RUTH GEORGE, 1910.

It is a beautiful and lonely hundred miles that stretches between the Arizona trading town, San Pierre, and its nearest neighbors to the southwest, the little Mormon mountain settlement, Yavapai Plains. The wagon road that connects the two, trailing through desert sage, winding among long-shadowed pines, and finally cutting its way straight down the mountain bluff, is almost never traveled—for all its beauty—by any but the mountain freighters on their loads, or the cattlemen on their ponies, or, in the fall and spring, by the few mountain children who go up to San Pierre for their winter's schooling. In all its length there is scarcely a cross-road, and, although from time to time, before the day of

forestry laws, attempts had been made to clear ground and take up land, the natural isolation had proved too strong a factor to be reckoned with, so that, of the four or five log houses scattered along the way, all are now untenanted.

I had heard of the country often enough, but I had never seen it before early June of five years ago. It was then that, along with my father and brothers and one or two other campers, I got my first impression of a country, the memory of which, I foresee, the years will never wipe out of my mind.

After leaving San Pierre, it is near the end of a day's journey—one travels barely twenty-five miles a day with a freight load—that one comes upon the two shining mountain lakes of dead water, Mormon Lake and, almost linking with it, St. Mary's. They are very beautiful, there in the afternoon sun, their calm, unruffled surfaces unstirred by so much as the shadow of a bird's wing; and yet there is a kind of mockery about the gleam of lifeless water in a desert country; it is the meaningless smile on a face from which the light of the mind is gone. The horses will not drink of St. Mary's, the freighters say, under any stress; and for my part I felt half sick at sight of the patches of purple and white iris that swept the shallows and crept up into the sandy shore land.

By sundown, however, we had nearly wound past both of them on their east side, and were casting about for a suitable night camp. The wind had risen as the sun fell, and camp promised to be fairly disagreeable in the face of shifting sands, so that when we came upon the first house we had seen all day—a long, low, desolate cabin—there was a proposal to make its walls a break between us and the wind. But Nat Squires, our driver, shook his head. "There's other walls as good," he said, and gave his horses a sharp cut with his snake whip.

"What's that over there?" my brother Tom asked, pointing to a strangely shaped building tucked against the hill side. It appeared to be a dislodged gable roof, with the front carefully faced in.

"Edith Fenn's buried there," offered Nat Squires briefly.

"Oh, say, rather lonely, isn't it? But what's the roof for?"

"Keep the coyotes from diggin' her up," said Nat.

"Ugh-h," I shuddered, for the wind off the lake chilled me.

"Who's Edith Fenn?" some one asked.

"You've heard, haven't you?" I said. "She married a cowboy,

and lived away up here, and, when he was away one time, she died. It was terribly sad. I remember perfectly when it happened two or three years ago."

"Guess there isn't anybody around here going to forget it very soon," said Nat Squires.

"Did you ever see her?" I asked, for her story had impressed me deeply.

"Since she died, do you mean?" asked the man, queerly.

"Since!" I gasped. "No, of course not. I mean, have you ever seen her?"

"I seen her a hundred times," said the man. "She came from Yavapai, just like I did. She was the prettiest girl in Yavapai, I'll tell you that," he added almost as a challenge.

"I've heard she was," I said, longing to hear more. "Was that the house we passed?"

"Yes," said the man. I saw that he did not like to talk upon the subject, but I was unable to leave it.

"I wish I could have looked in." I said.

"Well, I guess you wouldn't see much unless you'd come back at night when she gets to calling."

"Oh, I don't believe in things like that," I said.

"Believin's got nothing to do with it," said Nat, "when she gets to calling."

"Whom does she call?"

"Him." It was that use of the personal pronoun which expresses the marital relation.

"And does he never come?" I asked.

"I don't reckon he does. 's too late now, anyway."

"Why did he leave her?"

"I don't know"—Nat had began to appear more willing to free his mind, perhaps because he understood how youth craves the knowledge of sad things. "I don't know," he said, "why he left her. He was a nice fellow—Harry Fenn. He was Irish, and he could get mad, I tell you; but he was just clean crazy about Edith, and she surely cared a lot for him. After he came to Yavapai she wouldn't look at anybody else. She was proud, though, I tell you. He met her at a dance where everybody comes up from Peyson, and all about, to Yavapai. He was punch-

ing cattle then for old Kendricks about fifteen miles out, but after that dance he kept riding up to Yavapai every week. He was an awful reckless youngster, but I tell you I always liked him, and I was glad he got her, though it was pretty hard on some other people to let her go. But she left us all, and came and lived up here with him. It was a good deal for a girl to do, for she'd been off to school and was used to lots of people; everybody knew Edith Fenn."

"I know it," I said. "They say she was splendid."

"And then some say they quarreled," he went on, "and some say he just happened to be off at Peyson and she took sick—and one night Art Lane and his men were coming down from San Pierre and they heard a woman calling in the night. Then they went and found Edith dead, but the strange part was she'd been dead for hours, and they'd just ten minutes before heard her calling."

"Ah, poor thing!" I said.

As we made a bend in the road we came once more upon the others who, riding on ahead, had turned into the shelter of a projecting rock and half a dozen scraggling pines. Already they had picketed out their horses and were building our fire.

"How's this, Nat?" called Tom, coming out to the side of the wagon.

"It's pretty handy," muttered Nat.

"Handy what?" asked my brother.

"Nothin'," said the man. "It's kind o' handy the lake. Makes you feel the wind pretty sharp. Reckon it's as far as we can get, though. Sun's gone. W' ought to have had 'n earlier start."

"Oh, this is a good enough sort of place," observed one of the men, looking about. If you lay around a few slices of bacon here and there, and some coffee, it'll make this place look pretty handsome."

And so our camping place was settled upon, and it did look "pretty handsome," when we got our fire to blazing and casting its red glare in our faces and out beyond us, even upon the silent surface of St. Mary's. Supper and preparations for the night occupied a couple of hours. After that—perhaps because Nat's coffee had circulated freely—we sat talking about the fire for rather long after a campers' bed time. Finally, however, as Nat began to drag up another log, father said,

"Better not put any more on, Nat. It's time to let it die out now if we're going to get on the road very early."

"What time 've got, father?" asked Tom, getting up.

"Just ten," said my father, looking at his watch and beginning to wind it.

"Why, that's an unearthly hour!" exclaimed Tom, as if his bed time were ordinarily six or seven. "All ready to have this go on?" he asked, poising a bucket of water over the fire, for there were forest regulations now. But as he slashed it on, and the puff of smoke, the sudden sharp hissing of the cinders, and the veil of darkness, at one flash, displaced our good cheer, I confess that a sudden uneasiness took hold of me. And what I thought of at that moment was—I need not say—the story of Edith Fenn.

The wind was stirring mournfully in the pines over our heads.

"Sounds like a woman," some one said.

"Quite a wind, ain't it—howlin' like that," observed Nat Squires, with a carelessness which I thought was feigned.

"It *is* a woman!" said my brother Tom, stopping suddenly.

I will not claim that I am not superstitious. I dare say that I am so, if it is superstition to trust one's senses. For above the sound of the wind—or in spite of it—we heard distinctly in the wide empty night, rising and falling, the clear, far-off call of a woman's voice. It spoke no name, but it rose and fell, dividing the air like a clarion across the lake.

I suppose it is the difference between men and women that men could be misled by a sound like that. My father and brothers ran to a cleared space, listening. Then I heard father say: "Get the horses." But I—young and frightened as I was, and, moreover, a woman,—knew that no horse could run down the voice that called sadly and constantly over the wail of the wind.

"No use gettin' horses," said Nat. "They won't take you to that. It's her."

"It's what?"

"It's her—Edith Fenn."

"Oh, you fool," said my brother Tom, without looking at him, stumbling in search of his horse by the glimmering of the fire that some one was trying to rekindle. Suddenly, "Someone's coming!" he said, pausing and bending to hear. We could indeed distinguish clearly the beat of horse's hoofs.

"Hard riding," said Nat.

Nearer and nearer it came. Then we heard the coughing of the horse and wildly a horse and rider plunged in among us and came to a stand before the fire, the horse tossing his head from the light, and stamping restlessly in spite of the strong grip on his bridle. The man leaned out of his saddle to bring his face down to our level, but he did not take time to dismount. He was a lean, sinewy-muscled man, and he hung in his saddle with the grace only possible to a man who would just as leave fall out of it. On seeing me, perhaps, he drew off his sombrero and showed a fine head. The face, at once both sweet and mocking, was Irish. The expression was boyish, but unspeakably sad. But the eyes were truly unnatural. Nat started up wildly.

"Harry Fenn!" he cried.

"Hello? 's that you, Nat? Edith's mighty sick to-night."

"Sick, is she?"

"She's going to die. I don't know what to do, Nat. Honest I don't. She won't look at me. Mad at Lucy. Lucy never done nothing. Edith won't look at me."

"Harry," said Nat, looking the other in the eyes, "you're off your head. Edith's been under the ground these three years."

The man leaned from his saddle, pleadingly. "Don't blame me for it, Nat," he said, "I'm trying to get back. I done it, but if I could just get back, I'd make it all right with Edith. You see, I want to get back to-night, but Edith, she can't stand Lucy. Hundreds of times I've tried to get back, but this here lake gets in the road. Edith won't let me come and still she keeps calling. I can't stand it, Nat. I tell you I'm going to get back to-night. You'll see!" and he wheeled his horse, striking him with his spur, and was gone. . . .

Three days later, when we arrived at Yavapai, we heard a strange thing. And yet, as I have thought it over, it seems no longer strange, but illuminating. For on the night that we camped at St. Mary's Lake, Harry Fenn, the husband of Edith Fenn, in an Arizona town two hundred and fifty miles away, shot and killed a woman named Lucy Vance, and immediately after shot himself dead. The shooting took place at ten o'clock.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

FRANCIS HUNTER, 1912.

SCENE.

(A college campus on a warm, gray afternoon in March. A tall young man is driving a livery stable horse, weak in the knees. The other person in the carriage is a girl.)

HE (*holding whip and reins in horse-show style*).

“Don’t you admire my technique?”

SHE (*slowly*).

“I was just thinking how ridiculous it looked.”

HE.

“Don’t bite! I act from the kindest of motives—to make up for Pegasus’ deficiencies.”

SHE.

“Making them much worse, like a clean collar on a cannibal! Can’t you whip him up a little while we are on the campus?”

HE.

“Are you ashamed of me, or do you wish to cut a dash before your friends at the window?”

SHE (*with energy*).

“I want to get out of sight of my friends at the window, if you don’t object. They don’t know you, and—oh! do stop holding your whip that silly way and *use* it! Thank heaven, we are through the arch!”
(sighs).

HE.

“You speak as if Sing-Sing, at least were behind you. If such are your feelings I should think three years and a half——”

SHE (*quickly*).

“Oh, no! It’s not that I don’t like college. But it’s such an un-

usual thing for the girls to see a man—turn to the left, please. This is the Black Rock road. I thought you would like it, too. Aren't those grey-stemmed beech trees exquisite against the grey sky?"

HE.

"Rather large stems."

SHE.

"Oh, *trunks*, then, if you will be so exact. But you know that 'grey-trunked' doesn't sound nearly so well."

HE.

"As untruthful as ever. Just as you used to insist last summer that the sea was amethyst instead of plain, honest blue."

SHE.

"But it was—but you are so—"

HE.

Truthful! "Beauty is truth. Truth beauty—"

SHE (*interrupting*).

"Therefore you are beautiful? No, Jimmie, you are a great many nice things, but not that."

HE (*sententiously*).

"But I *am* beautiful in my devotion, in my heroism. I come down here to take you out driving merely because you laid a bet that I wouldn't."

SHE (*coldly*).

"If it takes so much heroism I'm sure you needn't have bothered. I thought you wanted to see my college."

HE.

"Well, perhaps I did, but that howling dining room—you know I didn't come to see *four hundred* girls, however charming—which way now? These roads look equally idyllic—and equally muddy. Shall I toss up?"

SHE.

"I don't know. I've never been as far as this before. Let's take

'Valley Forge, seven and one-half miles.' It sounds so much more cheerful than 'Stoke Pogis.' "

HE.

"But Stoke Pogis is much more romantic and ought, therefore, to appeal to your artistic nature. Besides, it is good for you to give in to me occasionally."

(Whips the horse in the Stoke Pogis direction. The road at first is muddy and tree-bordered, then neat and macadamized, winding through a suburban park, where real estate agents, landscape gardeners, and young architects of the arts and crafts school have run riot. Very new houses are placed at proper intervals, each one "to let," and each one numbered).

SHE.

"Oh, Jimmie! This is Stoke Pogis, and I hate it. Did you ever see such nightmares of houses?"

HE (*calmly*).

"I quite like them. So neat and modern looking. Arts and crafts you know. That black-and-white striped one with the red roof takes my eye. So cheerful."

SHE.

"So hideous! so gaudy! so cheap! I would not live in it for worlds!"

HE.

"Too bad! I was thinking of renting one something on the same style in Jersey, where I could run into the city every morning, and then if I had you for a housekeeper—"

SHE.

"Oh, Jimmie! You can't have me for a housekeeper, dear, though it's lovely of you to *want* me. I'm not fit in the first place, and besides—"

HE.

"If that is all, and you are as fond of me as you ought to be, anyone can learn—what the dickens are we getting into! 'Road to be Macadamized.' If this wobbly old plug doesn't break his legs on these rocks—*whoa, boy!*"

SHE.

"Oh, what a lovely noise it makes under the wheels! Like Crystal Domino sugar rattling."

HE.

"It sounds to me like the gnashing of teeth."

SHE.

"Don't make gloomy comparisons, Jimmie, just because I won't be your 'haus-frau' It's not that I don't love you, but you see——"

HE (*gloomily*).

"Some women——"

SHE.

"Would be glad to keep house for you. Yes, I know. I've seen them. But, Jimmie, say you don't like them as much as you like me. You don't, do you? And do whip Dapple. He is going to sleep."

HE (*firmly*).

"Don't you think it is unreasonable to refuse to live with me and then to make me say that I want no one else?"

SHE.

"No! Oh dear, yes! I suppose I shall have to let you marry sometime because——Jimmie, you are *so* dense! What do you suppose I brought you here to tell you? Can't you guess?"

HE.

"I knew it. I suspected it all along. I knew you were engaged. Are you?" (*She nods, face hidden.*) "Jack Seaton?"

SHE (*nods again*).

"Are you angry?"

HE.

"No" (*doubtfully*).

SHE (*looking up*).

"Jimmie! You're not jealous? Of me? You silly! I will love you exactly as much if I do marry Jack. Mother always said that of all her children you and I always loved each other best, quarreled least, and she thought it was because we were twins! and *you* mustn't let my marriage spoil everything, because *I* won't."

HE (*whips horse*).

THE BUTTERFLY.

HELEN H. PARKHURST, 1911.

Its life was a passion for fragrant things,
Its death was a flutter of folding wings,
Its heaven, than castles of dreams more fair,
For the colors and odors ineffable there.

Its perishing body was food for a flower
Whose rapturous sweetness it fed on before;
Its soul mid pale lights to faint harmonies moved,
Since spirits grow liker the things they have loved.

*THE SONNET AS AN INSTRUMENT FOR THE EXPRESSION
OF INDIVIDUALITY.*

ELSIE DEEMS, 1910.

Every lasting form of verse must have arisen from some poet's real need, and must have gained its right to live by the universality of its appeal to other poets as a satisfying mould for certain clear moods and fancies. This is a natural test, for, as human nature is one and the same the world over, the satisfaction of one man's deepest need should answer the need in all men.

The first great man to whom the sonnet came as the expression of sincerest passion—Dante—wrote out of the deepest need of self-expression, and in the form that came most naturally to him. His emotion arose from deep spiritual causes. Delicately sensitive as he was, his life was the passing from one height of emotion to another. Had he found no outlets for his thought and feeling, it seems that his mind must have become unbalanced. He found them, however, and one of them was the sonnet. "Wherefore, I, having thus oftentimes been at strife within me, wished anew to say some words thereof. . . . and I devised

this sonnet." Poets of all times after his have realized the wonderful possibility in this form into which Dante had put his soul, and the most passionate poets in the world have taken it as the medium of their sincerest utterances.

Upon first glance the sonnet may seem an inadequate medium for individual, passionate emotion. Its very essentials, its brevity and consequent compactness of thought and of structure, its strict singleness of idea and exactness as to meter seem to chain passion rather than to give it wing. Such a judgment is superficial, and at best only a half truth. Read far and wide in the sonnets of the great, forgetting the mere mechanics or followers of the sonnet fashion, and it becomes plain how often men have opened their souls and spoken their deepest thoughts and passions through this very form.

For proof of this we naturally turn, first, to Petrarch, who, through the great number of his sonnets, as well as through their great beauty, earns his right to be known as the master of all later sonneteers. Trying to see at once individuality in the themes of individual sonnets, or in the imagery with which he adorns them, we should doubtless be disappointed. Looking back upon them through the centuries that have conventionalized most that he uttered, we are apt to find a monotonous likeness in them, both among themselves and to all other sonnets of all other poets. Indeed, all sonnets do or must as Petrarch's did, treat in richly figurative ways of admiration, or love, or patriotism, or spiritual meditation, or political exhortation or kindred themes, and while the whole gamut of emotions is within the sonnet range, there are certain stops on which all sonneteers love best to play. It is rather in the delicate adjustment of form to feeling, the subtle touch upon the instrument than in originality of subject that the poet reveals his individuality and power, and especially the shifting of his moods.

xxviii. There is the sonnet of his quietly thoughtful hour, always touched with a little sadness. Take, for an instance, the sonnet beginning

"Alone and pensive, near some desert shore,"

The longing pensiveness begins in the first lines—the set octave that is Petrarch's characteristic form growing up to the end of the eighth line, more and more intense. At the beginning of the sestet it turns as though baffled and subsides in two little waves, the tercets c d e, c d e.

LV. Again, the poet is in a happier mood, praising the bright eyes of his love, that burn within him.

“These are the same bright eyes which ever stand
Burning within me, e'en as vestal fires,
In the singing which my fancy never tires.”

These lines run out at the end cd, ed, c e, like free ripples of joyful admiration.

LXI. At another time a mood of desperate determination rushes over him as his thought blows in. His lines start with the gentler plaint :

“Weary I never was, nor can be e'er,
Lady, while life shall last, of loving you.”

Then they grow bitter, and more bitter, till the pain carries the poet away, and the sonnet ends in a sestet made up of hard, uncompromising couplets—cd, cd, cd. We find this same form again where the poet encourages Stefano Coloma to follow up his victory over the Corsini, ending with the same clear cut couplets.

XCVIII. In contrast to such a mood of violent sorrow stands one of gentle grief. In his wonderful sonnet on leaving Laura for the last time, we have this type. Here the climax of the thought is reached in the words :

“For never yet was look of mortal love
So pure, so tender, so serene as this.”

Then the wave of emotion breaks and subsides in two little waves (c d e, c d e s), leaving an echoing note of tender sadness in the last of the lines :

“Who takes from me my faithful friend away?”

As in the sonnets of happier emotion the irregular arrangement of the sestet adds more brightness. So in the bitter ones it adds to the sense of pain. This is the characteristic flow of the sad lines of many a sonnet to Laura after her death, as in the eighty-first, dying away in

“The hour she died I felt within me death.”

Petrarch naturally falls into the use of such lines when he must exclaim or cry out in his verse. In that sonnet where the memory of the past only adds to his misery, he uses the sestet to reflect all the subtle variations of his mood to close with (cd), then an exclamation of pain (e), then the subsiding dc, and then a last cry of pain (e) :

"How have you sunk me in this abject state!"

Even these few instances may suggest how the sonnet may lend itself to the expression of individual emotions. They explain how the Petrarch's many sonnets on one subject ought not to be tedious when thoughtfully read. Each has its individual turn of thought and feeling; delicately fitted to the poetic form.

In Shakespeare's magic working hands, the sonnet took another form, one more intimately adapted to his own English tongue and his natural way of self-expression. His sonnet meets all the technical demands of the form, no less, indeed, than did Petrarch's, yet is very different, and its possibility for an expressing varied emotions seems at first all the more remarkable because of an added setness of device. His three quatrains, however, no common rhyme to link them together, and only an invariable couplet to bind all at the end, yet the English poet was guided by a sure instinct in making his form, for it expressed all shades of his moods, and gave his sonnet a peculiar charm. So, likewise, Spencer, Sidney, Milton and all of those other poets who varied the poems to fit their needs within its own limits, could find in the sonnet means of natural self-expression.

XXVII. For an interesting contrast of mood expression in Shakespeare's sonnets, there stand close to each other sonnets XXVII and XXIX. In the first, the poet is excited and restless in his love. The lines begin with weariness of toil, and the higher and higher in the excitement of his restless, unhappy thought, each quatrain marking a step higher than the one before it. Then, as though exhausted, they fall back upon the couplet at the end, more weary than in the beginning.

"Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself no quiet find."

XXIX. In the second a very different mood is interpreted. The lines of the first two quatrains begin with the note of despair, and sink deeper and deeper. Then, suddenly, with the third quatrain comes a burst of light in the song of the lark at daybreak. It seems, then, that with almost a leap upward the lines reach the joyful finish:

"For thy sweet love remeber'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

Again, Shakespeare beautifully adapted this form to the narrative expression that was so natural to him. There is a clear example of this

in CLIII and CLIV, the two purely narrative sonnets. In the second of these we may almost feel that we are looking upon a little drama. The first quatrain shows the little love-god lying asleep, and the nymphs passing the spot where he lies. In the second the fairest nymph steals the heart-inflaming brand he has laid beside him. In the third she dips the brand into the cool well, which becomes perpetually hot with love's fire. The couplet at the end stands as a little epilogue containing the moral

" . . . and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love."

Most of the Elizabethian sonnets, as already suggested, modified the sonnet as best suited them, and wrote unusually in this form. But none held so strictly to the one form as did Shakespeare, though Sidney was one who had his very distinct form: two quatrains linked together in three rhymes, the third quatrain introducing the new rhymes, and at the end a couplet. The first two quatrains are according to those of the model Italian sonnet, which form the French also took for their first two quatrains. Frequently, however, his mood breaks over this form completely, and goes even farther than Petrarch, in changing his octave form as well as the sestet form. There are certain of his moods which find outlet in sonnets that seem to come forth in a succession of throbs. Here there are only two rhymed words beside the rhyming words of the end couplet. In such moods he wrote,—

"Come Sleep! O Sleep! the certain knot *of* peace!
The baiting place of wit! the balm *of* woe!
The poor man's wealth! the prisoner's release!
The indifferent judge between the high and low!"

And the famous opening of his series,—

"Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show
That She, dear She! might take some pleare of my pain;
Pleasure might cause her read, reading make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain."

Sidney's usual form is so capable of expressive, varied thought that one almost wonders why he ever left it, even for this very lovely kind of sonnet.

One other distinct Elizabethian form of sonnet expression is that of Spencer. Like Shakespeare, Spencer seldom varied his form, for he

could adapt any mood to it. Through his sonnets his feeling is expressed in closely linked ideas, rising to a climax, and then left, as though held there, by the couplet at the end. The linking is accomplished by the rhyme common to each quatrain, and the one succeeding it. These sonnets seem capable of most beautiful expression of joy. Perhaps on account of the lovely progress of the thought toward its climax. The steps in this progress, on account of the well-knit quatrains, are almost imperceptible, yet we feel that rising tide of emotion. The climax reached, the couplet holds the emotion there, instead of letting it drop to rest at some lower level. Two of these very beautiful sonnets of joyful feeling are IV:

“New Year, forth looking out of Janus’ gate,
Doth seem to promise hope of new delight:”

And LXIV:

“Coming to kiss her lips (such grace I found),
Me seemed, I smelt a garden of sweet flowers.”

And as in these joy and admiration rise to their climax, in the sonnets of pain, the thought grows darker and darker. It seems strange that the poems above can have even an outer form in common with that desolate sonnet:

“Like as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate—”

Yet in its darkness there is still the sweetness and closed-linked, melodious term of thought that is in the sonnets of joy, and that is the soul of the poet.

Many others have written sonnets of real sincerity and beauty; many writers of sonnets, also, who have never been heard of nor their sonnets read by men. And perhaps these are the ideal writers of sonnets, their sonnets ideal, for self-expression is something that is not to be accomplished, surely, for the pleasure of other men, and yet the fact that these greater poets found in the sonnet a fitting expression of their deepest and most intimate emotion has been a blessing to all who have followed them. To those who can write they have given a rarely beautiful medium of expression; to the mute inglorious many who can only feel, they have given an enlarged vision not only of beauty, but of truth and a greater sense of kinship with those who could voice the common human mood.

THE STORM.

AMY GORDON HAMILTON, 1913.

The clouds are leaping through the darkened sky
With maddened winds on-pressing in their track,
For Huntsman Storm is urging on his pack,
And earth a-tremble sees the quarry fly.
Past mountain crags the breathless chase sweeps by.
As sobs a horn from distant hills flung back,
So the proud oak tree, e'er its great heart crack,
Sobs, and the rocks in pity still the cry.

Good storm, if thou wouldest grant to me a steed,
And let me scale the heavens by thy side,
Death were a jest to pay for such a ride!
I would not rein or curb thy headlong speed;
My stirrup cup should touch thine own; thy pride
Is mine. O master, stay and heed!

WRITING IN THE DARK.

HELEN H. PARKHURST, 1911.

“But do tell me,” said Ruth Mayburn, “of course you accepted the offer.” She leaned forward over her teacup, gazing straight at her cousin.

“The offer of the *Banner*? Oh, that reminds me. Did you see Dan’s article last week? It was splendid.” Fay Ware spoke rapidly, and fidgeted with the kettle more than was necessary. She had turned the conversation into another channel, and now kept it there for a few minutes, but Ruth brought it back again.

“You haven’t told me,” she insisted. “I was so pleased when I heard on Sunday that the *Banner* had done it at last, and, of course, you’re on the staff by this time. When did you hear?”

“Just a week ago. I—dear me, how cold it is. I must close the window.”

"Fay, dear, I believe you are not well. You're as pale as a ghost. All that newspaper work has been too much for you. You will wear yourself out, like Winifred. You are so ambitious, just as she was. Poor thing, she was on the staff only six months. And you have accepted, haven't you?" Ruth Mayburn again looked at Fay, and noticed that she seemed to evade her glance.

"Oh, Ruth, yes—no—I *wish* I could tell you!" She sank back into her chair with a little nervous gasp. It was almost dark. Only the blue light of the alcohol lamp and the flaming logs in the grate relieved the gloom. A slow wind moaned outside, making the silence in the room more profound. For what seemed a long time neither spoke, and the fall of a charred log made them both start.

"Ruth, I am very much upset. I hoped to keep it from you, but I wasn't able to, you see. It's not fair for you to be bothered, but—well, I don't believe I can stand it any longer, and I have lived with it three days. Let me get a light. I want to show you something, and then I'll explain." A moment later they were sitting together beside the writing table. Fay held two letters; one of them she handed to Ruth.

"I decided at once, of course," she said. "I think you knew how much I wanted it when Winifred got it last year. We seemed to be always pitted against each other—from the time of college days, and I almost hated her for getting this place on the *Banner*. Well, as I say, I accepted, and this is a copy of what I wrote. That was Thursday night. I didn't send the letter off till next morning. I got a short note saying "we regret that you are unable to accept the position," or something to that effect. You can imagine how utterly bewildered I was. I wrote immediately, asking for my letter if it had not been destroyed. This is what I received.

Fay read as follows:

"My dear Mr. Waters:—

"I was surprised to receive the offer. Nothing could have been farther from my thoughts than that after *that* I should be asked to fill the place. I am unable to accept.

"Very sincerely yours,

"FAY WARE."

"After *what*?" murmured Ruth. "Why, how strange. What made

you, Fay? Or didn't you? But it is your handwriting—and precisely the same paper."

Her companion raised her hands slowly and laid them on her cousin's shoulders. They seemed to clutch at them like talons.

"Yes, it is my paper—and I am convinced that is my handwriting—I defy any one to imitate it—but, Ruth, *I did not write that letter.*" Fay sat just within the circle of light shed by the reading lamp and Ruth looked at her wide, dark eyes and gaunt face. "You look so tired, dear. Do go to bed," she pleaded. Harriet is here, isn't she? I thought so. I will surely come to-morrow. And don't think too much." She kissed her cousin and was gone.

"Jealousy is such a queer thing." Fay raised her eyes to her cousin who came in, according to her promise, at tea time the next day. "But, of course, you don't know—you are spared that. Come and talk to me. I have a fever for talk to-day—and tea; this is my third cup already."

"To the destruction of whatever nerves you happen to have left," rejoined Ruth Mayburn.

"*Nerves*—don't mention them. I have been thinking about Winifred until I feel as if I should scream. I haven't thought of her for weeks—not since her death, and here I have been recalling everything to-day. Of course, it's on account of the *Banner*. Ruth, you must take care of these letters for me. I will get them now. I can't keep them here."

Ruth watched her cousin critically. The experience of yesterday had disturbed her more than she had dared to show. There was no insanity in the family—that she knew. It seemed highly improbable, too, that Fay had written the letters in her sleep. On the other hand, it was preposterous to think it was written by any one else. There was no one in the house but Fay's older sister.

"I do hope you went to bed early last night," she began, partly to break the silence, partly to find out a little about the other's feelings.

"No, I didn't," she confessed, not raising her head as she rummaged among the papers on the desk. "I sat up to read, and I'm not sure, but I must have fallen asleep in here. It was twelve o'clock when I—good heavens! Have I lost my mind? Oh, Ruth!" She held an open letter toward her cousin.

"Dated Thursday, the 12th, that was last night," murmured Ruth, and then read on:

"Dear Mr. Waters:—

"I hope there is no misunderstanding about my feelings. You must realize how impossible it would be for me to take the place now. Besides, I do not dare—the horror comes over me. I beg of you not to renew the offer; I shall never accept it.

"FAY WARE."

"Oh Ruth, Ruth; it is all coming true. The horror has come and never leaves me. What shall I do? You mustn't leave me to-night. You will have to stay."

"Of course," agreed Ruth, but her lips paled as she spoke. "I won't leave you for a moment, and everything will turn out right, of course." But her heart was less confident than her words.

She could not have explained if she had been asked to, what, precisely, she was expecting. Naturally possessed of calm nerves, she was unable to understand her apprehension and actual terror. This was only a rather unusual case of mental activity in sleep. She tried to persuade herself. Fay was worn out, over-stimulated, nervous. She needed rest, that was all. It was very simple, and yet—Ruth thought with an inexplicable horror of the approaching evening. It gave her the sensation of a damp chill air mysteriously blowing upon her from some unseen place. She needed to pull herself together to feel equal to her task—for she had determined to watch through the evening, let Fay grow drowsy over a book, and then wait. Strange what a peculiar dread she had of seeing her cousin write in her sleep. There would be nothing really uncanny about it—absolutely nothing to cause fear.

By eight o'clock the girls had settled down to a long, quiet evening of work. Ruth was doing a translation of a new French book, Fay was reading a collection of stories which she was to review. Outside, the rain fell softly, and within, a small wood fire warmed and half lighted the room. The curtains were drawn closely; the passing half-hours were marked by the mellow chimes of a small clock on the mantel shelf.

"Eleven o'clock. There, I think we have put in quite a respectable evening of work," exclaimed Ruth at length, looking up as the last stroke of the hour died away. She was startled, though for no explicable reason, by finding that her companion was lying back in her chair with hands folded on her closed book. Her eyes were open, but they had the staring, unseeing look of a sleep-walker. Ruth watched with bated breath. She

was certain something was about to happen—though what, she had no idea. Her own breathing seemed all at once so loud that she almost feared it would rouse her companion.

How long they had remained thus—Fay sitting in apparent unconsciousness, she watching her fixedly—she could not tell. It was evidently long enough for her thoughts to grow absorbing in spite of her intense concentration upon the face of her cousin, for a slight movement of Fay's hand started her heart beating violently. She was brought back to a realization of the present that was painfully vivid. Fay's hand wavered uncertainly, reaching out before her as if trying to touch something. Then slowly, unsteadily, she rose. Ruth stifled an exclamation and gripped the arm of her chair. The moment had come at last, and she must bear it.

Fay stumbled forward; she was turning toward the writing table. There was a slight rustle of paper, and then Ruth, coming closer, watched, horrified, as the pen in Fay's tense fingers began to move. These words appeared on the page.

"You cannot escape, you see. Perhaps you didn't understand, but now you will give in. It is not all I can do. You have not seen the extent of my power yet. It won't do any good to follow that tack. I am here. What is more, I shall stay. Dying hasn't put me out of the way. You can't help yourself. Of course, you always hated me, but you didn't know all my feelings about you. I won't disguise it now. You *shall not* have that place. It belongs to me."

Ruth, in an agony of fear, reached forward and grasped the moving pen. It slipped smoothly from her fingers in the cold clutch of Fay's hand, and moved steadily on. The end of the first page was reached. The paper fluttered over as if moved by a wind, and Fay wrote on, her wide, unseeing gaze fixed on the wall before her.

"You won't be so mad as to persist. Remember, I am here, and that place is mine.

"W. A."

The moving hand jerked and stopped. Ruth again reached forward, clutching at the paper. It seemed to slide of its own accord from her grasp, and an instant later lay between Fay's own fingers, which closed mechanically over it. Her head fell forward—a slight shiver ran over her frame, and Ruth was just in time to catch her as she slipped, fainting from her chair.

When, a little later, Ruth came back into the room to re-read the dreadful words she could nowhere find the paper. It had not been in Fay's hand when she left the room, she was sure, but on returning to her cousin she imagined she had been mistaken, for Fay was sitting up in bed reading what she had unconsciously written a few moments before.

"Winifred—I can't say it, but you understand," she faltered, taking Ruth's hand. "You know this explains everything. Let me talk. It won't hurt me, and it relieves my mind. How horrible it is! But I brought it on myself. I almost feel that this thing would not have come to me if I had not laid the way open by my jealousy of *her*. It is retribution. But, oh, the frightful thought is that she is *here*." A strong shudder passed over the girl, and, almost with a wail, she said:

You can't shake *them* off, you know. Nothing to do—nothing."

Fay was growing hysterical, but her cousin finally calmed her to sleep. Then she went back to the sitting room to turn out the light. The fire had burned away to smouldering embers, the lamp flickered half smoking, in the draught that blew through the room. Its flame was red and ugly looking. Ruth turned cold as she passed the writing table, and involuntarily quickened her steps. She could see nothing, hear nothing, but something more than her excited imagination told her that the papers on the table were moving, moving noiselessly as if they had come alive. The terrible thought that she was not alone in the room made her stumble hurriedly forward. A kind of wind that almost possessed substance passed by her, and as she pushed the door violently open there came from the direction of the fireplace a soft rustle. The fire blazed up as if a paper had been thrown into it.

THE VISITATION.

MARION CRANE, 1911.

It had been from the beginning a happy marriage. Arnold Atwill, looking back over the seven years of their life together, could say with truth that he had never once lost his first joy in Helen's presence. He had put aside his book to watch her now, as she sewed in the firelight, sitting slender, erect, her dusky head bent a little, her narrow hands moving swiftly over the soft white stuff on her lap. She looked up with an habitual quick movement that was almost a start, and with a searching glance of her grave eyes. They were remarkable eyes, a little too closely set, and of a dark and opaque blue. Her eyes, and her vivid cheeks and lips, were always challenging attention. Arnold had never yet become wonted to her coloring.

"I wish you would rest sometimes." He expressed an old anxiety over her constant activity. Her deft movements were grateful to his eyes, but they sometimes seemed to him to be a sign of fine nerves overwrought.

"I am not tired, Arnold." She bent her head again over her work. "And I must finish Louie's frock to-night. There are so many things to be done."

Arnold had risen, and stood now beside his wife's chair. He fingered the hem of the little dress. "Louie is getting too big for you to make her frocks, dear. She is almost six."

"But you know how I like doing them." Arnold was conscious of the plea in her voice. He was always trying, very gently, to keep her from overdoing herself for the child, and was always withdrawing reverently from interference with her intense, watchful devotion. She had never forgotten his need for her, but she seemed to have strength and time remaining for an incalculable ardor of motherhood.

Once more he waived the old question. "Louie grows more like you every day, Helen. All her ways—"

Helen broke in upon him quickly. "Don't, Arnold." Her hus-

band was surprised at her vehemence. "You know how much she looks like you. And she has your gentleness. I don't want her to be like me."

Arnold laughed a little, but he drew her close. "Dear heart, you mustn't be so prejudiced."

They were silent for a while. Then Helen rose, gathering up her work. "Well, it is late," she said. Her eyes were tired, as if she had been looking too long at a thing difficult to see. Suddenly she turned away, but not before Arnold had seen that she was weeping. He had not known her to weep since her mother, whom he had never seen, had died in Italy two years before.

He made a quick movement toward her. "Why, Helen, you *are* tired."

"Oh, Arnold," she gave herself up for a minute. "I am afraid—afraid."

"What is it, Helen?" Arnold bent over her tenderly.

"Nothing. I am quite well. I *am* a little tired. I heard a noise to-day—something in the street that startled me. I hardly know what I am saying." She straightened herself up with a little shiver, and smiled bravely, declaring herself quite able to go upstairs.

Arnold felt somehow that she wanted to be alone. He sat long over the library fire, reproaching himself for not having seen long ago how tired Helen had become.

She needed a change. To-morrow he would arrange for a southern trip. They must leave Louie with her nurse, and get away before Helen broke down completely. Hers was a temperament repressed and yet excitable. She did not make confidences. In all these seven years he had known very little of her inward struggles and trials. He had almost taken it for granted that she had none. She had seemed to him like a swift air-spirit, soaring above the petty annoyances of everyday life. He might have taken it for granted that she was after all affected by mortal changes and chances. Perhaps her mother's death was still a grief to her. She had never told him the details of the illness. He had fancied that mother and daughter were not very closely bound together, since Helen had lived her girlhood through with an old aunt.

Suddenly, athwart his musings, he caught a faint sound. He sprang to his feet. For in the same moment it rose to a wild abandoned cry, filling the whole house—a terrible cry as of an animal in mortal pain.

Almost before it had ceased he was out of the room—up the stairs. He met his wife at the door of the nursery. “Helen! are you safe? Where is Louie? Helen! what was it?” It was all said in one breath. Then he stopped short. Helen was looking at him with her strange, grave eyes. She was quite white, but her voice was steady. “Why, Arnold, how you frightened me! What is the matter? I was attending to Louie. What do you mean?”

Arnold Atwill gave small attention to legal matters next morning. He received no visitors in his office, and spent the morning arranging for a trip to Florida, and going over in his mind the events of the previous evening. After recovering from his first alarm, he had questioned Helen carefully, refraining as much as possible from betraying his anxiety. It was evident that she had not heard the cry. Moreover, Louie had not been waked, and none of the servants had been aroused. He tried to persuade himself that he had been asleep, and that the whole thing had been a dream, but he could remember his very thought at the moment of its happening. Perhaps in the stillness he had exaggerated some noise of the street.

At any rate, there was all the more necessity for getting Helen away. The thought of her, except for Louie and the servants, alone in the house, made him decide to go home for lunch. He called her up in midforenoon and was struck by the strained, unnatural tone in which she answered his eager questions. Clearly she was near to the breaking point. The up-town car seemed to cover distance very slowly. A hot lump of impatience burned in his throat, and he counted the blocks which still remained until he arrived at his destination.

Helen was standing in the hall as he opened the door. She must have seen his approach, have heard the click of his key in the lock, but she started at the sight of him. She was pale, and her eyes were very bright. She kissed her husband passionately and spoke to him in a curiously dull tone.

“I am glad you have come now, Arnold. I—have something to tell you—Louie is asleep. I—”

They had turned together toward the library. Arnold had thrown his arm about her shoulders and she leaned toward him a little. At the threshold they stopped short. For from that room, bright with the pleasant sunshine of high noon, came a curious moaning noise, and then,

quick following, the same wild cry that had started Arnold the night before. That Helen had heard it there could be no doubt. She drew away from her husband, stood transfixed. Arnold leaped past her into the room. There was nothing there. A song sparrow piped in the vine outside the window.

Arnold turned back quickly to his wife, but stopped without a word at sight of her face. It was lined with suffering, with terrible determination, but there was no fear in it. She began to speak in an even tone, making at the same time a gesture of refusal.

"Arnold—you must not come near—until I have told you. Arnold, that is my mother's voice. I heard it last night—yesterday. I heard it often—when I was a girl. She died insane. Her mother died insane. I shall also be mad. It is in the blood. I never told you. It was too hard. But at last I waited too long. And so this has been sent to us. I have told—it will not come again. But Louie—"

Her voice suddenly failed. She sank to the floor just as Arnold sprang forward to save her. She raised her head with an effort. Her face was full of an unuttered plea, and Arnold answered it by a long silent embrace. For one brief instant he forgot his fear, his fatherhood, in pity and love. Then with a sudden access of terror he knew that Helen's life had been crushed out under its burden of remorse. At the same time he heard a child's voice, and Louie stood in the doorway, a little maid with grave, dark eyes—too closely set.

GAUDEAMUS.

Among the faults with which, as Bryn Mawr students, we have to charge ourselves—and of those a cursory examination of these editorial columns should disclose a fair number—indifference to our faults cannot justly, I think, be counted. Since my first freshman surprise at the quantity of “divine”—or at least highly creditable—discontent which a place seemingly so pleasant could inspire in the minds of those acclimated therein, I have steadily grown in sympathy with the spirit that can strive so jealously to trim the lamp of learning that its flame may burn ever brighter, to brush off the smallest speck that could tarnish the clear escutcheon of our college. I have even bent my own energies to the discerning on that fair shield of some faint blurs that might possibly escape detection; but now it occurs to me that even the passion for self-improvement, corporate and individual, may claim too exclusive a sway. The familiar type of the tyrannously critical conscience is the housewife who, in the balmy days of spring, is overmuch engrossed with her house-cleaning to have a thought to spare for the woods and fields. To such was the wise admonition addressed, “Dust will keep, but violets won’t.” I have sometimes fancied that in our zeal for perfection we took our very pleasures—plays and May-pole dances—a bit sadly. Up, then! What though perfection, immaculate and entire, hover still in the region of the ideal? Spring is here,—a Bryn Mawr spring. Easter comes to bid us say, with a merrier intonation than the mournful old Preacher, “Let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth.”

“All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.”

C. I. C.

EDITORIALS.

Are we the happiest people in the world? Perhaps not; but taking us for the sort of people we are—and mind you, we are a very nice sort, though inclined to take our blessings a bit soberly—we are as happy here, and happier, than we could be any place else. Some of us are too conscientious to be happy in a world which we know is so full of misery, but there are some who prefer not to add their own to the world's wretchedness. Happiness isn't exactly the kind of thing one gets up in the morning and resolves to be that day, nor do you ask yourself anxiously at night, "Have I been happy to-day?" To use our imaginations, is the nearest we can get to a recipe, if we also let our duties go hang themselves. Hang themselves as duties, be it understood, but rise again in the glorified forms of lazy-man's pleasures.

For such duties as we have to perform are susceptible of being made pleasures of. Take, for instance, this editorial. In the way of duty nothing could be worse than to write an editorial, except, possibly, to read one. You have to be so careful about your grammar and logic and the reader's feelings, and the good of the college. It is only a pleasure to write an editorial when you can forget all that, as I am doing. Now, the reader's plain duty is to criticise so critical a person and dig out what the editor evidently intended for an idea. She knows the editor buries his seedling ideas in TIP, hoping they will blossom forth into public opinion. She knows they are not ideas at all, but only editorials; and that she *ought* immediately to expose them or leave them to perish for want of attention.

But now with our new spring principles we shall abandon ideas and grammar and the reformatory spirit. Instead, let us chant in chorus how happy we are or ought to be. For have we not attained the world's ideal for a habitation? Are not we Utopians? Here in the midst of the great noisy world they have planted us a little close and walled it off from age and death and sorrow. Here we are privileged—we few—to gather and scatter garnered wisdom, to glean the past that the present may be rich. We can play here at being academics; we can pretend that learning is a serious business, and that we know how wicked and miserable a place the earth is.

But in the spring time let us drop even our grown-up play. For the days are long and pleasant, and we have friends to be friendly with, and the grass to lie on. And is not the campus turning green, and are not the violets about to come up?

G. B. B.

The lost Tip.—The editors declare that the lateness of the March issue of this magazine was not their fault. While yet in MS. the March TIPYN o'BOB wandered for two weeks in the express between Bryn Mawr and Philadelphia.

DULCI FISTULA

ROSALIND MASON, '11, *Editor.*

SPRING.

Spring, sweet spring, the year's pleasant king,
I've flunked everything, my woe is deepening.
Exam cards are the thing, much money I bring,
Flunk, flunk, work, work, cheer up, and dry your eyes.

Four gym drills a day, or fearful fines to pay.
Practice for a play to bring in the May.
Three quizzes Monday, finals not far away.
Spring, *sweet* spring.

R. M., '11.

MAY-DAY.

The time is passing swiftly on
And May-day drawing near,
The parts assigned, the costumes made,
Rehearsals meet the ear.
And yet how sad it is to think
Of those whose sighs are smothered
And know that there are many stars
Who still lie undiscovered,
Or worse, for if not lost to view,
We know their light's perverted
From that true field where it should shine
And somewhere else inserted.

M. A. M., '12.

A TRAGEDY OF TRANSPORTATION.

Last month a fearful thing occurred; yes, to my certain knowledge
By all means the most fearful thing since I have been in college.
When the usual week in which the Tips are handed round drew near,
There was weeping, yes, and wailing, for those Tips did not appear.
The editors were frantic for the darlings of their pen,
The college craved diversion intellectual; and then
Those who had paid their money for a jolly monthly cuss
Had nothing left to criticise; and all in all the fuss
Made the Paris flood seem puerile and paltry; now I pause
To rally my vocabulary to describe the cause.
One evening in the package office after 6 o'clock
Three men remained behind, ostensibly to count the stock.
But, once alone, and their purpose was a very different thing.
Swift, stealthily and silently they formed into a ring
Upon their knees around a box, and with rapacious glee
Began to rip and rend the wood, the contents for to see.
Full soon the battered boards all lay upon the floor in chips
And to their avid eyes there stood disclosed their long sought Tips.
(For know that in this land of freedom and equality
Our expressmen stand on just as high a mental plane as we.)
They clutched the precious volumes, and close to the lantern dark
Embarked with ghoulish pleasure on their academic lark.
Editorials and Dulci, poems and tales of problems deep
Followed each in quick succession, till of a sudden one did leap
Upon his feet, and to his comrades told his dreadful fear.
They listened, and were certain that an enemy was near.
In less than half a minute they had seized their treasure trove
With unquestioning unanimity, thrust it in the office stove,
Then fled; and now the sad results of crime the reader sees.
The Adams Express Company's lost three good employes,
Three poor men fleeing justice; but of all results the worst
Is, at B. M. C., the awful state of literary thirst.

A. M. W., '11.

PSYCHOLOGY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

“Oh where,” the anxious student cried,
 “O where, O where can be
 The only blessed thing I pride
 My other self, my me.

In psych this morning I was told
 That I and others, too,
 Possess two selves, one shy, one bold,
 To each I have a special cue.

But every day at nine o'clock
 My psycho self escapes,
 And on the green, around the block,
 It trips and leaves no fringe or tapes.

Then where, O stranger, can I go
 To seek my other self
 But in the room of Monte & Co.,
 Upon the upper shelf.

M. D. W., '12.

SONG OF THE TRACK MEET.

Tune: “Bonnie, Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond.”

Up yon bonnie ropes and o'er yon bonnie bars,
 With the mattress lying below them,
 Where me and me red class were wont to shine like stars
 On the bonnie, bonnie floor of the New Gym,
 Oh, you'll take the high jump and I'll take the low jump,
 And I'll put the shot way beyond you,
 For me and me red class will win the meet again
 On the bonnie, bonnie floor of the New Gym.

(Signed) G

B., '09.

E., '12.

S., '12.

A REASON.

My room is very neat these days,
Reformed are my untidy ways.
My shoes are not upon the bed,
My gown not o'er the table spread.
You see no coats or sweaters there
Filling the only rocking chair.
I'm not the way I *used* to be,
I leave no cups out after tea.
My clothes do not lie round in heaps
So that you cross the room in leaps.
No fencing foils are on the floor,
Gone are the books behind the door.
Not e'en a gym belt's lying round—
My things are in the Lost and Found.

R. M., '11.

KISMET.

What, without warning, whither hurried hence,—
A curious tasting tuff, I know not whence?
I did but lay my fork upon my plate
And now 'tis gone. I weep my lack of sense.

The moving figure waits, gives each a bit.
Moves on, nor all your blandishments and wit
Can bring her back to give a second help,
Nor all your tears increase the size of it.

A. L. M., '11.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Owing to a temporary lapse on the part of the athletic editor, the Athletic Notes were omitted from the March Tip. With due apologies, the following brief summary of the intervening activities is respectfully submitted: The swimming meet was won by the class of 1910, with 34 points, the class of 1913 taking second place with 30 points, and the class of 1912 third place with 16 points. First place for individual points was won by E. Elmer, 1913, 21 points; second place by C. Ware, 1910, 14 points; third place by D. Ashton, 1910, 11 points. Records were broken by Elmer in the 68-foot swim on front, which she did in $17\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, and in the 136-foot swim on front, which she did in 43 seconds. Elmer uses the crawl stroke, which, together with diving, is being taught to authorized swimmers in College by Mr. Bishop of Haverford School. The athletic association gave two free classes, open to authorized swimmers, under Mr. Bishop's direction. Since that time he has been giving special lessons to groups of three swimmers, at one dollar a group. It is expected that next year's swimming meet will disclose to every one's satisfaction the results of Mr. Bishop's training.

The track meets were held on February 25th and March 4th. The winner was the class of 1911, by 52 points. 1913 came in second with 36 points. The individual cup was won by H. Emerson, 1911, with 29 points. Records were broken by Emerson in the three broad jumps and in the hop, skip and jump.

The audience, which at track meets has aforetime limited its activities to cheers and to sympathetic agitation of feet at the psychological moment of a jump, broke all precedent by bursting into song between events, so that an exceptionally large amount of spirit was infused into the occasion.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

'98. The class of 1898 has been deprived by death of one of its members, Juliet Catherine Baldwin, of Baltimore.

Elizabeth Gleim Guilford was married January 11, 1910, to Mr. John Lindsay Prestley, of Pittsburg.

- '93. Ethel Mathews Girdwood has been married to Mr. George Peirce, of Haverford.
- '10. The engagement is announced of Gertrude Kingsbacher to Mr. Elias Sunstein, and of Edna Hortense Steinbach to Mr. Marshall Coyne.
- '11. The engagement is announced of Gertrude Long Gimbel to Mr. Edwin Dannenbaum.

Among recent visitors at college have been Helen Williston Smith, '06; Louise Foley, '08; Anna Platt, Cynthia Maria Wesson, Anna Elizabeth Harlan, Mary Frances Nearing, Grace La Pierre Wooldridge, Annie Leslie Whitney, '09; Mary Frank Case, Mary Kilner, Iola Merle Seeds, '11.

TIPYN O' BOB

FURNITURE CURTAINS WALL PAPERS

ALL of the new patterns of furniture, curtains and upholstery goods are now ready and we will be glad to show them.

We also have many inexpensive wall papers and fabrics of beautiful designs and can submit sketches and estimates for decorating and furnishing homes or rooms.

KARCHER & REHN COMPANY

1608-1610 CHESTNUT STREET

 NOBLE & LINCOLN
1635
CHESTNUT STREET
A full line of Imported
Novelties in Bonnets, Toques, and Hats

MOURNING A SPECIALTY

IRMA MARCH

Importer of Fine Millinery

AT MODERATE PRICES

1505 WALNUT STREET

LEADING MILLINERY HOUSE OF PHILADELPHIA

Announcement of Individuality in Spring Merchandise

TRIMMED MILLINERY—LATEST MODELS FROM BEST MAKERS

Novelties	Laces	Veilings	Ribbons
Velvets	Neckwear	French Jewelry	French Underwear
	Corsets	Hosiery and Underwear	

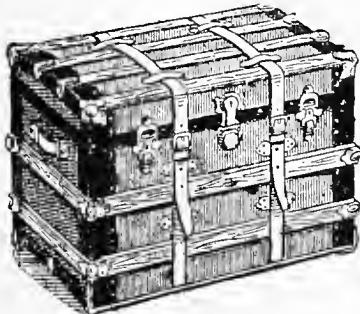
NECK FIXINGS and NOTIONS

RIBBONS and VEILINGS

GEORGE ALLEN, Inc., 1214 Chesnut St.

TRIMMINGS, LACES, GARNITURES

SPECIAL VALUES
in
Trunks, Bags and Suit-Cases



All Kinds of Hand-Luggage
We have a Special Department for
the repairing of Trunks, Bags, Suit-
Cases and all Kinds of hand-luggage.

EDWARD L. POWERS
Harness and Saddlery
903-905 Lancaster Avenue
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

LEWANDOS
Americas Greatest Dyers
Cleansers and Launderers

FOR THE HOME
Furniture Covering Portieres Draperies
Embroideries Linens Rugs Blankets
Laces Muslin Curtains Silks Satins
Cotton etc

FOR WOMEN
Suits Ribbons etc Feathers
Gloves Real Laces Gowns
Coats

LEWANDOS
1633 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA
EMMA FOSTER Agent Pembroke East



THE CHOICEST FLOWERS

for every occasion will be found
here. Instant delivery from finest
blooms. Telephone your orders.
Prices optional.

ROBERT KIFT, Florist
1725 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ART NEEDLE WORK
Stamping and Embroidery Materials

THE J. O. BENTLEY CO.,
812 Arch Street - Philadelphia



MAURICE BARNETT
CURIOS THINGS,
JEWELRY, CHINA and ANTIQUES

26 South 18th Street
PHILADELPHIA

BRYN MAWR HARDWARE COMPANY

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦
**Hardware, Cutlery
and House-Furnishing Goods**

E. M. FENNER CONFECTIONER

ICE CREAM AND ICES
FROZEN FRUITS, CHOICE CONFECTIONERS
HOME-MADE JELLIES and CANNED FRUITS

BRYN MAWR, PA.

ARDMORE, PA.

Miss Helen R. Gill

is exhibiting the latest Parisian Models in

FRENCH MILLINERY

with a choice collection of Original Designs at
ATTRACTIVE PRICES

1217 Walnut Street **Philadelphia**
Established 1862

C. D. EDWARDS

CONFECTIONER

Chocolate Layer Cake a Specialty
Ice Cream and Ices Fine Fancy Cakes
Ramsey Building, Lancaster Avenue
Telephone Connection *Bryn Mawr, Pa.*

WILLIAM H. RAMSEY

DEALER IN

Choice Recleaned Oats, Flour, Feed, Baled Hay and
Straw, Groceries, etc., Hardware, Paints, Oils, etc.

BRYN MAWR

JOHN J. CONNELLY

Florist

Cut Flowers and
Decorative Plants



Telephone
252 L

Lancaster Ave., ROSEMONT, PA.

The Bryn Mawr Pharmacies

OLDEST AND RELIABLE

Pure Drugs and Toilet Requisites. All Kinds of
Stationery. Prescriptions a Specialty.

Goods Delivered Promptly

Established 1884

CHRISTIAN MOORE

PRICKITT

The reliable Apothecary of ROSEMONT and
BRYN MAWR has been authorized to furnish the
College Students with Drugs, etc. All prescriptions
are compounded by competent graduates only.

Messenger calls at each hall, at 11 a.m. daily.

PHARMACIES

BRYN MAWR

ROSEMONT

Careful Handling and Quality

Wilson Laundry

Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

COSTUMES, WIGS, ETC.

for

Class Plays and May Day Fêtes

Made to order or from our regular stock

VAN HORN & SON

10 So. Tenth St.

Est. 1852

Boys' and Misses' Sailor Suits a specialty

Ladies' Tailor made Suits and

Riding Habits

Boys' and Young Men's Norfolk, Sack
and Tuxedo Suits

MEN'S DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR

MADE TO ORDER ONLY
NO AGENCIES

PETER THOMSON

Naval and Merchant Tailor

1118 Walnut Street
Philadelphia

14 and 16 W. 33d Street
New York

Intercollegiate Bureau
of Academic Costume

COTRELL & LEONARD
ALBANY, N. Y.



Makers of

*CAPS, GOWNS
and HOODS*

To the American Colleges
and Universities

Bulletins, etc., upon request

Correspondence Solicited

Rich Gowns for Faculties, Pulpit and Bench

Dry Goods and
Notions

Ladies' and Gents'
Furnishing Goods



Miss McNally



Ramsey Block
Lancaster Ave.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

H. D. REESE

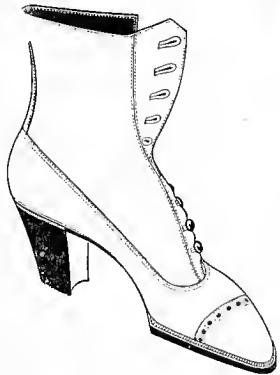
Dealer in the Finest Quality of
**BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, LAMB
AND SMOKED MEATS**

1203 Filbert Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

TIPYN O' BOB



New Street Boots for Young Women, \$4 and \$5

Distinctive styles and shapes,
showing perfection of finish
down to the smallest detail

All Leathers—Button or Lace

HANAN & SON

1318 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HOSIERY
and
SHOES

Shoes of Individuality for Young Women

Correct Styles, combining taste and comfort to a degree
attained by no others

J. & T. COUSINS

1226 Chestnut Street

Philadelphia

Mexican Indian Blankets

THE NEWEST THING FOR YOUR COLLEGE ROOM,
Den, Library or Music Room; for Canoes, Rugs, Couch Covers,
Portieres and Wall Decorations

7 ft. 8 in. x 3 ft. 10 in.
\$5.00

6 ft. 8 in. x 3 ft. 4 in.
\$3.50

5 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 8 in.
\$2.50

The set of three (one
of each size) for
\$10.00



Gorgeous Color
Effects

Beautiful
Designs

Select your favorite
background color:
Crimson, Blue,
Red, Green, White,
Black

Silk Scarfs

The most beautiful Mexican Hand-Drawn Head Scarf. Made of
finest pure silks. Colors: White, Blue, Cream, Red, Black or any
special color desired. The only Proper Thing for Theatre, Opera,
Dance or any Evening Wear

Price, \$10.00

Sent Anywhere, Carriage Prepaid, on Receipt of Price
Order To-day. Money Back If You Want It

MEXICAN BLANKET COMPANY
AGUASCALIENTES, MEXICO

Correct Slippers

for the

Debutante

\$4.00 up

Steigerwalt

1004 Chestnut Street



PRESS OF
THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
1006-1016 ARCH STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

May, 1910

MAY 3 '10

Tipyn o' Bob

Contents

In Defense of the Past	Ruth George, '10	1
The Secret Altar	C. I. Claflin, '11	4
Unsatisfied	Helen Parkhurst, '11	8
"A House Divided"	Francis Hunter, '12	8
College Conversations	Grace Branham, '10	15
The Sport	Margaret Prussing, '11	19
Editorials		24
Dulci Fistula		27
Alumnae Notes		31
College Notes		31



Tipyn o'Bob

Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.

VOL. VII

MAY, 1910

No. 7

Managing Editors.

GRACE BAGNALL BRANHAM, '10, *Editor-in-Chief.*
RUTH GEORGE, '10. HELEN PARKHURST, '11.

Editors.

CHARLOTTE ISABEL CLAFLIN, '11. MARION CRANE, '11.
MARJORIE THOMPSON, '12. ROSALIND MASON, '11, *Editor "Dulci Fistula."*

Business Board.

KATE ETHEL CHAMBERS, '11, *Business Manager.*
LOUISE STERNBERG RUSSELL, '11, *Treasurer.*
HELEN BARBER, '12, *Assistant Business Manager.*

IN DEFENSE OF THE PAST.

RUTH GEORGE, 1910.

I believe it has long been cast up to the memory of Jean Jacques Rousseau as a great "sell" that he wrote his essays on the education of children while his own five or six were wearing blue-checked pinafores in a home for foundlings. This little inconsistency of Monsieur Rousseau's provides us, however, an illustration—the classic illustration of that perversity of human nature which flies to espouse the cause of the virtues it lacks, or at least the perversity which decries in a loud voice the vices which it does not lack, and of which it may or may not be conscious. In other words, theories of education, like any other kind of theories, may be avowed none the less conscientiously, and all the more violently, for that those who avow them have personal habits that

are but pitiful recommendations of the theories. So Rousseau thought, and so I think. Only cowards are afraid to throw stones because they live in glass houses.

Being of a more or less vicious temper, I have accumulated, off and on, quite a handful of stones for hurling against the propositions and claims of that variety of literature which appears to desire the open confusion of the strictures and restraints which most of us, so I suppose, can point back to, some place in our own education, or in that of our ancestors. For almost every one appears to have had some sort of stern-minded disciplinarian mixed up with his past—a sectarian grandparent, or at least a maiden great-aunt who made life weary for him by some variety of corrective tortures, usually of a religious nature—of which a proscribed memorising of Scripture or catechism appear to be generally attested the most irksome. Indeed, if we may trust modern fiction, no inconsiderable fraction of our population have had their childhood's happiness blighted and their nervous systems permanently wrecked by a too thoughtlessly enforced attendance upon a Sunday-school for one hour a week thirty or forty years ago, or by a malign insistence upon the doctrine of election. An over-rigorous bringing up is the loop-hole by which almost any villain may wriggle into the kingdom of heaven to a warm welcome. Any surly old gentleman and any ill-natured woman who haven't the courage to fight the battles of their own dispositions need only claim a Calvinist uncle, and promptly read their title clear to mansions in the skies. It is easy to grow compassionate over one's own youth. As one looks back over one's childhood, it does seem sometimes as if a half dozen nights of being afraid after the lamp was put out, when one couldn't forget stealing the jam that was sure to be missed next day, were a whole childhood of agonised wrestlings with God and the Powers of Destiny because of the inscrutable mystery of the doctrine of eternal damnation, as heartlessly, or even malignantly set forth by a Sunday-school teacher. At twenty years distance one might forget that mother next day loomed about as fearful as God at the end of the world.

I do not mean to say that mistakes were not made under the old dispensation of "thou shalt not." Offences must needs come—and this simply because the whole problem of life is to perfect one's self through the mastery of offences. That is what we are here for. But if we are going to stop every time we come up against a rock of offence to con-

sider why our parents left it there, we may get a prize for solving the problems of their life, but we'll probably never get one for solving the problem of our own. And if God gave some men such awfully bad parents as they beg and beseech the world to believe, in the public press—then surely He will be satisfied with them if they merely untangle their own little gnarled skein.

We are told that one should never say "don't" to a child. If the child makes known his intention to put his fingers into the fire, he is, on the contrary, to be urged to put them into a bowl of water or milk or other harmless substance. I do not presume to say that it is not a good rule, that of never saying "don't." It is a rule that presupposes a natural state which to my mind does not exist; but to those who believe that evil is only a negative quality which one may hope to evade by merely ignoring—to those this method of education must make a very reasonable appeal. But the fact remains that, whatever one believes about these two methods of training—a free and a prohibitive (I do not speak technically, being unable, but I hope clearly enough) whatever one may believe it is only fair to give both methods fair play; and that method which I have begun by calling "disciplinary" or "prohibitive" will never have fair play while sentimentalists write our fiction and our essays.

By what right do the sickly complaints of defective and abnormal characters obtrude themselves so completely into our popular fiction that the conscientious and unselfish—even though often mistaken—principles of the men and women to whom we owe the national characteristics of which we are so proud are become the end of the polite amusement of the present generation?

Does it appear fair to allow a cheap and upstart literature to ridicule in our hearing the scruples—even though we have outlived them—of a Quaker who thinks a flute an instrument of the devil, or a Puritan who believes that novel readers go, untried, to hell?

Of course that sort of tawdry broadmindedness is a tarnished tinsel which educated people have no need to affect—and probably never do. But in these days of many magazines one does well, I think, to observe early that authors who insist upon introducing clergymen to perform the systematic swindling of their helpless orphans would appear to have had either a very unfortunate, or a quite unnecessarily limited acquaintance with the profession; and that authors who dress all their good people in soiled linen are directly immoral.

THE SECRET ALTAR.

C. I. CLAFLIN, 1911.

“μή ποτ', ω δέοποιν', ἐπ' ἐμοὶ¹
χρυσέων τόξων ἐφείης
ἰμέρψ χρίσασ' ἀφυκτον οἰστόν.”

The first full morning sun turned the Aegean to a sheet of shimmering gold. Through the sparse brown grass it searched out the marble ribs of the promontory on which two young men sat at breakfast. One might have been thirty, the other a few years less; their clean-cut English faces were alight with youth, and health, and hope.

“To-day ought to clinch matters, don't you think?” said the younger.

“Yes, now that we're on the right track. If only it were earlier in the season,—but you would stick to your precious natives.”

“My faith in local tradition *has* received a shock. You were right in the first place. A sailors' temple would have to stand on a headland,—and sailors are proverbially light of love,—hence Aphrodite.”

“She's Phoenician, too,—and we know the Phoenicians touched here. It's in the direct line of trade.” Their eyes travelled together to where Cyprus hung like a cloud on the southern sky.

“What's the matter with those fellows?” They looked toward the group of workmen gathered at a little distance round the fire which was sending up its plume of smoke into the fresh breeze.

“They seem to be having a heated discussion. Suppose you call Vassili, Carrington, and ask him what the row's about.”

Hailed—by the younger man—as Vassili, one of the disputants reluctantly withdrew from a debate in which the advantage in vehemence, if not in number, seemed to be with him. Once or twice on the way over he paused to turn back and shake his fist.

“What does he say, Carrington?”

“He says all islanders are rascals.” Vassili's white fustanella distinguished him as a Greek of the mainland from the islanders in their

baggy blue and red trousers. "He says,—by Jove, Blake, this is interesting."

"What?"

Carrington heard Vassili to the end and dismissed him before replying.

"It seemed the place is unlucky,—cursed, or something like that. One of them remembers a story he heard from his grandfather about a man who dug here for treasure. They found him the next morning stark mad. A few days after he escaped from his keepers. His body was washed ashore."

"That explains why they tried to mislead us."

"It does more than that. Do you remember that half line of Bacchylides,—'Aphrodite who makes men mad,'—and the altar somewhere in the islands that no one was supposed to see? Come, let's get to work"

"The men must be in a blue funk."

"They shall work if I have to stand over them with a horsewhip." Carrington was as good as his word. With cajoling and abuse he urged the men forward, himself wielding his spade with the best. A few hours sufficed to reveal the lines of a temple, small, and facing seaward. Excavation of the rear end had only begun when the men struck work for their noonday rest. Carrington insisted on continuing alone, a solitary figure, swiftly stooping and rising in the glare of the sun. At length a cry of exultation brought Blake to the spot. He found him tenderly clearing the earth from about a large altar, which lay on its side. The damp mould clung to the surface, but enough of the carving which incrusted it was visible to give unmistakable tokens of the cult of Aphrodite.

For a moment the men looked down in silence, then shook hands. Half an hour later, when the workmen had been dismissed for a holiday, they lighted their pipes and lay down in the shade of a rock. A little food had satisfied Carrington; still flushed, he talked feverishly of this, their first real victory. Not the scientific, but the imaginative significance of the find interested him most. The mysterious altar, to which faint whisperings of tradition had pointed them, reminded him of a score of grisly stories picked up in rambling journeys,—memories of old and cruel worships, traces of strange superstition, in which Aphrodite especially bore an evil name.

"What is she anyhow," he asked,—"the sudden storm that brings

shipwreck? the power that makes sport of men's lives? Something, at least, that strikes without warning and without escape.

“‘Μῆ ποτ’, ὁσέ σπουν’”

“What's that you're muttering?”

“A chorus—ending from Euripides.”

“You have the romantic temperament, Carrington,—a bad case, I should say. What made you go into classics?”

“Just that, I fancy. At school I always saw the light and color behind the lines we had to construe; I felt a fascination that drew me over here, as soon as I was free, to follow the chase for myself. Sometime, I have always dreamed, I should find out the heart of that lost life, —evoke the spirit of the past from the ruins. To-day, somehow, I feel as if I had touched the mystery. The earth has yielded up her secrets, who knows what may follow?”

“You're over-excited. Go to sleep.”

Sleep came to them early that night, spent with the fatigue of the day. Slowly, for Carrington, the black curtain wore thin; there was a light beyond it, a sound like the rushing of water. At last he was clearly aware of himself, in the midst of a mead full of golden flowers. A kind of intoxication, rich, perturbing, swayed his senses. Then she came toward him, the smiling, terrible goddess; and he could not flee, but stayed, as the charmed bird waits the advance of the snake. Her beauty irradiated the place like a lamp, a splendor more dazzling than sunlight streamed from her arms, from her breast, from her eyes. In her glance as she bent it upon him there was nothing of anger, only still cold mirth; but a shiver spread through his limbs until she paused. Then he knew that the horror in him had become desire,—all the desire of the world pouring itself through him. He sprang forward; she receded from before him, the smile on her lips still mocking, still inviting. He fell on his face, and woke.

“What ails you, man?” Blake was shouting. “Is it nightmare? Wake up!”

Dazed, he sat up in the cold light of the dawn. His confused account of his dream made Blake grave.

“You've brooded too long on this stuff,” he said. “Don't work to-day.”

“Perhaps it will come again.”

"Not if you look out for yourself. Why, you don't want it to!" Something in the boy's strained, white face startled him.

"No,—how do I know?"

"You're ill. What do you mean?" But Carrington could give no clear account of himself. He dressed and ate with the same fixed look in his eyes, now and again looking round him with a start, as if he felt a foreign presence. Slowly the mood dissipated itself; he laughed again, and talked naturally. When the oppression seemed to have been lifted Blake made him lie down while he directed the work, returning now and then to the spot.

He was just about to make one of these visits when a cry made him turn. It was a sound unlike any he had ever heard,—wild, high, but thrilling with an unmistakable note of joy. A moment later, and he caught sight of Carrington running at full speed toward the brow of the cliff. Dashing after him, he called again and again with all his strength. Unhearing, the fugitive outstripped him; just ere he reached the brink he cried once more. The breeze carried back no English word; *θeā! θeā!* was the sound. With arms outstretched, he plunged into the void.

On the face when they drew him from the water there was no trace of pain. Rather it was a look of gladness that the features held, the satisfaction of one who has attained.

UNSATISFIED.

HELEN PARKHURST, 1911.

Oh voyager, why grieve to-day,
With haven won on foreign shore,
And sails furled? O'er the misty way
Thou need'st not fare forevermore.

Why, runner, with such wistful smile,
Thy labour done, receivest thou
The crown, so coveted awhile,
Like ardent flame upon thy brow?

Wherefore this pain of tears unwept,
Thou dreamer, who dost now behold
Beyond our guess what dreams have slept,
Unapprehended from of old?

Is it so sad to quench desire
By winning? Whence this love of ours
For unattainéd moons' pale fire,
And fragrances of hidden flowers?

"A HOUSE DIVIDED."

FRANCES HUNTER, 1912.

"Well-to-do bachelor, 41, jeweller, wishes to correspond with a lady of 35 with a view to matrimony. Picture sent on request. Address Oscar Kemble, Box 306, Saugerties, N. Y."

For a month Oscar had watched the appearance and re-appearance of this dry, unblushing announcement in the "Personal Column" that

he had so often read with interest, but never with the hot flush of personal ownership. And here at last was the unlooked-for answer,—for what could it be but an answer—this letter addressed to Mr. Oscar Kemble, in the handwriting of one who has learned the art from a copy book in a district school and has never practised it since. Oscar opened it carefully, almost blind with excitement, and read:

HIGH FALLS, N. Y., Sat. P. M.

MR. OSCAR KEMBLE:

dear friend i heard through the ——— ——— as how you wanted to correspond with a woman of 35 with a vue to marage well i am 36 a respectable woman and have been keeping house for my brothers family 6 children and no hired help ever since Jennie as was his wife and my Sister died 4 years ago come this June. Would state that i am tired of doing for so many and wood like to settle down if you want to know about me why ask any of the folks up Blue Mt. way or old Domine Sebring he baptizd me. If you can hire a rig and drive up to my brothers Bill Martins he says he can put you and horse up for 1 nite.

Believe me

I am

Yr friend

SARAH MARTIN.

"What you reading, Oscar?" came in a shrill, weak, insistent voice from the room behind the shop where his mother sat day after day in the unwearying, watchful, idleness of the very old.

"Only the paper, Ma," he replied dutifully though mendaciously, crumpling up the letter into his pocket and stooping over into the window under pretense of arranging his stock-in-trade, namely, the novels of Chas. Garvice and Laura Jean Libbey, the Meredith and George Eliot of the kitchen; gilt bracelets that shut up like subway gates, and alarm clocks warranted to wake the farmer's daughter. The letters of the sign painted on the window of the little shop, "Oscar Kemble, Jeweller, 311 Main Street," stared, reversed in looking-glass fashion, at the long dusty shop, with its shelves of ticking clocks, and its glass show-cases of cheap jewelry similar to that in the window. The shop, within, was like the trunk of a "T" crossed by the back room where Oscar's mother

sat. It was much pleasanter in there, for there was a stove, and a big window that Oscar had enlarged, with shelves for plants running across it. The plants were thrifty, and craned their necks unanimously toward a back yard, as if eager for unpotting time.

Oscar's mother seemed satisfied with the answer that he gave about the letter, for she sat shawl-wrapped in her chair, now watching the gay parrot that squawked in a voice not unlike her own and pecked its cage in the doorway between store and living room; but more often straining her eyes to make out from her eyrie the head and shoulders of her son stooped over his work-table in the front of the shop.

"Why—did I—do—it?" "How—can I—tell—her?" were the thoughts that kept running through Oscar's head like the fence-vaulting sheep of insomnia, keeping time to the rhythmic beat of the clocks.

His hands, slender and skillful as a surgeon's, trembled as he tried to fit a jewel fine as a grain of dust into the delicate organism of a watch. At last he threw down the tool and sat back on his bench. How, indeed, could he tell his mother,—his mother who was the cause of what he had just done. His ears burned and his emotions were far from dutiful as he thought of the dialogue which the village urchins shrieked at each other in rejoicing mimicry when they caught sight of the wizened black shadow following him to market every morning.

"Oscar, are you up?"

"Yes, Ma."

"So am I!"

"Oscar, got your shoes on?"

"Yes, Ma."

"So have I!" and so forth through the whole process of dressing. How could any woman of the village suffer for a moment the courtship of a man who was called after in the street? Impossible! He had been forced to seek by means of the "Personal Column" "green fields and pastures new." Oscar was less able to resent the children's burlesque of the maternal surveillance because it was founded on fact. His mother's nagging, however irksome in boyhood, had ceased through its every-day-ness to be a positive annoyance except when called to his attention by some outside means. His trials were negative. He wanted a companion. His mother and the parrot chatted amicably enough at each other, the clocks ticked at him, and he used to hum tunes to his flowers and his

prettily-running watch wheels. But rational conversation had been unknown to him for years. He could not go to the poolroom and the cigar store and leave his mother alone in the shop, and she had no friend in the village to sit with her of an evening. So a surreptitious letter, three momentous lines of print in the "Personal Column," a month of waiting and anxiety resulted in the undreamed-of letter from "Sarah Martin" which Oscar had just pocketed.

He had been wondering for a month how he should tell his mother if by chance there should be an answer to his letter, and now the moment had come. "Ma," said Oscar at last with determination in his voice, "Ma, come here." He had decided to tell her now and get it over. She came, all of a flutter, tapping along with her stick to where he was standing in front of the store. "Ma, what would you do if I should get married?" he blurted out. She looked at him for some minutes, then broke into a torrent of surprised ejaculations, reproaches, and objections of which her extreme old age and her son's extreme and unwarranted hard-heartedness formed the main stream. Oscar found it easier to stem than he had hoped. After carefully explaining, several times, that he did not intend to turn his mother into the street or out of her room, and that his business was quite sufficient to support a wife without starving either his mother or the parrot, old Madam Kemble relented far enough to take a very real and childish interest in her future daughter-in-law and the preparations for her coming. Oscar made the trip to "Bill Martin's" proposed in Sarah's letter, and came back an affianced man, with a satisfactory though rather vague image of his fiancée. In reply to his mother's eager questionings he described her as a tall, upstanding woman, much larger than himself, with blue eyes and dark hair—a fine-looking woman, whose chief charm, however, had been her conversational ability. He could not remember anything that she had said, exactly, except that she had questioned him about himself, and his business, and life in Saugerties. She would come down from the mountains in two weeks and they would be married. In the meantime, Oscar quite enjoyed the unwonted excitement and curiosity that the report of his engagement aroused in the village. He had never hoped for publicity such as this cryptic notice in the Saugerties *Daily Post* afforded:

"THE LITTLE LOVE GOD AT WORK."

"Dame Rumor has it that the wedding bells are soon to ring for

a well-known Main Street business man and an out-of-town young lady."

He read the delightful sentence at least fifty times, cut it out neatly and sent it to Sarah Martin. Then he set to work in earnest on the wedding preparations, still under the espionage of his mother.

First he cleared up the little backyard, stretched new clothes-lines, set out the geraniums to stretch their cramped roots in the little, square flower beds, his mother carrying the watering pot for him and pouring the water into the holes. Then he took down all the clocks and dusted the shelves, choking and sneezing. A new suit came next, a dress and veil for his mother, a pair of gloves, a hat, then, at last, the half-mythical Sarah Martin, dressed in a light blue dress and a pink rose hat and sitting very straight in the buggy, drove down one afternoon from the mountains. Oscar and his mother had been ready and waiting for hours. They walked all three to the Dominie's and rang the bell. It was all over very quickly. Oscar had a confused memory of the unexpected solemnity of the Dominie's voice, and of how hoarse his own had sounded in contrast to his wife's decided "Yes." As they went down the path he was holding the certificate in one hand, his mother was clinging to the other and urging him to hurry. She was eager and excited, for was she not going to Kingston Point on the boat to spend the evening with Oscar and his bride? Sarah Martin Kemble had doubtless hoped for a longer honeymoon, without an accompanying mother-in-law, but she had sense enough to rate one old woman as less of a discomfort than the six nieces and nephews whom she had just left. She quite enjoyed the sail to Kingston Point; the bowling-alley and the moving pictures there were a novel exhilaration; and she was, on the whole, well pleased with the first experiences of her married life. Old Madam Kemble on the other hand soon became very tired from the unusual dissipation and was glad enough to get back home again and to bed.

The next morning Oscar, for the first time in years, ate a breakfast that was not cooked by himself. His sensations were delightful, and it was even more pleasant to him to hear Sarah's conversation as she washed the dishes and tidied up the room. She had a fund of personal anecdotes such as is often stored up by people who do not read, and so are compelled to seek their romance and tragedy in real life. Oscar was entranced, and stayed out in the back room to listen, seeking the

shop only when the front door-bell tinkled. His mother sat in her corner by the stove, overcome with astonishment. She felt that a piece of her personal property had been taken away from her. Oscar had never stayed in the back room when she alone had been there. This stranger was ousting her from her place. Was it not symbolic that Sarah made her move her chair while she swept, while Oscar had always carefully swept around her? And the woman actually spoke crossly to the parrot, threatening to "put a cloth over its cage to make it stop its noise because she couldn't hear herself think." Worst of all, Oscar, her obedient son Oscar, sat still, saw, and allowed everything, and seemed to be enjoying himself. What could she do to attract their attention? She would go upstairs and hide for a long time in her bedroom. They would notice her absence, think that something had happened to her, and would be sorry for their neglect. She crept quietly up the stairs and stayed until she was sure that Oscar must be wild with grief at her disappearance and then slipped downstairs again. Sarah and Oscar were still talking away as if they had not noticed her absence, as indeed they had not. It was intolerable. Her hate for Sarah passed imagination. Oscar observed, as a few days passed, that his mother avoided his wife, and no longer followed him, but he thought it only a temporary change due to her changed circumstances. What, then, was his surprise one morning, as he sat at his work bench in the front of the store with his wife sewing beside him in the rocker, to see the Dominie come rushing in at the door and stop as if startled by the peaceful scene before him.

"Why Kemble! Why—oh! I beg your pardon" stammered the good man backing out in crimson embarrassment. "I've made a mistake, evidently."

"What's the matter, Dominie?" said Oscar, seeing that he was concealing something.

"Perhaps I had better tell you then, though it is surely a mistake. Your mother came running into our house just now crying and saying that Mrs. Kemble was chasing you with the axe, and would I please come down and take her away. So of course I did. Glad that I am of no use, however. Here is your mother now," and he retreated as quickly as possible, holding the door open for the old woman, who came hopping in, smiling triumphantly at her son. She was about to take his arm when something in his face made her look around. There was that woman

yet! The Dominie had failed her! She stood trembling with disappointment and silent with rage while Sarah spoke coolly and in much the same way in which she had counselled the smothering of the parrot:

"Oscar, are you a-going to let your Ma act up in that way? What will the folks around here think? The Dominie believed her and so will everybody else. You've got to keep her quiet."

"Ma, do you hear?" said Oscar, annoyed and ashamed himself; "you musn't say such things or you will get us into a heap of trouble. Mind, now," and he sat down at his bench while his mother went sulking into the back room. He and Sarah talked quietly together in low tones, he of the trials he had endured so long in silence, she of his obligation to rule in his own house.

"Your mother would be much happier if you hadn't humoured her into wanting her own way. You've got your own life to live and she can't expect to keep you tied on to her apron all the time," said she. This was new and heretical doctrine to Oscar and quite went to his head. Before his marriage he never had his hair cut, even, without telling his mother about it, but now, one evening, he found himself going to a church sociable with Sarah, leaving his mother in the care of the plumber's wife next door, with whom Sarah had struck up an intimacy. It was an unheard of thing. When he came home his mother had gone to bed and the next morning she did not come down to breakfast. Oscar felt guilty and frightened and hurried upstairs to find that his mother had made up her mind to be ill unto death. Nothing that he could say could persuade her to come down or his wife to go up.

"She don't want me," said Sarah. "It would only drive her into a spasm." Oscar had to confess that it was much pleasanter downstairs without his mother. He spent most of the day with her, however, and she grew more and more cheerful, while Sarah kept the shop downstairs and grew more and more discontented. When he came down to supper she said, "Oscar, you've got to choose between your Ma and me. I've been thinking about it for quite a bit. I want that you send her to the Old Ladies' Home in Poughkeepsie. It is a nice place, and she will be cared for fine, and make friends, and be much happier than she is here, and you know it. She can take the parrot along with her. Which is it now, me or her?"

During this speech Oscar had gone, from an overwhelming sense of

the infamy into which his filial neglect had plunged him, to a firm decision as to his duty.

"You can go then, Sarah," he said, "and pack up right off," were his words—perhaps the first really independent speech he had ever made.

"All right," she said, startled but defiant, and went upstairs, taking off her apron. Oscar sank down in his mother's chair and buried his face in his hands. He was almost too unhappy to think. The very thought of the yoke that he was to resume was galling, now that he had been running wild for a time. He jumped to his feet, flinging back his head impatiently, and his eyes fell on the parrot who was screeching demoniacally. He never felt so like wringing its neck, but he checked himself. He walked slowly up and down and said half aloud, "I've got to stay by Ma. I guess it's my Fate." Just then there was a quick run of feet over his head, a clatter down the back stairs and Sarah flung her arms about him crying, "Oscar, I'm not a-going to go! Oh! you're just fine to your mother, and if I treat her decent I know she'll come round. Look here, I'll take the bird up now. I know she misses him," and she rushed upstairs with the cage, while Oscar stood still, too happy even to smile. His house was at peace.

COLLEGE CONVERSATIONS.

GRACE BRANHAM, 1910.

"Good heavens, this college!"

"Yes, poor, dear Betty, what's the matter now?"

"Eloise, you have no right to talk to me as though I were crazy. You all seem to think the wild man ought to be humoured. I am perfectly sane."

"Of course you are."

"Well, I am not insane, anyway."

"All right; go on. What's the matter with the college?"

"I've no idea of telling you now."

"O yes you have; it is too heavenly an opportunity for talking."

"That is a coincidence! You know I was thinking yesterday when some one was talking about the increase of "wants" being a sign of—what do they call it?—you know the phrase—"

"Spiritual advancement?"

"That's about it. Well, all my wants have been terribly reduced. I don't care now as much about novels, or parties, or candy, or music as I did before I came to college."

"The elimination of desire?"

"No, I like people more and more. But—this is what I meant—I am afraid it's only because I like to have someone to talk to."

"Yes, I always think of your friends as silent partners in a dialogue."

"You like to talk yourself."

"I used to."

"Well, if you have anything to say—"

"O no, go on."

"I did have something to tell you, but it has all gone, now."

"About this awful hole it has pleased Providence,— Don't remember? Well, how did you like college sermon?"

"That's it. It was really wonderful. I was so moved that I wanted to start for China to-morrow."

"Missionary now?"

"O don't be funny, my luminous intelloctress. So was everybody, awfully stirred up. I could see it. You know how usually stony we are? To-night people actually had expressions in their faces. . . ."

"What's the matter, then?"

"As soon as we got out we said it was 'a *nice* sermon' and 'must go home and do my Greek' and 'to-morrow is your day for tea'!"

"What did you expect? 'China or Death for me!' 'Farewell, Bryn Mawr!'"

"I don't mean heroics, but by to-morrow we will have forgotten it all."

"Won't you?"

"Sooner than the others. But do you think a congregation of outsiders would do the same? That sermon would have converted people of sufficient unintelligence. But when you get educated, you leave off acting on your emotions. *We* are the people who realise the true insignificance

of ideas. An idea is only an idea, unless it is a plot. We are so used to having our minds treated as separate entities that the thought of anything in them affecting our actions is incomprehensible. The mind is the gentleman of the family who gets the education, and the pleasure of education (you know our intellectual aesthetics) but feels no responsibility for the rest."

"If I get your drift, you mean we are mentally lethargic.—"

"Not exactly. Rather we don't correlate. We understand better than most people. We grasp ideas but we don't their concernment with our lives."

"But if we, 'the intellectual flower of the world,' don't see an idea so vividly, so concretely that action is bound to follow without hesitating deliberation, if we are crassly lethargic, superficial,—you don't really think the women at home are better?"

"Yes, I do. You see they are always acting on the ideas they have, while we just play with them here. It is an academic attitude; I suppose all students are that way."

"There is where you are way off. Consider the medieval universities, consider the Oxford movement. Remember that the colleges have always been the first places to take fire from any new idea. Think of the 'college boys' in the Civil War."

"There can't be any ideas in the air to catch fire from, then. And what we need above everything else is a movement; some general cause to which we all are devoted, enthusiastically devoted."

"Why Betty, didn't you know the college was swarming with movements. My dear child, there is a movement in Cynical Philosophy and the destruction of illusions; there is an old and on the whole successful Henry James cult with incidentals in Chesterton and Granville Barker; there's a religious demonstration under the auspices of the Silver Bayites; there is mysticism in which many of our Alma Mater's dearest and most promising offspring are deeply involved; and there is woman's suffrage where we come nearest to having a leader."

"But she has too much besides to give it her concentrated attention. Thank goodness! Suppose our fame were to hang on the propagation of Woman's Rights!"

"Oh, it's not so bad. Any way it is better than the side-show movements."

"It is only larger because it's more obvious. It's stupid, it's provincial, it's like a woman's club. Moreover, anybody could do it and really be much better at it than we are."

"To think that you should not realize the importance of Woman's Suffrage! Anyone will tell you—"

"Oh, I know, 'the trend of the times.' "

"That women are the only living people who take any interest in politics. Look at Germany, look at Russia."

"But *we* haven't any chance for a revolution. Do have a movement that would let us all in. Something too that would get its colour from its source. We might just as well advocate Tariff Reform or the new battleships. Things like Woman's Suffrage only show we are not dead to the world's affairs. In our movement we must be the sole investigators and originators, not humble recipients and supporters."

"Oh, don't say Socialism!"

"I wasn't going to. It has just the same fault. So has plain revived religion,—unless we could give it a peculiar twist, like Puseyism, for instance. But then that has already been done."

"Bryn Mawr mysticism has an individuality of its own."

"Well, individuality was never a virtue in mysticism. Then I think mysticism is immoral and I want something I can go in for."

"But you don't like Henry James."

"Yes I do—rather. But even he is not our own—ours is rather like a household altar to Hermes."

"Cynicism, aesthetics, poetry, peace—all you have left."

"We are stale in the first two and reactionary. I don't know about poetry, but I think you would find it difficult to spread. It is too personal for organization. But there must be heaps of things left..."

"Afraid not. Doesn't a movement have to affect the faculty as well as us? And doesn't it have to last longer than our four allotted years?"

"Then it has to be a professor. No Newman, no movement. And until a great man comes to Bryn Mawr—to stay—we have no chance of making all this youth and energy effective?"

"There are clever people here now and good people, but no one seems inclined to start a movement."

"Great things never come that way."

"Well, suppose a new person came with all the necessary energy and enthusiasm?"

"I am afraid it is not possible. The Socialists and the Mormons are the only people left who take themselves seriously. We have already disposed of the first and we don't take kindly to Mormonism—in spite of the per cent."

"We lost our chance with the theological school proviso."

Eloise sighed.

"Any way there is still Our Newspaper."

"Oh, yes, and Irish crochet."

THE SPORT.

MARGARET PRUSSING, 1911.

"Hello! That you, Hudson? Connect me with my wife!" Page looked around through the glass door of the booth. Stockton was on the other side of the room. No possibility—

"That you, Marie? Say! I've got old Stockton's nephew down here—just been over the will with him—and I think I ought to treat him decently. I guess I'll take him home to dinner. Huh?"

"Oh, J. B.! There's a dinner on to-night, you know," his wife's voice came back fretfully.

"Yes, I know. But here's the chance to make this fellow one of our crowd. His family's all dead, and he's all right. Why, he's a corker to know, with that big place next to us, and the ancestors he's got back of him."

"Well—"

"Now you just get a nice quiet girl—pretty and all that, but no live wire—to sit by him at dinner, and I'll guarantee he'll eat out of your hand from gratitude, before the evening's over."

"All right. Well, J. B., stop at Christopher's for my dog-collar, on your way out, will you? And—oh, yes,—coming out to tea?"

"Going to have tea this afternoon?"

"Why you know I always have it—of course!"

"Guess I will then. Ta, ta." He put up the receiver and emerged mopping his face, for the booth was warm.

"Now that's all fixed up," he remarked heartily to the grave young man who was taking his fortune so seriously.

"My wife said the minute I told her you were here, she said, 'Bring him right out to dinner and spend the night.' If you've nothing else you want to do we'll start right off now. I like to get out in time for tea always."

"Really, Mr. Page, it's extremely kind of you and Mrs. Page, but I am afraid I've given you too much trouble already. There was no necessity for your seeing me at all—I presumed on my uncle's business acquaintance with you—and you were so good as to tell me exactly what the estate consists of. My hotel, however—"

"Not a bit of it!" Page broke forth more heartily than before. "You come along home! Couldn't have Mr. Stockton's nephew welcomed that way. Don't you worry, we'll scare up a dress suit for you out there. Hotel? Well, I guess not!" Blustering and cajoling Page got Stockton into the motor, stopped at the hotel, and then headed for Riverside.

"Do you drive a car?" Page asked as they dashed in and out among the wagons. "Always drive my own machine in town," with a nonchalant twirl of the wheel that sent them grazing past a truck. "Great sport in a snappy drive through the city. Whoa!" The brakes clamped down hard to keep the car from running in the back of a delivery wagon. While the big machine waited, panting, in the crowd, Stockton got back the breath which he believed had been frightened almost out of him. Page pushed and pulled levers and brakes unconcernedly. "What kind of a machine did you say you drove?" he asked as they shot ahead once more.

"I've never had an automobile," Stockton answered.

"Well you must let me show you the best roadster in the market out at my place in Riverside. Speed? Well, I just guess! Do you hunt?"

"No, I've never hunted, but it must be great fun."

"You'll want a hunter I dare say. Out at Riverside we hunt and ride pretty much all the time; and you'll join the hunt-club, of course?"

"If they'll have me." Stockton's whole idea of the universe was rapidly changing. He felt that a long deferred holiday was coming at last; he was to have friends, and good times day in and day out. In a sudden realization of what it meant to be free from all work and drudgery, and to enjoy himself under the direction of such a man as Page, his heart fairly expanded with gratitude to his host. Page was showing him so kindly the way to make friends; Page was taking him under his powerful protection. Page seemed to Stockton's unaccustomed eyes, the incarnation of graciousness and admirable sporting spirit.

As time went on Stockton's feeling of respect and enthusiasm for Page grew. The older man had no intention of letting Stockton feel that he was a stranger. Stockton was far too valuable an addition to that colony of millionaires, gathered around Page at Riverside, which had the reputation for spending its newly acquired riches and leisure in aristocratic sport. The social position of Stockton's family added greatly to the tone of the society which was, Page felt, despite all the assured position given it by the power of money, yet somewhat precariously situated.

But Stockton knew nothing of this. After his surprise at the great house—his house, and the numbers of servants, horses and motor cars had worn off, he was possessed by a terrible fear. He was a coward. It took all his will power to run his own machine, ever so slowly up and down the country roads; city streets would have turned his hair gray. When he rode he had the wildest desire to clasp his horse about the neck; and when he followed the hounds—even on the tame little drag hunts that Riverside indulged in—he was ill with fear. To him his terror was so vivid that he felt sure it must be patent to everyone else sooner or later, and when that moment came he knew he would forever lose the respect and friendship of them all.

The feeling haunted him to such an extent that finally he was unwilling to make new friends. It meant only so much more contempt when they found him out. To Page he looked up with a reverence that was so obvious it embarrassed the older man. For Stockton never for a moment realized that the "sport" everyone in the set discussed so much was only a superficial thing, a covering that they had all taken upon them to show the distinction of money and position. That it was not to any of them the joy and necessity Page continually said it was,

did not occur to Stockton. All the evidences of sport—motor cars, yachts, horses and hounds were to the people at Riverside the outward, and to the world visible signs of their social position, such as it was, and no more.

In point of fact the amount of "sporting" done by the Riverside colony, though expensive, was inconsiderable. The men went about a great deal in some sort of "togs," with picturesque accessories; and the women in their hunting or boating "things," as with finer distinction they called them, looked always very pretty, very smart. To Stockton they were all those radiant beings he could never join—"sports."

The dreadful oppression of his cowardice and fear of being discovered got on his nerves so badly that one day he deliberately lost the hunt and sat down on the river bank to think. Had he the courage to go for a trip abroad in the middle of the hunting season, and thereby show his aversion to the sport? It would be to declare his fear openly, he decided; no other interpretation could be put upon it by real men such as Page. Perhaps by sticking to hunting he might end by liking it. No, he argued then, people with proper spirit were born liking it. What, after all, did "being a sport" mean, but loving to jump fences on a demon of a horse, and glorying in the rise and dip of a sickening boat? With shame and disgust Stockton admitted to himself that he could never do that. His sad meditations were interrupted here by a workman, who, coming up the bank from the bridge across the river, touched his cap, and said:

"Just taken the supports from under the bridge, sir; you wouldn't be likely to want to cross it, would you?"

"No, I can go to the bridge higher up," Stockton answered. "But if you're going to knock off work, better leave some one to warn people of it. It will go down with anyone that sets foot on it." Stockton had been an engineer before he inherited his fortune.

"Oh, this here's a quiet place, and around dinner time no one's likely to come down. We're going to put in new supports after dinner."

The workman moved away and Stockton began again his racking self-interrogation. All at once the huntsman's horn sounded clearly and as though close at hand. Stockton rose to mount his horse; they must not find him sitting idly by the river as though he did not want to ride. Page would suspect he was a coward. The horn was nearer now and

in a second the whole field came into sight across the river. They saw Stockton and waved and shouted to him as they rode swiftly down toward the bridge. The bridge! Stockton waved them back frantically, but they misunderstood his wild movements and came gaily on. Suddenly Stockton had a vision. He knew in a flash what a sport would do and he realized that he could be one as well as Page or any man. Why hadn't he seen before that back of every game and every work there was the same idea that challenged a man to do the best he could? With a little contented laugh he spurred his horse into the middle of the bridge. The hunt pulled up at the edge of a gap filled with foaming and muddy water.

His body was carried down stream, but Page and a few other men were there when it was dragged out.

"Lord," muttered Page in a half contemptuous, half pitying tone, "Wasn't he the weirdest sport?"

M. P., '11.

EDITORIAL.

The Christian Association.—Once more and under a new guise Bryn Mawr College is permitted to take that highest of earthly prerogatives—the opportunity to begin again. On March 11, 1910, the Christian Union and the Bryn Mawr League for the Service of Christ dissolved, and there was formed the Bryn Mawr Christian Association. The College as it meets under this new name is still blankly uncharacterised, like the face of a stranger in a strange place. We have made for ourselves a new instrument, and we are not yet familiar with its powers. But the blame is not upon those most concerned if the whole College does not know its purpose: it was fashioned, as the constitution has it, "to strengthen the religious life of the members of the College." For this end, so continually kept in mind, so rigorously adhered to, great sacrifices have been made. There has been an effort to lay aside all prejudice, both common and individual. Not only have we relinquished our preconceived notions as to the opposite point of view, but we have even dared (and this is the perilous adventure) to question our own convictions as to method, to doubt whether after all we have worked with the greatest possible efficiency for the glory of God in this College. And now, not without trepidation, but with giving of thanks, we find in our hands the result of our conclusions.

There is indeed a danger that in the sacrifice of what we have judged to be less essential to our purpose we may lose the invaluable forces which these things have helped to engender. There is a firmness developed by persistence against pressure, an ardour born of unswerving loyalty, which make for strength of spirit. And there is nothing more enervating than an atmosphere of compromise. We are not to feel, however, that as individuals we have yielded at all, or that any one of us has compromised her faith. Rather the sacrifices have been made by the corporate body, that each of its members may have space for her own development in behalf of the others. For this must be the dominating principle of the new organization, that the heaviest responsibility for maintaining its efficiency shall rest upon the individual. The spirit of the Christian Association must be developed, not by conditions imposed

upon it from without, nor by the blind force of public opinion, but first in the silent heart of each one of us. No perfection of smoothly running machinery, no successful completion of corporate undertaking can accomplish our end, but only the presence of God.

M. D. C.

The All-Round Girl.—If we were just enough like a cigar store to feel the need of an expressive symbolic figure, what could we find more suitable than a wooden image of the all-round girl? Nothing, not even Pallas herself. It might stand outside the Owl Gate, life-sized with three or four faces, fitted with some mechanical contrivance to revolve and exhibit its different aspects,—mornings the Academic, afternoons the Social and Athletic, and the Executive the rest of the time.

Symbols are useful both to clarify the ideas we have and fix the mould for any we are likely to achieve. This one would be serviceable in keeping before the Freshmen their ideal visibly embodied; to hold up to the versatile and successful the mirror of their own attainment; and to make the one-sided feel uncomfortable in their incompleteness.

Philosophy has a beautiful metaphor for Perfection,—the Ball. It sums up equal development in every direction; at every point its surface is equally distant from its center; it is, in a word, all-round. Since, besides, the ball metaphor has also been used to shadow the Absolute, the god of the metaphysician being round as a biscuit,—in striving after “all-roundness” are we not merely seeking to fulfil the injunction: Be ye perfect?

One quality only, an awkward one for the absolute, but having its uses for us, this spherical theory leaves out,—namely, individuality.

Individuality implies limitations and lacks in one direction or another. It is a sort of romantic lop-sidedness due to a perverse and illogical being what one likes instead of what one ought (classically) to be,—leaving as it does important parts of our human nature quite in the dark, by allowing to blossom luxuriously the weeds peculiar to its own soil, and paying scant attention to those blooms common to every garden, whose seeds are sown by the general wind. But to return to our spherical figure. Perfection precludes individuality and so necessarily must too great versatility—at least that is true of us. Genius as we know it is

power turned to one purpose; achievement (of anything but popularity) is less power turned to one purpose.

But we are right enough in our intolerance of freaks. Dread of the abnormal is wholesome for both the usual and the unusual, it keeps the usual contented and only puts a fair price on the extraordinary. But isn't there just the shadow of a possibility that our all-round idol may be really wooden? Doing a certain number of things, spending all our energy in action, athletic, social, executive, though a sure road to college success, must be warily trod by seekers after the success not attained by the successful.

G. B. B.



WILL SOMEONE PLEASE EXPLAIN THE
UNDERGRADUATE?

DULCI FISTULA

RASALIND MASON, 1911, EDITOR.

ENIGMAS OF ENVIRONMENT.

There is one thing that puzzles me,
A matter of Psychology.
I often sit in paradise,
With chocolate cake and orange-ice.
(A dash of local colour there
But then, of course, that's only fair.)

I long to work, I love my Greek,
And English drama proudly seek,
But then you know it can't be done,
The atmosphere must match each one.
I couldn't Jonson's plays degrade
By swallowing them and orangeade.

So when in dignity and grace,
I take him to his proper place
And sit down in a lowly stall,
Surrounded by a wooden wall
And have nearby a gentle friend,
For work with pleasure's cream *must* blend.
Why then I find (it can't be worse),
My spirit calls to lightsome verse,
Or now and then a solemn rhyme,
High seriousness in every line.

If I could choose my own careering,
If parents thought me *not* endearing,
Or if they kept a library
The world would soon hear much of me.
But then, alas, 'twas ever thus,
I simply couldn't make a fuss.
I can't all day make my home bright,
And write my poetry late at night.
And sunshine means so much you know,
That poetry will have to go.

M. J. S., '10.

ACADEMIC SENTIMENT.

I saw a lovely maiden
In a place across the seas,
Where the merry young sea urchins
Pick the sea anemones.
She was cutting when I saw her
In her thirty-six inch yard,
Little flowers of St. Francis
With a lovely big cut-card.
With a graceful Oxford movement
She turned and sighed a sigh,
And I saw a look of sadness
In her dark adapted eye.
And when I asked her for her heart,
She said, eyes on the ground,
That all her Economics books
Were in the Lost and Found.
And when I said, in fond farewell,
I soon again would greet her,
She spoke some lovely lines of force
In standard Paris meter.

M. S. S., '11.

Poor little thing, ah, it is woe to think
Last spring o'er all this turf you quickly ran.
And now you go so slowly—our hearts mourn,
Weakened and weary, with thy baby strength
Unequal to the task entrusted thee.
To make with thy fresh loveliness the earth
More beautiful because thou dwell'st thereon.
To gladden toil-worn hearts, as by the spring.
We watch and wonder what can bring thee health,
What life's elixir will now make thee grow,
Wax strong and take this terror from our hearts.
Thou'rt crushed—'tis that which ails thee, treasure, then?
The students with their ruthless feet must cease
From treading on thee, trampling out thy life,
And then, much tended grass, thou'l spread abroad
And deck the campus for the May-Day fête.

R. M., '11.

A KINDLY THOUGHT.

I cannot write for Dulci,
I only wish I could,
In fact for inspiration
I got out Thomas Hood.

I like his comic poems,
I say it with a zest.
Of all the English poets,
I really like Hood best.

There's nothing very subtle
About his funny rhymes,
And I don't have to read them
Over a dozen times.

To help the toiling editor,
Their flowing style to grip,
I think I'll get that book renewed
And lend it to the TIP.

D. L. A., '10.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

IN MEMORIAM.

'06. Francis Marion Simpson Pfahler died March 5, 1910.

'09. Grace La Pierre Wooldridge was married on April 6th to Mr. Edwin Peter Dewees.

'07. Catherine Merea Utley was married on April 20th to Mr. George Edwin Hill.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Friday evening, March 25th, Mr. Whiting gave his fifth and last concert for the season. One of the most interesting features of the performance was the rendering of some Ojibway Indian melodies.

The Philosophical Club held a formal meeting in Rockefeller Hall on the evening of March 26th. Dr. Bakerwell, one-time Professor of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr College, and now head of the Philosophical Department at Yale University, addressed the club on the subject of "Plato and Immortality." He considered first the various modern theories about immortality and the common tendency, owing to the scientific trend of popular thought, to adopt an agnostic point of view. He then

reconstructed Plato's belief in immortality on the basis of his theory of ideas.

The evening service, held under the auspices of the college, was lead, on April 3d, by the Rev. Anna Shaw.

On Friday afternoon, April 6th, Dr. Schinz lectured in Taylor Hall upon the place of Rostand in modern drama. He read a number of selections from Rostand's much-discussed play "Chanteclere."

The Founder's Lecture was delivered on April 4th by Dr. J. Rendall Harris, of Woodbrooke, England. His subject was "William Penn and the Gentile Divinity," and the lecture was greatly enjoyed by a large audience, who found it at once scholarly, interesting and full of delightful humour.

On the evening of April 15th Dr. Prothero addressed the college on the "Present Condition of English Politics."

President Swayne, of Swarthmore College, and Professor Hull lectured to the college on "Peace and the Hague Conference," on the evening of April 16th.

TIPYN O' BOB

FURNITURE CURTAINS WALL PAPERS

ALL of the new patterns of furniture, curtains and upholstery goods are now ready and we will be glad to show them.

We also have many inexpensive wall papers and fabrics of beautiful designs and can submit sketches and estimates for decorating and furnishing homes or rooms.

KARCHER & REHN COMPANY

1608-1610 CHESTNUT STREET

**NOBLE & LINCOLN**
1635
CHESTNUT STREET
A full line of Imported
Novelties in Bonnets, Toques, and Hats

MOURNING A SPECIALTY

IRMA MARCH

Importer of **Fine Millinery**

AT MODERATE PRICES

1505 WALNUT STREET

LEADING MILLINERY HOUSE OF PHILADELPHIA

Announcement of Individuality in
Spring Merchandise

TRIMMED MILLINERY—LATEST MODELS FROM BEST MAKERS

Velvets	Novelties	Laces	Veilings	Ribbons
	Neckwear	French Jewelry		French Underwear
	Corsets	Hosiery and Underwear		

NECK FIXINGS and NOTIONS

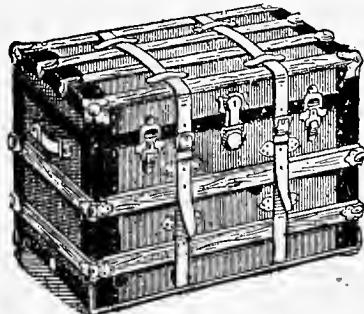
RIBBONS and VEILINGS

GEORGE ALLEN, Inc., 1214 Chesnut St.

TRIMMINGS, LACES, GARNITURES

TIPYN O' BOB

SPECIAL VALUES
in
Trunks, Bags and Suit-Cases



All Kinds of Hand-Luggage

We have a Special Department for
the repairing of Trunks, Bags, Suit-
Cases and all kinds of hand-luggage.

EDWARD L. POWERS
Harness and Saddlery
903-905 Lancaster Avenue
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

LEWANDOS
Americas Greatest Dyers
Cleansers and Launderers

FOR THE HOME

Furniture Covering Portieres Draperies
Embroideries Linens Rugs Blankets
Laces Muslin Curtains Silks Satins
Cotton etc

FOR WOMEN

Suits Ribbons etc Feathers
Gloves Real Laces Gowns
Coats

LEWANDOS
1633 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA
EMMA FOSTER Agent Pembroke East



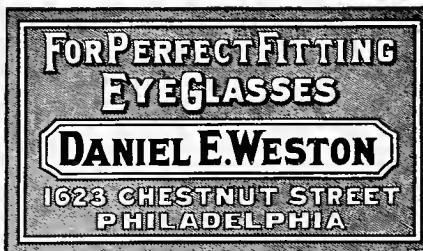
THE CHOICEST FLOWERS

for every occasion will be found
here. Instant delivery from finest
blooms. Telephone your orders.
Prices optional.

ROBERT KIFT, Florist
1725 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ART NEEDLE WORK
Stamping and Embroidery Materials

THE J. O. BENTLEY CO.,
812 Arch Street - Philadelphia



MAURICE BARNETT
CURIOS THINGS,
JEWELRY, CHINA and ANTIQUES

26 South 18th Street
PHILADELPHIA

TIPYN O' BOB

BRYN MAWR HARDWARE COMPANY



*Hardware, Cutlery
and House-Furnishing Goods*

E. M. FENNER CONFECTIONER

ICE CREAM AND ICES
FROZEN FRUITS, CHOICE CONFECTIONS
HOME-MADE JELLIES and CANNED FRUITS

BRYN MAWR, PA.

ARDMORE, PA.

Miss Helen R. Gill
is exhibiting the latest Parisian Models in
FRENCH MILLINERY
with a choice collection of Original Designs at
ATTRACTIVE PRICES
1217 Walnut Street Philadelphia
Established 1862

C. D. EDWARDS
CONFECTIONER
Chocolate Layer Cake a Specialty
Ice Cream and Ices Fine Fancy Cakes
Ramsey Building, Lancaster Avenue
Telephone Connection *Bryn Mawr, Pa.*

WILLIAM H. RAMSEY

DEALER IN

Choice Recleaned Oats, Flour, Feed, Baled Hay and
Straw, Groceries, etc., Hardware, Paints, Oils, etc.

BRYN MAWR

JOHN J. CONNELLY *Florist*

Cut Flowers and
Decorative Plants



Telephone

252 L

Lancaster Ave., ROSEMONT, PA.

The Bryn Mawr Pharmacies

OLDEST AND RELIABLE

Pure Drugs and Toilet Requisites. All Kinds of
Stationery. Prescriptions a Specialty.

Goods Delivered Promptly

Established 1884

CHRISTIAN MOORE

PRICKITT

The reliable Apothecary of ROSEMONT and
BRYN MAWR has been authorized to furnish the
College Students with Drugs, etc. All prescriptions
are compounded by competent graduates only.

Messenger calls at each hall, at 11 a.m. daily.

PHARMACIES

BRYN MAWR

ROSEMONT

Careful Handling and Quality

Wilson Laundry

Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

COSTUMES, WIGS, ETC.

for

Class Plays and May Day Fêtes

Made to order or from our regular stock

VAN HORN & SON

10 So. Tenth St.

Est. 1852

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder
for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen,
smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes
the sting out of corns and bunions. It's
the greatest comfort discovery of the
age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting
or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure
for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and
aching feet. We have over 30,000
testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold
everywhere 25c. **Do not accept any sub-**
stitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

"In a pinch,
use Allen's
Foot-Ease."

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE
sent by mail. Address
ALLEN'S OLDEST, LeRoy, N.Y.

TIPYN O' BOB

Boys' and Misses' Sailor Suits a specialty

Ladies' Tailor made Suits and

Riding Habits

Boys' and Young Men's Norfolk, Sack

and Tuxedo Suits

MEN'S DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR

MADE TO ORDER ONLY

NO AGENCIES

PETER THOMSON

Naval and Merchant Tailor

1118 Walnut Street
Philadelphia

14 and 16 W. 33d Street
New York

Intercollegiate Bureau
of Academic Costume

COTRELL & LEONARD
ALBANY, N. Y.



Makers of

*CAPS, GOWNS
and HOODS*

To the American Colleges
and Universities

Bulletins, etc., upon request

Correspondence Solicited

Rich Gowns for Faculties, Pulpit and Bench

Dry Goods and
Notions

Ladies' and Gents'
Furnishing Goods



Miss McNally



Ramsey Block
Lancaster Ave.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

H. D. REESE

Dealer in the Finest Quality of
BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, LAMB
AND SMOKED MEATS

1203 Filbert Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

TIPYN O' BOB



New Street Boots for Young Women, \$4 and \$5

Distinctive styles and shapes,
showing perfection of finish
down to the smallest detail

All Leathers—Button or Lace

HANAN & SON

1318 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HOSIERY
and
SHOES

Shoes of Individuality for Young Women

Correct Styles, combining taste and comfort to a degree
attained by no others

J. & T. COUSINS

1226 Chestnut Street

Philadelphia

Mexican Indian Blankets

THE NEWEST THING FOR YOUR COLLEGE ROOM,
Den, Library or Music Room; for Canoes, Rugs, Couch Covers,
Portieres and Wall Decorations

7 ft. 8 in. x 3 ft. 10 in.
\$6.00

6 ft. 8 in. x 3 ft. 4 in.
\$3.50

5 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 8 in.
\$2.50

The set of three (one
of each size) for
\$10.00



Gorgeous Color
Effects

Beautiful
Designs

Select your favorite
background color:
Crimson, Blue,
Red, Green, White,
Black

Silk Scarfs

The most beautiful Mexican Hand-Drawn Head Scarf. Made of finest pure silks. Colors: White, Blue, Cream, Red, Black or any special color desired. The only Proper Thing for Theatre, Opera, Dance or any Evening Wear

Price, \$10.00

Sent Anywhere, Carriage Prepaid, on Receipt of Price
Order To-day. Money Back If You Want It

MEXICAN BLANKET COMPANY
AGUASCALIENTES, MEXICO

Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co.

Makers of the

OFFICIAL SEAL PIN

Bryn Mawr College

14-kt. Gold and Enamel, \$3.50

Silver-gilt and Enamel, 1.50

Both Styles with Safety Clasp



Copyright, 1904
by the Trustees of
Bryn Mawr College

BAR PIN, 14 KT. GOLD, \$7.00

Charm for Fob, 14-kt. Gold, \$9.50; Silver-gilt, \$3.00

Wall Plaque, Bronze and Enamel Seal on Oak, 3 50

A NEW CATALOGUE OF

College and School Emblems

has just been issued and will be sent free upon request. It contains Illustrations and prices of a very large assortment of Class and College Pins (in colors to represent enamel), Fraternity Emblems, Seals, Plaques, Medals, Rings and many novelties in the newest styles—suggestions that should be seen before purchasing.

1218-20-22 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA.

PENNA.

Correct Slippers

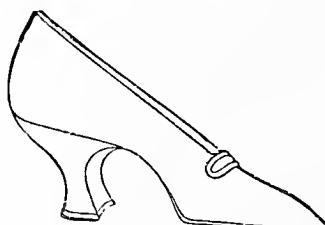
for the

Debutante

\$4.00 up

Steigerwalt

1004 Chestnut Street





PRESS OF
THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
1006-1016 ARCH STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

June, 1910

Tipyn o' Bob

MAY 27 '10

Contents

The Immortals.....	Grace Branham, '10	1
By the Way.....	Virginia Canan, '11	8
Sonnet	Dorothy Wolff, '12	11
The Meeting of Boeotians	Edith Mearkle, '12	11
Sunset.....	Helen Parkhurst, '11	21
In the House of Memory.....	Catherine Delano, '11	21
Editorials	29	
Freshman Show	31	
Dulci Fistula.....	32	
College Notes.....	34	
Alumnae Notes	34	
What's in a Name	35	

Tipyn o'Bob

Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.

VOL. VII

JUNE, 1910

No. 8

Managing Editors.

GRACE BAGNALL BRANHAM, '10, *Editor-in-Chief.*

RUTH GEORGE, '10.

HELEN PARKHURST, '11.

Editors.

CHARLOTTE ISABEL CLAFLIN, '11.

MARION CRANE, '11.

MARJORIE THOMPSON, '12. ROSALIND MASON, '11, *Editor "Dulci Fistula."*

Business Board.

KATE ETHEL CHAMBERS, '11, *Business Manager.*

LOUISE STERNBERG RUSSELL, '11, *Treasurer.*

HELEN BARBER, '12, *Assistant Business Manager.*

THE IMMORTALS.

GRACE BRANHAM, 1910.

Long before he came into full sight of the monastery—he knew no other name for it—Andrew was deeply and curiously impressed by the effect of its architecture. It glowed down upon him at first—sudden as a vision—through a triangular break in the hills but vanished as quickly. One other glimpse he got over the shoulder of a lower elevation, but its full splendour and its meaning dawned for him only when he reached the foot of the little mountain and gazed up toward the crown upon its summit. It shone white, the high white of marble under sunshine, and in every pure line evaded classification. Whether its elements were Western or Eastern, Greek, Moorish or Gothic, Andrew cared nothing, but he knew it was like nothing that he or the others back in

the world had ever seen. This had the effortless perfection of divine workmanship. From all that was grotesque or disturbing in Gothic, from all that in Greek stooped to the measure of man, this had freed itself, and rose with the aspiration of a cathedral and the tranquil unity of a pagan temple.

No wonder, then, that our neophyte, his heart trembling with expectation, obeyed an instinct to kneel,—such beauty must be evanescent, a momentary work of magic,—and, moreover, it imposed upon him its own qualities of peace, of elevation, of profound unity.

Those emotions were hitherto almost unknown to him, and they slept again as he wound his way up the hill-path. Instead, an excited questioning buzzed in his head—what connection such a spot and such a building could have with the principles of their order struck home as something further intimacy would have to answer. Why, anyway, they should have an order, people with their ideas about things, about *the* thing; and was not their dwelling together in this so lovely place a little insincere, a little artificial and at the best hybrid? The lingering image of that fair building, now lost sight of, was not sufficient to hold his reason still thrall to his imagination; his habitual gravity returned, and as he pictured the life he was about to lead he could not put from him the suggestion of selfishness. No matter how desirable for one's happiness—nay, because it was desirable—anything that savoured of selfishness looked blacker to him in his high austerity than, perhaps, in reason it ought. They ought thoroughly to purge their notions, these sons of light; they ought not even to allow the embodiment of some true or necessary principle to suggest to the world anything but what in its conception they had meant that it should—theirs were his principles, too, and if he even faintly glimpsed indulgence might it not blaze forth to the hostile or to indifferent judges? Other foundations, the original religious ones, had not escaped this criticism; and surely these sons of light, he their disciple knew, had no need of the mutual support and continual confirmation of fellow-believers when their truth was so evident, so in accordance with nature.

At the second and nearer view of the monastery his carping mood fell from him like Christian's load before the cross, and he stood at the foot of those wide far-mounting steps, a patient and wondering youth.

A figure in voluminous white robes, at once folded and flowing so

that they were too pictorial for anything which had been even in antique use, descended the shallow steps obliquely, holding out his hand to the young man, who avoided the awkwardness of taking it by stooping to pick up his valise and umbrella. For he had warned himself that every act he or the others committed in this place, every gesture and spoken word would be symbolical; that to act carelessly or ignorantly would, in a measure, be a philosophical inconsistency, and such, especially now that his probation was in question, he was more than anxious to avoid. So, smiling a little at his Greekish-looking guide, and a little at the impropriety of his own grey suit and summer hat he mounted at his side to the high portico. Observing sidewise the golden curls, the high-bridged nose, the pursed finicky mouth of his guide Andrew could not help surmising that whatever this brother's reasons for joining had been, the prospect of that beautiful and becoming raiment would have been sufficient without them. He was ashamed of such a thought as soon as it passed through his head. Mutely he begged his companion's forgiveness, turning, naturally, to search for it in his companion's eyes. Afterwards in considering it Andrew remembered that he entered at that moment into the hallowed atmosphere which enveloped him once or twice during his stay among the brothers and which only among them he was ever able to regain. He had been at peace before and contented; he had experienced rare moods of elevation, of happiness, of self-surrender, but none of them had prepared him for this. It was not a mood, for it descended upon a company. But then it was too deep and personal for an influence arising as it did from his own heart. No words had caused it, no profound emotion, least of all the emotion of love, for while he felt for the man beside him a serene regard he still thought no more highly of him as an individual than before. Together they walked, in the light of the setting sun, the length of the portico. They spoke little, nothing at all that Andrew could recall later, but all that made no difference. It was not that speaking might have shattered whatever it was that enveloped them,—it was too real and permanent for that—but rather speech was of time and this of eternity. They (for Andrew knew that his companion was also aware of the miracle) felt as though in this atmosphere all things might be spoken and understood, that in this shining tranquility there was no more room for division or misunderstanding, but their community was too perfect for them to trouble.

and their leisure too long for hurry. Natural beauties, the vivid sunset light, the inland sea imbued with the colours of the flaming clouds, the peaceable prospect over the cup-like valley blended to shed more radiance upon their blessed state.

A little thing defined more than anything else the exact and for him unprecedented quality of those moments. "Is not your name Cyril?" he had inquired with the untroubled certainty that it could be only that. And the other without surprise or the indecorum of scrutiny had told him that so he was called among the brothers.

In our conversation with each other we poor humans feel—or at least should feel were we not dulled by use—most bafflingly the impediment of flesh. Words are a rough vehicle for ideas or still more for emotions—the same words are used for the conveyance of all ideas no matter how dissimilar—and one can hardly blame another (one does the same thing) for mistaking their quality and for hospitably receiving a princely stranger as one of the old lodgers. What care must we use in making concrete, what patience and precision in sharpening the thought that is to penetrate indifference in a mind already imbedded thick with preconceptions. Affection breaks down some barriers but it raises as many again. Forever do we dismay and baffle each other out of respect to the small image of ourselves in the eye of our companion. The triumph over all this is what constituted the flavour of those first moments spent with Cyril; they had found the way of direct communication, a way as immediate as music.

Parting from him at the quickly necessary end of their walk touched Andrew like a sorrow. With his disposition slow to take impressions but apt to retain them he could not pass without a pang to the company of his rather laborious mind. Left alone in a high white chamber to bathe and assume the neophyte's dress, dejection crept into his heart. He felt at variance with the things around him, with the perfect fitness of the appliances, with the silken comfort of the furniture, with the untroubled, ascending architecture—life in such a place was too safe, too easy,—there was nothing to struggle against. All his days Andrew had fought; fought against conditions, against opposing temperaments, against himself—the world was his battlefield and the struggle was a real one, so fiercely real that he was not always confident of the final victory of the right.

What had brought him here was the flashing conviction that he, Andrew, was an immortal soul—an immortal soul which was making temporary use of his body in its combat against matter. The conviction had remained with him and he carried the new sense of an eternal spirit in a mortal casing with him into all the business of his life. But the rest of mankind seemed to have lost the sense of their high dignity. It took all of Andrew's logic not to believe them the swarming ephemerals they seemed and to deny that they would crawl back into the earth at the end of the day. When, therefore, the news reached him that in this remote part of the world a company of spirits proclaiming themselves immortal had established a way of existence worthy of their belief, he set immediately and joyfully out to enlist in their order. He had thought nothing else worth considering—was not he the only human in his community or in the world as far as he knew possessed of a plain conviction—no feverish hope—of the indestructibility of his soul? If any of them believed this—and many made profession of it—how could they demean their immortal principle by their petty dealings with each other, by their traitorous compacts with the flesh and the devil with which their sole concern should have been war *à l'outrance*? Andrew's was a self-reliant spirit and independent both of the opinions and sympathies of his fellows, but some desire for understanding and free air for his philosophy must have mingled with his acknowledged reason,—curiosity as to the type of man fashioned by so noble and inspiriting a conviction.

And now that he was here, for all its loveliness, and loveliness essentially of the spirit, he felt unsatisfied. The first sensation of wonder and lofty peace produced upon him by the vision of the monastery had died away, and he was sad to find himself shut out from that atmosphere of pure gold in which he had walked with Brother Cyril. In solitude he examined the desolate flats of his mind left bare by his ebbing happiness. But he was unable to discover what rational cause there might be for his variance from his environment. He searched for imperfections in himself that unfitted him for all this beauty, beauty, in a sense, of holiness, but the explanation evaded the extreme grasp of his logic. He waited to be taken to the master,—disappointed, unsatisfied, ashamed.

Twice in his impatience he put his hand on the door to open it and twice, obedient to unexpressed authority, he returned to his window and

sought to restore his mind to a state fit for his ensuing initiation. He was at the door for a third time when he heard a silver bell chiming through the house, clear as water. From the outside the door was opened and Andrew found himself facing another of the white-robed inhabitants. What manner of man he was so near to, Andrew could hardly distinguish; he knew him tall and of a different aspect from Cyril, but in the obscurity he could tell hardly more—one thing these brothers shared in common, their happy serenity of voice and manner. Andrew wondered whether they could ever have suffered. What right, his reason questioned, had they to immure themselves away from the tumultuous and dreary world? But for all that his heart went out to them in their happiness. As they trod the broad paved corridors enclosed in marble coolness or open to the night sky and shining with flowers; as they descended easy flights of steps their hands upon the smooth balustrades; and when finally they stood together in the *atrium* conversing quietly Andrew imagined that his heaviness was vanished forever.

“Sir,” he said, “as yet I know little of the principles of your order, and you give me no light. If it is your custom to speak nothing of these things to a stranger, why do you not take me to the master? For I distrust myself, and I fear this stealing influence.”

“Come, then,” said the other; “if you are ready.” And he led him back to the portico.

There in the star-lit dark wandered, or loitered, or sat in talk the brothers whom Andrew had not seen, upon whom he looked with a divided emotion,—were they to be his close companions in the future, or would he look thus once upon them and pass without the recollection of a single face? A quick and ardent fancy that these men were indeed immortal souls, as truly fixed in eternity as the heroes of Elysium or the celestial company of the New Jerusalem, opened to him an explanation of their unobstructed communion, of his communion with Cyril, where all the barriers raised by flesh, by hide-bound personality, had magically fallen. His guide conducted him to a recess at the upper end of the portico which held a marble chair. There was no one near. To Andrew’s glance of inquiry he merely answered, “Let us wait here.”

Andrew wrapped his arm about a pillar and gazed off to the horizon. What should he say to the master to justify his coming; how explain his obscure dissatisfaction or was it worth explaining? For a while the

brother left him in silence. Then he laid a hand upon his shoulder and Andrew straightened quickly. "You are not of us, good youth," the tall brother began quietly, "that much you know——"

"But why, but why? Do I not also know that I am immortal? Am I not also a son of light?"

"What is it here that troubles you most, what imperfection chafes your spirit?"

"Perhaps that is it." The boy turned his face full of bewilderment, now pierced by the light of a dawning comprehension. "You have won heaven and I am not fit to enter."

The older man smiled. But authority was expressed in his command. "Speak your accusation."

"I am ashamed, sir, to speak when I know that there is some right reason for your way of living, when your accomplishment is more than humanly perfect, but is not your pleasure paid for by the sufferings of others? And why, sir, have you withdrawn from the strife thus early?"

"That others may follow."

"Most of them cannot. You have the reward of victory without the blood and dust of the battle, the crown without the strife."

The older man looked curiously at the youth. "This," he said, "I am afraid you may not understand. There is no battle—you, all your life, and the others have been fighting with shadows, a phantom struggle."

"I have fought," cried the youth, "against poverty, against evil, against ugliness, and you call it a vain strife!"

"What progress have you made?"

Andrew blushed. "We are not too many, and the enemy is strong."

Again the other smiled his deep, slow smile. "Behold," said he, "the result of my doctrine. Compare it with yours—is there evil here, or distress? Have we not made a servant of matter; have we not vanquished impediments?"

"In your corner, perhaps. Go back into the world and see——"

"Bid them rather come here. Can an immortal soul be blind enough to do battle with an illusion? Consider, my son, the illusion of Sin, the illusion of matter, the illusion of death."

Andrew searched as deeply as he might into the face of his com-

panion. "Perhaps," said he, "I am not ready; perhaps I am right. Any-way I am going back."

The other again laid his hand upon the youth's shoulder. The gesture flashed illumination.

Andrew cried out, "Are you the master?"

"I am called Nicanor," he answered, and stood looking after Andrew as he went back for his grey suit and straw hat.

BY THE WAY.

VIRGINIA CANAN, 1911.

"Sandy" Sanders, sitting alone in his gloomy boarding house, was writing home. It was Christmas Eve, but there was nothing in the room to indicate that fact, except, perhaps, Sandy's air of obviously forced cheerfulness. He was writing feverishly, as if not daring to stop and think. Picking up a fresh sheet of paper, he brushed his hand hastily over it and three long streaks of black appeared. With a grunt of impatience and disgust he threw down his pen and leaned back in his chair.

"Dirt!" he muttered to himself; "nothing but cinders and soot! Everywhere you look, everything you touch!"

Sandy was not a fastidious young man, but the griminess of a railroad town is apt to get on the nerves of any one who has known better, especially on Christmas eve, when he is away from home.

His letter writing was interrupted by a knock at the door, and the landlady entered almost before requested.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sanders," she burst forth, "but the 'caller' was just here and says they want all the men in the round-house tomorrow at the regular time. He says there's a terrible snow storm on the eastern division. Ain't it too bad, Mr. Sanders, to spoil your Christmas——"

she was preparing to offer her sympathy, but Sander's curt "All right, have my lunch ready," had a tone of dismissal in it, so she went out, banging the door.

Sandy finished his letter hastily and went to bed, still soliloquizing: "Dirt," he kept muttering. "Dirt and grime and soot! It's ground into my skin; it's getting into my blood and infecting my heart. I am become sordid. I came to this place with shining ideals and now even they are as black and ineffectual as the clay images of heathen gods. Oh, for something clean and bright!"

Early the next morning, very early, while it was still dark with only a faint grayness in the East, Sandy ran down the steps, clutching his tin dinner pail, and ploughed his way through the snow, lying in drifts on the sidewalk. Against the eastern sky he saw the tall foundry stacks, belching forth their unremitting clouds of smoke, blacker than the winter sky, and lighted now and then by the lurid flames of burning gas. He felt the cinders rain against his cheek, blinked his lashes to keep them out of his eyes, and by the light of the street lamps he saw that the new fallen snow was already covered with soot. He surveyed the men in the street-car with a strange curiosity. Were they really men—these great hulking creatures, covered with grease and coal-dust, powerful as giants, trained to do one kind of work and capable of nothing else,—were they men or machines like the engines they wrought and ran? Sanders, sitting alone in the end of the car, watched them silently, heard them talking or shouting to each other, laughing with a humour as grim as their soot covered faces. From their talk he learned that there was a terrible blizzard in the East, that no train had come through that night, and that a thousand men had been called out to shovel snow.

In the round-house men were already at work. A hundred lights gleamed dully through the thick smoke, bells were ringing, whistles blowing, iron clanging against iron, the screeching of machinery in motion, and above all the strident voice of the gang-boss ordering his men to work.

731 came puffing in with her coupler broken and her throttle out of order. Her brasswork was dingy, also, and Sanders, without really knowing why, picked up a long, greasy cloth and began to polish it. 731 was the superintendent's special, the pride of the round house. She was

adorned with brass knobs and trappings from pilot to coupler, and Sanders worked hard. Wherever the greasy cloth passed, the brass shone like a polished mirror, and the oftener Sanders saw his own grimy face in the polished surfaces, the harder he rubbed. He grew strangely absorbed, unconscious of everything about him. He heard nothing in all that babel of sound, he saw nothing but long plates of shining brass. It fascinated him, it was so clean and shining. To think that that soiled, greasy rag could make anything look so beautiful. Unaware of nothing but the shining brass, he polished away, and as he worked, his own blackened ideals seemed to grow bright again.

The engineer was in a hurry. Perhaps he was thinking of his long ride down the Middle Division, perhaps of the Superintendent, already fuming at the delay, but anyhow, he shoved the men out of the cabin, and completely forgetting the young apprentice, polishing the brass under the wheels, he threw on the reverse, backed out of the round-house, and 731, steaming down the yard, resplendent in her shining trappings, caught and reflected back from her polished brass the first rays of the Christmas sun.

The gang-boss was about to signal for another locomotive, when he noticed the body on the track. Without a change in his voice or expression, he ordered two men to carry it aside and mechanically rang the ambulance alarm—then he realized that from the looks of the body there was not much need for an ambulance,—but certain things, when done several times a week are apt to become mechanical.

A "caller" stepped up to him. "A thousand more men needed for shoveling," he said. "How many can you give me?" The boss, beginning to name his men, was interrupted by the gong of the ambulance wagon. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder and laughed grimly. "There's one ye *can't* have," he said, and turned to help them with the body.

DOROTHY WOLFF, 1912.

“When all the breathers of this world are dead,”
When all the multitudinous life that throngs
And jostles in our streets, lies stilled from wrongs,
And quieted beyond all hope or dread;
When this swift globe rolls on in silence spread,
Thro’ stellar spaces where its night belongs,
And galaxies of meteors, firefly throngs
Of glowing brightness, death illumined
Must not all human longing after good,
All love, star-reaching, futile, sink to clay,
And dust, blind dust, engulf our age-long strife.
Our prayers, our dreams of human brotherhood,
But for those words which shall not pass away
“I am the resurrection and the life.”

THE MEETING OF BOEOTIANS.

EDITH MEARKLE, 1912.

The postman, delivering the afternoon mail, shoved a few envelopes through the letter slot below a square of groundglass, and stubbed on along the dark corridor. The stenographer, whose thoughts were on the end of her own day’s work, as she crossed the office within, heard the subdued burr of an electric bell as he called the elevator. Languidly she went back to the broad-backed man at the big red desk.

“Some letters, Mr. McCormick,” she announced. With decisive energy he tore up one or two unread; then, taking up another, studied its postmark, glanced at the big single leaf calendar on the wall, and smiled grimly. But his eyes remained tense; he shut his teeth tightly, as though a habit of physical control had out-lived some pain or anxiety of times past.

"Robinsdale," he remarked to himself enigmatically. "And the tenth. Well, that leaves them eight days; let's see." He slit the envelope.

While McCormick studied the enclosed sheet the stenographer seated herself at her table, and began abstractedly to dust the lettered keys. Her face was pale, and her whole person dull; but she was very young. She might have thrilled at the blare of a fair-week parade then passing through the street, many windows below, if she had not been in that dingy office; it took all the colour from feeling. The weather was depressing; it was the hot, dry weather that comes with the September southwest wind and smothers the spark of life in the air. The girl hoped, half wearily, that McCormick would announce no more dictation.

He read the letter and then seemed to think a long time carefully. The young woman dropped her eyes to her brown sleeve guards, and half dreamed, listening to the reavy rattle of the streets. She half heard the grille gate clash, down the corridor, as an elevator clinked past the fifth floor; then a swift rustle of paper, and, imperatively——

"Take this, please," McCormick began rapidly. "Carl E. Long, Esquire. Dear Sir: Your letter of the tenth received. You request the renewal of your note held by me due 20th instant. Owing"—he paused. "Come in!" The door opened. "Strange! By all that's good!" A tall, thin young man of nervous carriage entered the office. He obeyed McCormick's cordial "Shake hands, old man; just sit down a minute," but his brown eyes sought the stenographer. She smiled at him frankly but gravely, and he said something to her. He and McCormick had been close friends in college days, but business had rather interrupted the intimacy; it had been Strange, however, who recommended Miss Larson, the stenographer, to McCormick; the two were friends. After a moment's general talk between the three McCormick returned with an apology to the dictation.

"Where was I, Miss Larson?" he asked.

She translated her hieroglyphics. "Request the renewal of note held by me, due 20th instant. Owing——"

"Cut that, then—— You'll understand why I have to do this, Strange—— As a result of the present financial conditions, I am unable to arrange for such renewal or prolongation of the mortgage. The note will be payable on the 20th instant, without days of grace, as provided by

the March legislation. Please remit on date, or must begin motion for foreclosure. Yours sincerely." He swung around in his chair. "I guess it's the same with all of us. Well, old man, how are you? How are things going? Bad season for business?"

Strange raised his head with a start. He had, apparently, been deeply preoccupied; his hollow young face was dark. He gazed around the rather shabby office a little dazedly.

"Bad season? Well, yes, bad."

"Oh, come, brace up; I'll admit it does make one feel a bit seedy, but you needn't convince yourself you've lost your last friend."

Strange's voice wavered a trifle in his monosyllabic response, and he shifted his body uneasily in the chair. He looked past McCormick and through the open window. There gleamed the creamy front of another office building; a new and very elegant structure, just finished. He did not know that McCormick used to sit idly in his dingy room and gaze, too, at that cream-brick, dreaming of the newness and elegance.

"I hope not," the young man repeated, with nervous pathos. "Well, that is a queer thing to say, isn't it? H'm; you've got a fine block over there; didn't think it would be done so soon. McLane and Adams have everything at their command, though. Buildings go up pretty fast these days."

The short silence was broken by a ticking of type. When the stenographer ripped the page from the roller McCormick took it and turned to his desk—as he slowly read over the sheet, he said, in a peculiarly colourless voice, "Yes, it's a fine block. The building and all cost MacKesson half a million; but of course the rents are in proportion." He reached for his pen. "Fine offices."

"A man's rooms have a lot to do with things. You've been here ten years, haven't you, McCormick?" asked Strange. "Why haven't you branched out?"

"M—yes; eleven. Here, won't you mail this, please, Miss Larson? And—I think that's all." Strange rose as she passed him. "Good evening—"

She went out, uninterestedly, stripping off the sleeve guards. Then the two men settled themselves, unconsciously, a little easier in their chairs.

"Eleven years?"

"Yes. And that's rather a long time, when you think of it in a certain way." McCormick's voice ran on in the business man's instinctive, perfunctory small talk. "A lot of new things can get old in eleven years. Oh, of course, things have gone well enough with me; they're bound to, when you can keep up with the times—"

"Up with these times?" Strange broke in with such sudden intensity that the other started. "McCormick, it hits me hard!"

"You?" The manner, rather than the words, had astonished him. Though many people in the Twin Cities are put in straits by the "financial conditions" incident to harvest time, in the northwest, the affair rarely brings them so near to desperation. "Of course, currency is awfully close these days. Harvest isn't over yet, you know; but the country banks'll begin sending the money back to the city presently, now.— Wonder what the farmers think they get out of these panics!"

"Fact, I—well, I came to talk it over with you."

"H'm?" The two measured each other.

"Now listen, we understand each other, don't we? That's understood, isn't it? Well, I'm in the devil of a pickle. I've run dry; I've struck bottom. You know what your grain commission business is this—season; well, there's no hope for a jeweller. Nobody'll buy; I've got the stock, but not a single red cent, loose. Nobody has anything to spend on rings and teaspoons—rings and teaspoons! But the bills keep falling due with me just the same. Last February I borrowed two thousand from Harrison, security, the silverware. He foreclosed last week. Then there's shop rent and house rent, butcher, baker and candlestick maker! I'm stripped, McCormick."

"Well?" inquired the grain commissioner.

"Well?" Strange's body was quivering with the very force of his self-control. "There's only one thing I can do; go into bankruptcy."

"Bankruptcy?" exclaimed McCormick. "Yes, there is always that; but you'd have to leave St. Paul afterward."

"I am thinking of that."

"You,—go into bankruptcy?" McCormick seemed unable to appreciate either the situation or the other's determination. Suddenly the thought flashed across him that Strange was still in possession of his stock in trade.

"But, man, are you crazy?" he ejaculated. "You have your stock! Go into the bankruptcy court with all that jewelry?"

"Stock, yes," said the jeweller, bluntly. "Diamonds—pearls—h'm! about as negotiable as— Don't you see, McCormick? The things aren't worth anything. Won't ever bring in anything; that is, although they cost me—. I tell you, I've got to meet those bills. I'm going bankrupt. Don't you understand? Those things are worth nothing now; you couldn't realize any more on them than on a bag of marbles! My creditors will sue me, unless I settle; I've got to get a verdict of bankruptcy."

"How will you meet the expenses?"

Strange satisfied him at once.

"Look here. Here is the key to my vaults at the Trust Company's. I have about a double handful of stones and diamonds there; I'll give you them as security for one thousand dollars. I must have a thousand dollars. That would defray the expenses and square up the judgment; it's got to!" His voice fell.

"Got to? What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you see? I haven't a cent; a thousand dollars isn't much, but it's absolutely the only way I can settle. I can't stand it any longer!"

The younger man's despair spent itself in a little pause.

"The jewelry will be tied up, then, if it is my security," mused McCormick.

"What's that? Oh, you will, then?"

"Go ahead; what then? Let me think a little." McCormick was looking through the window.

"Why, after the verdict, accounts will be square here; that's the only way to accomplish that. So I'll leave a clean slate behind me, take that jewelry out to Butte or Helena, make another start—I've worn out this place—things will sell there, I guess, and I'll repay you with five per cent. on the loan within the year!"

"I see." McCormick with his stern muscles was trying to mask the dawn of a thought. He scanned the eager face.

"Well, will you—?"

"Will I—" the grain commissioner repeated, his glance still searching.

Strange looked no more than a lad, mad with anxiety and nervous terror.

"Will you lend me the thousand?"

"Yes."

Strange leaped to his feet. "McCormick, I'm out of hell!"

"But money is close now, Strange, and I can't let you have it until the twentieth—mortgage due then, you know; but you shall have it then."

The two gazed at each other silently. McCormick's eyes had a way of being non-committal even when his voice was kindest; but Strange's were wet and he was shaking with relief.

Then McCormick rose, reaching out to pull down the roll top of the big red desk. Dusk had come; in a moment more, the bell in a tower near by, drowning the clamour of street cries, throbbed six deep notes.

The heat passed from the city with the end of September; October came in, fresh, pale-skied and brilliant. The tension of the city relaxed a trifle; the rush and clatter took on a new character; life was stimulating. The "harvest panic" ended. Among other symptoms of the returning currency, which brought such relief to all forms of business, one could count the cessation of violently popularised "sales" in the department stores, and the fact that the theatres had dismissed their vaudeville artists and were opening their doors to good companies. The seasons and the weather make the only changes in the business of a great city, however; the drudgery and the sordid monotony of it all never change. The terrible machine runs no more lightly, in absolute truth, on a fair day than on the dark ones.

Business life is not a career; it is a sentence. It robs one of one's time, oneself; success is its most awful penalty.

One morning,—it was a morning just like any other; every day was just like any other, sun, rain or snow,—about three weeks after Strange's last visit to the office, the stenographer, after picking up the mail, dusting the hard black dust from the window sills, and the big red desk, set down to read for the few minutes before McCormick should come in and the usual grind begin. Cars and trucks rumbled by, below; the morning sun shone through the foggy glass; elevators clinked and hummed along the shafts. She read with little interest.

All at once the door opened; she glanced toward it and rose mechanically. "Mr. Strange!" she said, with some surprise and pleasure.

After a "good morning," Strange asked for McCormick.

"He hasn't come yet," the young woman explained. "Usually he's here by nine, though."

"Well, I can wait; it was just some business. Any time will do, I guess."

They sat down facing each other and began to talk unreservedly. Strange could not help seeing the wan boredom in Margaret's fair, Scandinavian face, if he had not detected its traces in the pleasant, weary notes of her voice, and as they talked he began to realise what had happened; that routine was making a machine of her. Strange's chivalrous spirit resented that at once. Finally, the girl hated her work, and that the loneliness, the artificial tension, and the characterless work were breaking her. And then he broke out indignantly.

"It's all so false and hollow! You can't go on this way; you'll kill yourself. Why, you were made to live; to enjoy things; it's wrong for a girl to go through all this!"

She looked at him unresponsively. Strange forgot himself in rebellious sympathy.

"Well, you know, there's nothing else to do; I have to fight for myself," she answered.

"It's so beastly that—" A sudden astonishing thought flashed across the jeweller's young mind.

"Why—why—" he stumbled on before he remembered himself. He saw all at once the soft gold in her smooth, blond hair; the serious, secret womanhood in her eyes. She flashed up before him a startling entity; he was intensely conscious of her, all at once. Meditatively (she heard nothing of the pouring in his ears) she gazed at him; a silence followed.

The door swung open, at last, with a rattle of the frosted glass in the pane. The grain commissioner entered. He paused at the sight of Strange, then greeted him, while hanging up his hat. As he turned from the row of hooks toward the two he spoke to Miss Larson.

"I wonder if you can take this lease down to the notary's, Miss Larson? He may not be there; if he isn't, I'd like you to wait, because the paper has to be in order by noon." The girl took the oblong pack-

age, and went without assenting; but she looked back at Strange as she drew the door shut. Then the big, broad-backed man seated himself and turned his strained, non-committal face to the other.

"Did you say lease?" asked Strange. A conversation has to begin on something. "Rent due again?"

"No," McCormick answered without explaining. He turned his chair uneasily toward the window, and, looking at Strange, pulled the shade down a foot or two. He did not seem any too much at ease; Strange, however, became jubilant. He began at once with the enthusiasm that springs of sudden relief, the story of his trial. It had, apparently, been no unusual affair; the usual course of bankruptcy proceedings had been followed. The jeweller described the drawing up of the required lists of debts and resources, and swearing to them. The trial had been arranged, some witnesses asked a few questions, and the verdict awarded without difficulty.

"After I'd paid the court fee, and so on," he said, "I settled up for sixteen on the dollar. I just got the last of it off my hands yesterday." The telephone at McCormick's arm ran just then. He excused himself with a nod to Strange, and put the receiver to his ear.

"Hello; McCormick? Yes——. All right——. Well, MacKesson, I want to get in by Friday week;—are you going to have those pipes covered for me?—— Yes; this is the seventh—well, that'll be all right if you're sure;——yes, I'm going to bring it over this noon.—— Very well." He swung back the telephone; Strange started at the silence after the voice he had not heard. He had, seemingly, been deep in meditation, but he shook off his thoughts.

"MacKesson," the grain commissioner explained.

"MacKesson? of the Metropolitan Surety? That reminds me; he told a pretty good story the other day. Wonder if you've heard it." Strange was really fighting for time,—or rather, hoping that McCormick would broach the matter which lay between them. McCormick's manner had a strange constraint, to relieve which, the jeweller plunged into his story.

At the end McCormick laughed with perfunctory heartiness; seemed to pull himself together, and offered his friend a cigar with very good grace. "Well, how do things look out in Helena?" he added.

"First, I must say you were a brick to lend me that thousand; re-

member, you'll get it back in a year or less. I guess I was about as near mad, a month ago, as a man can be without going over the line for good. I was pretty much cut up and things looked black, you know. Thank God, that's cleared up now. The rest looks pretty sure.

"As for Helena: I got a letter from Long—Carl Long, of Robinsdale, yesterday. He went out there two weeks ago; couldn't make good here. He says there seems to be chance enough out there; used to go to school with him myself, so it won't be like going to a foreign country. I'm going to be sorry to leave the Twin Cities, just the same; it's a good place—only you can't do much of anything with nothing anywhere, you know.

"And then, I've been thinking of something else. I'm tired of living alone; I never thought of it before, McCormick, but it has just occurred to me that I might—marry, you know."

"Is there any particular woman, old man?" The pity that all the world has for romance was stirring faintly in McCormick. Sentiment in others has often come near to rousing abnegation in observers. And if Strange *had* said there was a particular woman—but he answered, too devotedly, "Heaven knows I'm not worthy of any woman in the world!"

The mood past, the men looked at each other (both were uneasy) until the young jeweller, to relieve the peculiar tension, asked "Well?"

"Well?" repeated McCormick, veiling his glance. He was indifferent enough, but he had to light another cigar; his other had gone out, half-smoked.

"What about the jewels?"

"The diamonds and pearls? Oh, they're all right!" McCormick hedged, obviously.

"When can you——" he was interrupted by Miss Larson's return. She laid the lease on her employer's desk, and turned to her machine, to begin writing something.

The men lowered their voices; McCormick's face became a cold mask that had something about it of tense rage. Strange became suddenly terrified.

"When can you give them to me?" His body had begun to shake with a vivid anxiety he was unable to control. Their voices were hardly above a murmur; both were leaning forward rigidly in their chairs.

McCormick was much the shorter of the two, but he glared at the other as though conscious of a cruelly greater strength. Strange was hypnotised.

"See here," said McCormick, in that low, uninflected murmur, "you can't do that, you know. Last month I bought one thousand dollars worth of jewelry from you to help you out; you sold me that jewelry because, if you had it on hand, you couldn't get that judgment of bankruptcy. If the court had discovered such a cheat, your property would probably have been confiscated and you—"

When the voice stopped Strange turned his dumb, agonised face toward Margaret. She had heard nothing; was bending over her type-board. Her pale eyelids looked so pitifully unknowing! He drew his breath as though it burned him. His mind would not understand, but his body interpreted the horror in its own way. Fires blazed before his sight; waves of pain fled over him.

In a second more McCormick had turned back to his desk; then everything retreated into dizziness and shadow.

Then he found his eyes staring past the window frame at some chalky white letters on a glistening window. He staggered to the sill, McCormick and Margaret beside him. The letters spelled McCormick's name.

"What does that mean?" he asked dully.

"Why, I'm going to branch out at last. You can't do anything in this building. But when you're in the Metropolitan Surety—come in and see me there, won't you, when you're in the city?"

"Yes," said Strange. And he left the office in a daze, without looking back.

SUNSET.

HELEN PARKHURST, 1911.

A sword of flame in the west,
In the east a silver sheen;
Blown foam on the waters' crest,
And heaving depths between.

Shreds of cloud in the sky,—
Coral, and pearl, and snow,—
Wreathed mists mounting high
In measured ebb and flow.

On the sea a silken cloak,
Opalescent, and fringed with white,
Cast forward like curling smoke
By the winnowing wings of night.

IN THE HOUSE OF MEMORY.

CATHARINE DELANO, 1911.

“Ellie! Ellie!” My little sister tugged at my hand and spoke in great excitement. “Aunt Lavinia has given me the key to the Christmas cottage; the cottage where Philip and Louise used to play!”

When I saw her eager face, I too was glad, for here at last was an opportunity for Cynthia to amuse herself as children should. It was now our third week at “Algonac,” and I was not feeling wholly satisfied with the effects of the visit on my charge. My father had sent me up to this family homestead on the Hudson, with my little nine-year-old

sister, hoping that the country air and wholesome food would repair the damages of that winter of constant illness had wrought on her frail health. The place itself had had a weird fascination for me, from the moment of my arrival. The sunny, sleepy calm of by-gone days seemed to pervade everything there, from the still rambling house to the very roses that nodded lazily in the old-fashioned garden. Almost as soon as I had set foot within its gates, I felt that I had stepped out of the world of to-day into a secluded corner of the world of a hundred years ago. Everything I saw had at once connected itself in my mind with some story that my father had told me. Those great hemlock trees that bordered the avenue leading to the house had been planted by my great-grandfather. The huge iron bell, suspended between two trees, had been brought by my great-uncle Ned from China, seventy-five years ago. There, on the front lawn, was the bronze stork, that those children of the past had loved to ride on. Eagerly I had pointed out all these things to small Cynthia, who held my hand tightly and looked about in a lonely, wistful way. And when at last the carriage drew up before the house and we saw a little white-haired lady, in soft lavender silks, standing in the doorway, my dreams of "Algonac" were fully realised.

I was struck immediately with the intense pathos of Aunt Lavinia's reception of us. For twenty years she had lived in that great house alone with her invalid husband; and it seemed now as if the sight of young people within its walls again would overwhelm her with sheer joy. She motioned to the servants—nice-looking old family servants—who stood about curiously.

"Margaret! Browne! Dawson! These are Mr. Fred's children! O, think of there being children in this old house again!" And then, very low, to the oldest woman servant, "They are the first since Philip and Louise."

I overheard the last words, and tried to remember where I had heard those two names before. As we followed Aunt Lavinia into the house, I recollect that they were the younger brother and sister of my father, and that both had died at the same time, forty years before, when Philip was ten, and Louise nine. It was a sad little story, and my father had never said much about it.

That night, after Cynthia was asleep, I had talked until late with my aunt of all those of our own flesh and blood who had lived and

died beneath that roof. First there was great-grandfather, who was a merchant, and had built "Algonac" in his old age, after a long life of travel. His face scowled at me from the wall, from under its stiff white wig. But nearer still to us was my Grandmother, the beautiful girl with the smooth black hair and the pink dress, whose portrait also hung above us. She had come to the house as a bride of eighteen; she had died there, twenty years ago, when she was eighty-five; and yet as I looked at her smiling face above me, it seemed as if her rosy youth were the reality; her old age and death but a fancy.

"Everything in this room is as she arranged it when she came," said Aunt Lavinia; "Mother never changed anything; and I have not changed it either."

Yes, my very presence there seemed an intrusion: one of the changes that Grandmother would not have liked. The colours in the brocade hangings and in the Persian rugs alike had mellowed into soft harmonies; a curious odor, suggestive of lavender, clung in their folds; the furniture was delicate and fragile; the pictures on the wall belonged to another age; the very books on the table had been printed in the first years of a century. I was the only creature that did not belong there; it had been for me to become a part of the setting, to drift into those by-gone days.

As the two weeks had gone by, I had almost come to feel that the stories connected with the old house were a part of my own recollections. Once Aunt Lavinia had led me into a room with sheeted bed and furniture, and wall paper that had once been pink, saying, "This is the room in which your beautiful Aunt Sylvia died." Another time it had been a great dark room in which a four-poster bed was barely discernible; here my Grandfather had breathed his last. There were many of these rooms, and they made the dead seem very close to us. Their hands had wrought all that was about us, they looked down on us from the walls, they slept very close to us, they ate at the selfsame table with us.

Though I had gradually become imbued with this atmosphere of things past and gone, I had not failed to realise that this was not a particularly healthy environment for Cynthia. There seemed not to be another child within a thousand miles. There was not a hint of a child's toy, or playground, in all the acres of "Algonac." All day the little girl was near me or her aunt, listening with great, serious eyes to our talk

of the Forbeses of former days. There was nothing else for me to do with her. I could not send her away, all alone; I could not command her to play, when there was no one to play with; so I had tried to keep myself from worrying with the thought that what we said made no impression on her.

But one day—about our eighth there—something had happened to show me that I was wrong. Cynthia came to me and begged me to let her show me something she had found. I followed her up a staircase in the back part of the house, then along a corridor and into a room whose door she opened with apparent familiarity. It contained two small beds, and its walls were covered with pictures such as one hangs in a nursery; coloured prints of Madonnas, and faded lithographs of children and animals.

"Ellie," the child said, rather low, "I think this must have been *their* room."

"Why, whose room, Baby?" I asked, somewhat startled.

"Philip's and Louise's, of course!"

"Where have you heard of Philip and Louise?" I questioned, for I had not heard their names mentioned since that first day.

"Aunt Lavinia told me about them," she said. "You know, Ellie, the little boy and girl with the funny clothes, in the east parlor. They were the last little children that ever lived here till I came. So I know this is *their* room, 'cause see the little beds, and chairs, and things. And—O, Ellie, here are some of *their* toys!" She drew a china doll, swathed in white, from one of the bureau drawers. "O, do you think Philip and Louise would mind my playing with *their* toys?" she begged eagerly. "I'm *so* lonely."

"We'll ask Aunt Lavinia if *she* minds," I answered gaily, trying to conceal my intense surprise. And that was the beginning of our acquaintance with Philip and Louise. The subject was evidently a painful one for Aunt Lavinia, but since Cynthia was so young and loved so to hear of this little aunt and uncle, she gradually grew accustomed to talking about them. My small sister, an intensely imaginative child, never tired of hearing of their doings, and began to take a new interest in the place where they had lived. There was, in particular, a small rustic cottage, built for them to play in, to enter which became the height of her ambition. Its door was locked, and she, with her eye glued to the

key-hole, used to imagine that she saw all manner of wonderful things in its one tiny room.

Aunt Lavinia had held out against opening it for several days. When we were alone one evening, she had tried to explain her reason.

"Eleanor," she began, "You cannot realise quite what that cottage means. It was built just for *them*, and they played there constantly every day of their lives. Oh, how they loved it. It seemed as if the life and beauty of the whole place were concentrated there; for they were the only young things at "Algonac"—where there had once been so many. And then——"

"And then?" I repeated after a pause.

"You know, my dear, I don't think the dear baby understands, and I am glad. They were taken suddenly, both on the same day—No, I don't know what it was. Medicine wasn't very advanced then, and we were far from any doctor. They were dead in twenty-four hours.—And we locked up the "Christmas cottage," just as they had left it, not even touching the toys that lay strewn about the floor, and no one has ever used it since."

"O, Aunt, I understand," I said half-sobbing. "I never knew," then, a few moments later, "there is something pathetic about Cynthia's interest in Philip and Louise, isn't there?"

"My dear, do you know that she is very like Louise in every way? so much so that it frightens me at times."

I listened in astonishment, exclaiming finally: "Why, that makes her actions of yesterday seem all the more extraordinary! She came in, all dirty, with torn clothes, and I was surprised, for she is generally so quiet. She confessed to me that she had spent the entire afternoon in trying to get down to the river's edge. She got half-way down, but the embankment was too steep for her, just at the end. The poor baby was so discouraged; she kept saying: "Louise could have done it; I know she could! There must be a way; and once, Aunt, I'm sure I heard her say 'Louise said so!'"

Aunt Lavinia looked at me queerly, as I finished speaking. "Why, Eleanor," she began hurriedly, "I hate to tell you—but we must not be foolish or superstitious, of course! Louise did get down to the river once, after trying for a long while to find the way. I remember now the fright it gave me!"

"What a curious coincidence," I exclaimed; and then changed the subject abruptly. Her story had frightened me more than I cared to admit.

It was not strange then, that I was relieved when Cynthia told me, not two days later, that her aunt had consented to opening the "Christmas Cottage." Though surprised that she should have relented so soon, I thought I knew the reason. Of course, the thought of that cottage, closed for so many years, was a trifle uncanny; but not so uncanny as that of my baby struggling on a steep precipice, following a phantom child. It would at least afford her a natural, normal way of amusing herself; for what does a child love more than a play-house?

After the little cottage had been swept and put to rights, and Cynthia admitted to its sacred precincts, everything seemed to turn out as I had hoped. She was perfectly happy there, with the wealth of toys it contained; and would play there for hours at a time, all alone. It was a great relief to me, for I had begun to despair of her ever growing strong, while her ~~entire~~ mental food was the inevitably morbid conversation of Aunt Lavinia and myself. Nowadays, I preferred to have her play in the cottage alone, for my presence seemed to restrain her imaginative games.

One day I approached the cottage, and hearing her voice babbling happily, decided to sit outside the window and listen, but not to trouble her with my "grown-up" presence. My first impression was that she was carrying on a conversation with two people. I heard no other voices, which seemed strange, for certainly the others must be there. She was conversing with them in a perfectly logical and natural way. At last "No, Louise," she was saying, in a challenging tone. "It is *my* doll's turn to have a party, not yours'es!"—and then again, after a few moments, "No, Philip gave the horse to *me*, didn't you, Philip?"

Startled and rather disturbed, I peered through the little window. There on the floor sat Cynthia, with her doll, surrounded by toys, in front of her; opposite her was another doll, also surrounded with toys; and near by was a third pile, made up entirely of boyish playthings, horses, a gun, a whip, and so on.

"What an extraordinary imagination that child has," I kept repeating to myself, in my effort to ward off actual fear. And the longer I listened to this extraordinary three-cornered conversation: this conver-

sation between one who could speak and two who were dumb; between one who was living and two who were dead, the more did I become apalled with the weirdness of the situation.

That night I told Aunt Lavinia about it, but she saw no reason for my nervousness. "What can you find to fear, child, in the baby's imagination?" she exclaimed. "I think it is delightful that she can be so happy all by herself. And besides, dear, what else can you expect at "Algonac"? Doesn't every one of us live in close companionship with the dead? To me they are more real than the living, and you too—I have seen it coming over you since the first night—are being drawn quietly into their company. Do not shudder, dear child; I do not mean *into death*. But it is only natural, in a place so teeming with memories, that a mere child should feel *their* presence too."

"Why, it makes me happy," she ended softly, "to feel that Philip and Louise are doing good; and are really near to us again; nearer than they have been for forty years!"

I went to bed not quite at ease, though a little more resigned. But I was destined for another shock. In a day or two, quite unexpectedly and yet naturally, Cynthia mentioned something that Louise had said.

"Louise!" I exclaimed, in a voice that strove to be controlled.

"Why, yes—she and Philip play with me every day in the 'Christmas Cottage'!"

I said no more, but went again to Aunt Lavinia with my story. She seemed no more concerned than before, and explained it in the same way. Great Heavens, why couldn't she understand! I never spoke of this to her again. Gradually Cynthia came to speak of Philip and Louise as naturally as of any playmates she had ever had, and neither her Aunt nor I ever objected, or questioned.

Yet a nameless fear had taken hold of me; a fear which I could not shake off; a fear joined with longing to get my precious charge out into light and reality again, and away from this shadowy realm of yesterday. Yet to all appearances she was progressing. Though never robust, she seemed well; and no child could have been happier. Nevertheless, I felt a difference in her; a certain strange aloofness, a far-away look in her eyes, an unearthly impersonalness in her manner. Aunt Lavinia again flouted my notions, and saw no change in the child. So once more I was silent.

Things went on like this for nearly two months; every day the children—for so we called them now—played together; and I saw less and less of Cynthia. Then a day came which I shall never forget. I had been out driving with Aunt Lavinia, leaving the child alone in the “Christmas cottage.” We had driven longer than usual, and were returning just after sundown. As we came up the avenue, a great concern for Cynthia suddenly came over me: why, I couldn’t have explained, even to myself. But the shadows were long and gray, and the thought of her being alone in the twilight filled me with dread. Saying nothing to Aunt Lavinia, I sped hastily to the “Christmas Cottage”; although it was the hour when the child should have been eating her supper. There was no sound as I approached the well-known spot.

“She has gone in, then,” I thought, but still walked on. No, apparently she had not, for the door was ajar, and—yes,—there inside was the little group that had grown so familiar: the three piles of toys, and behind one of them, leaning against the wall, my baby.

“Dear child, ‘why do you play so late?’” I cried, opening the door. She made no answer.

“Come into the house with me, precious!” I said again, putting my arms around her. Then I drew them away in horror, for the limbs I had embraced were stiff, and the flesh cold. Silently, smilingly, still holding her doll, she sat there as she had often sat before; but her life had gone out into the silence, into the realm of memories; she was playing with Philip and Louise.

EDITORIAL.

May Day.—The third Bryn Mawr May Day fête is over. We can hardly yet realise that we have attained the goal of our year’s work, and we could hardly console ourselves for parting with the delights of preparation if May Day were not even lovier in retrospect than in prospect. Our prayers for favourable skies were heard. The weather, as President Thomas has said, could not have done better if it had been a Bryn Mawr graduate. The clear sunlight showed to the best advantage the deep green of the campus, which more than repaid our temporary sacrifice of short cuts across the turf; the wind was just strong enough to blow out the banners right gallantly from the towers, and

just cool enough to ensure our guests' comfort and our own. The whole beauty of the pageant could only be appreciated by those who watched it as spectators; but even from within the ranks the confusion of delectable glimpses was a joy ever fresh and keen. If our guests were privileged to feel the composition of the whole, we on our part had the pleasure of looking into the eager and friendly faces assembled in multitudes along our road; and for us, as for them, the intermingled Jacobean and classical costumes, the many-tinted garlands of paper flowers, the stately horses, the massive oxen, the graceful cows, and the unruly sheep had a bewildering variety of charm. This living stream of colour and light poured headlong into the dance around the May-pole, when the Lord and new-crowned Lady of the May were the centre of an eddying throng swept on by sheer ecstasy. Of the attraction of plays and dances given in such perfect settings as our campus affords, against a background of grey stone or of green boughs, our friends have spoken; it is for us to recall the inspiration given by these surroundings, and by our sympathetic audiences, together with the gladness of working together for a common end. To all who have helped us, especially to Miss Daly, Mr. King, and Miss Elliot, we owe a debt of gratitude beyond measure. We have good hope that the primary purpose of this fête, a substantial contribution to the Endowment Fund, has been accomplished; we cannot doubt that this year's experience has fixed the place of May Day as an integral part of every four years' cycle at Bryn Mawr; but we take home with us as its most precious result a vision of the harmonious culmination which can still be reached, even in this our day, by

"One common wave of thought and joy,
Lifting mankind again."

C. I. C.

To Try the Spirits.—There is a popular theory nowadays, more amiable than discriminating I think, that *every one may read everything*. It is a theory that has gained ground rather by the opprobriousness of its negative than by virtue of its own. For nobody really wants to read everything or anywhere near everything; but to be told that there is something which one may not read of, upon pain of death, has the time-

honoured effect. "Things exist, and we ought to know about them," the defence runs. I am not philosopher enough to bicker about the first clause, but in the light of what small sense of fact heaven has provided me, I should say that the second has made rather too much of a place for itself. It is, of course, the very argument that made such a hit with our first parents, and being of so long standing and coming to us thus highly recommended, small wonder that we have invited this platitude right up to a front seat from which it is on the far side of impossibility to dislodge it.

However it is a true-enough defence in itself if only we are honest in applying it. My idea is that there exist both good things and bad things. Therefore our knowledge must be such as keeps things in their right proportions. Now the great advantage that a book holds over the plain experiences of the average afternoon which it takes to read the book is that it synthesises experience for us. So that, of course, a book can not be read in the casual manner that an afternoon may be lived—that is, unless one reads as many books as one lives afternoons. For which reason, any one who has only time to read—say two books of voluntary choice in a semester—is surely losing her sense of proportion if for these two she chooses *The Song of Songs* and *Ann Veronica*, which nine out of ten of the people who are able to read everything tell us are falsely proportioned. Any person who knows just how little collateral reading is done by undergraduates would have to be much more of a fool than anybody in college is, to beguile herself into the sentiment that the rush enjoyed here by the two books I have just made bold to mention has a right to take refuge under the plea, "Things exist, and we ought to know about them."

A loose use of the phraseology of broadmindedness does as much harm to broadmindedness as a loose use of religious terms does to religion, and is fast making broadmindedness the synonym for "cant" that religion has long been, to some people who are at least honest.

R. G.

The Last Curtain.—With this issue of the TIPYN o' BOB the 1910 members of the board shuffle off the editorial coil. There is something rather melancholy about closing up any experience. All the more

when the experience has been a pleasant one. A path of roses ours looks to us now as we glance back. Even before we have heard the gate clang behind us, here we are romanticising the road we have come. We find ourselves, forgetting, dear readers, that you ever insulted us by asking the meaning of our poems and stories; and in return we only pray you to forgive and forget that we ever insulted you with poems and stories that had so little. You have been more receptive—or at least infinitely more attentive—than perhaps the world ever will be to us again. We have piped unto you, and—if you have not always danced—at any rate, you have generously paid the piper. In all the years that our college is on its way to number, these two or three are ours; and of all the *college reading publics*, you are *our reading public*. In this fact, we on our side at least, discern a bond. After all, you will go on and on being *reading publics*; it is only we who have surrendered our rôle.

And so next fall some one else will write to tell you that you are beginning a new college year; some one else will write the annual charge of non-support; some one else will announce your spring; and finally, some one else will lament, as we do now, the dissolution of a bond. May our joy be theirs! And may they come clad in a finer mantle than we can drop upon them!

R. G.

1913 SHOW.

In some way Freshman Show is one of the most exciting things which takes place during the whole year. Then for the first time the class animal makes its appearance, and the new class shows what it can do in the way of plays. May Day this year prescribed narrow limits for the Freshman Show, but what it lacked in scope it made up for in cleverness and spontaneity. When the orchestra crawled up from under the stage the audience thrilled, but when minstrels were followed by melodrama, and melodrama by snake dances the audience literally sat on the edge of its chairs. The dance of the 1913 chanticleers and the yellow chickens across the stage to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia," was particularly attractive. A live chanticleer, suddenly produced, lent the last touch of realism. Ice cream and little cakes with numerals on them were the climax. As is said in the song, 1913 is not cocky, but it is justified if it crows over its show.

M. L. T.

DULCI FISTULA

THE SPECTATOR'S MAY DAY.

“Oh, see that lovely velvet turf,
How charming it must be
To dance such pretty dances there
So joyously and free.
So nice to always have May poles,
For 'round them you can play
And rest from all your lessons hard
An hour or two each day.
It must be fine to act those plays
As easily as you do,
They are so sweet and natural
And yet so pretty, too!
'Twas sweet to see you all so gay
And having so much fun.
Your games went on 'till supper time.
I staid till they were done.
But my husband left quite early,
He had to catch a train,
So I think I'll bring him soon, when you
Are doing it again.”

R. M., '11.

POVERTY—“AN OCCASIONAL POEM.”

I.

I sit within my spacious room,
I sit upon the floor,
I formerly had several chairs—
I haven't any more.

II.

My handsome table, still for sale,
Would do quite well for tea;
But those who see its feeble legs
Look at it scornfully.

III.

And all it now holds is a bill
And notebooks, two or three,
And nothing that in any way
Could bring in currency.

IV.

Of books, I've a Shakespeare to sell.
That man's a genius!
Yet to the charms of reduced price
All are oblivious.

V.

I've had to pawn my sweater
To pay my tea-house bill.
No one will buy my hockey skirt,
My college gown's worth *nil*.

VI.

I'm in despair—I've spent each cent,
And creditors me hound.
But saved! ten cents of mine has been
Turned in the Lost and Found.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The new Christian Association held its first conference on April 30 and May 1. At the two meetings, Saturday morning and afternoon, Rev. Richard Roberts, of London, spoke most eloquently on the *Personal Christian Life* and *Social Christianity*. Miss Helena Rudby lead the Vesper service Sunday, and at the evening meeting Rev. Roswell Bates, of the Spring Street Mission, New York, preached.

At a formal meeting in Taylor Hall, April 30, Mr. A. L. Smith, Dean of Ballial, addressed the English Club and its guests. His subject was *History and Citizenship, a Forecast*. The rather severe title left his audience quite unprepared for the interesting and delightfully witty address that followed.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

- '93. Owing to her husband's appointment as Professor of History at Yale University, Evangeline Holcombe Walker Andrews (Mrs. Charles McLean Andrews) will live henceforth at New Haven.
- '98. Sarah Shreve Ridgway and Mary Sheppard expect to sail for Europe on the fourth of June.
- '05. Hope Emily Allen will sail for England to study at Oxford and Cambridge.
- '07. Margaret Helen Ayer will be married at the end of May to Mr. Cecil Barnes.
- '09. Margaret Bontecou, Bryn Mawr European Fellow, will spend the coming year in Europe. She intends to study at Munich.

Not the least delightful feature of May Day was the presence and generous co-operation of large numbers of the alumnae. It is an additional pleasure to know that it will this year be possible for the first time to invite all alumnae to commencement.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

There was once a *Genius Badly Behaved* with an *Ever Lively Tongue* and *A Marvellous Intellect* and *Vast Knowledge*, so, of course, she entered Bryn Mawr in the class of nineteen hundred and ten. Once in college she wrote home her impressions.

Dear Father,

You would scarcely know your little daughter since she has been in college. So much are *Friends Her Hobby* that she is developing a *Decidedly Lazy Attitude*. There are many different types in college, sharing one common characteristic—they are *Ever Getting Hungry*. Although the food is not all it might be, yet one girl at my table *Eats Dreadfully*—in spite of which she still *Is Thin*,—and the cry at every meal is *Let's Eat More*.

Perhaps of all my friends you would be most surprised at the one we call the *Rising Belle* because she *Enchants Every Swain* and has *Many Admirers Incidentally*. She is a *Running Conversationalist*, *Enunciates Before Company* and rather *Fancies Liquid Song*, therefore we do not wonder that to her charms men seem *Constantly Very Susceptible* and that she need only *Just Be Kind* in order to *Keep Men Kneeling and Keep Lover Running*.

You cannot imagine a greater contrast than her room-mate. With *Hair Wonderfully Slick* and her character *Ever Temperate*,—save on the question of woman suffrage when she *Moans Daily Women's Wrongs*—with *Her Sound Reason* she is the antithesis of our *Almost Winsome* lassie. She *Maintains Excessive Discreetness* and is *Ever Dutiful* and when she is proctor *Coldly Berates Chatterers* yet is *Ever Willing* to do kindness, so that her friends say she *May Join Saints*, nevertheless she is *Most Practical* and *Just Takes Hold* of things and would be a *Most Excellent Librarian* for as *Heaven Means Books* to her, she *Reads Constantly* and is in *Languages Vastly Read* and has *Many Remarkable English Gifts*.

Opposite these two in Merion live another strangely assorted pair. The one, a *Mighty Sweet Kid* and *Decidedly Cute* is an *Altogether Un-*

controlled Morsel of Bossiness whom Many People Adore. She Makes Merion Happy by her Everlastingly Hilarious Mood and by her cheerful face which is Always Delightfully A-grinning. At games she Always Loudly Vents Squeals of excitement and is Enthusiastically Shouting for nineteen hundred and ten and at swimming meets Churns Choppy Waves.

With this Merrily Bouncing Sylph lives a girl who, because her room-mate is a Mysterious Little Rover and always sleeps In Borrowed Beds, is a Jubilant Homesucker. Yet at college she is Known for Lateness and Does Nothing because she Can't Decide what to do. She is nervous and Mice Keep her Wakeful which accounts for a strange friend of hers who Knows Much Embryology and is a Zealous Science Faker and Hunts Woozy Sensations, so that she Slays Crawling Animals.

Altogether college Might Be Worse.

Love to the family.

Your Famous Little Wonder.

JEANNE B. KERR,
MARY D. W. WORTHINGTON.

TIPYN O' BOB

FURNITURE CURTAINS WALL PAPERS

ALL of the new patterns of furniture, curtains and upholstery goods are now ready and we will be glad to show them.

We also have many inexpensive wall papers and fabrics of beautiful designs and can submit sketches and estimates for decorating and furnishing homes or rooms.

KARCHER & REHN COMPANY

1608-1610 CHESTNUT STREET

**NOBLE & LINCOLN**
1635
CHESTNUT STREET
A full line of Imported
Novelties in Bonnets, Toques, and Hats

MOURNING A SPECIALTY

IRMA MARCH

Importer of **Fine Millinery**

AT MODERATE PRICES

1505 WALNUT STREET

LEADING MILLINERY HOUSE OF PHILADELPHIA

Announcement of Individuality in
Spring Merchandise

TRIMMED MILLINERY—LATEST MODELS FROM BEST MAKERS

Novelties Laces Veilings Ribbons

Velvets Neckwear French Jewelry French Underwear
Corsets Hosiery and Underwear

NECK FIXINGS and NOTIONS

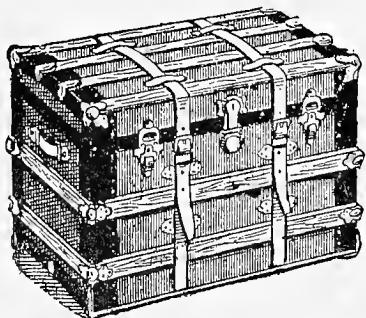
RIBBONS and VEILINGS

GEORGE ALLEN, Inc., 1214 Chesnut St.

TRIMMINGS, LACES, GARNITURES

TIPYN O' BOB

SPECIAL VALUES
in
Trunks, Bags and Suit-Cases



All Kinds of Hand-Luggage

We have a Special Department for
the repairing of Trunks, Bags, Suit-
Cases and all kinds of hand-luggage.

EDWARD L. POWERS
Harness and Saddlery

903-905 Lancaster Avenue
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

LEWANDOS
Americas Greatest Dyers
Cleansers and Launderers

FOR THE HOME

Furniture Covering Portieres Draperies
Embroideries Linens Rugs Blankets
Laces Muslin Curtains Silks Satins
Cotton etc

FOR WOMEN

Suits Ribbons etc Feathers
Gloves Real Laces Gowns
Coats

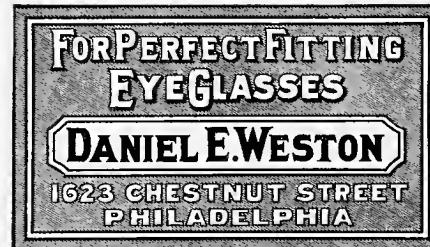
LEWANDOS
1633 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA
MMA FOSTER Agent Pembroke East


THE CHOICEST FLOWERS
for every occasion will be found
here. Instant delivery from finest
blooms. Telephone your orders.
Prices optional.
ROBERT KIFT, Florist
1725 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ART NEEDLE WORK

Stamping and Embroidery Materials

THE J. O. BENTLEY CO.,
812 Arch Street - Philadelphia



MAURICE BARNETT

CURIOS THINGS,
JEWELRY, CHINA and ANTIQUES

26 South 18th Street
PHILADELPHIA

TIPYN O' BOB

Boys' and Misses' Sailor Suits a specialty
Ladies' Tailor made Suits and
Riding Habits
Boys' and Young Men's Norfolk, Sack
and Tuxedo Suits

MEN'S DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR

MADE TO ORDER ONLY
NO AGENCIES

PETER THOMSON

Naval and Merchant Tailor

1118 Walnut Street
Philadelphia

14 and 16 W. 33rd Street
New York

Intercollegiate Bureau
of Academic Costume

COTRELL & LEONARD
ALBANY, N. Y.



Makers of

**CAPS, GOWNS
and HOODS**

To the American Colleges
and Universities

Bulletins, etc., upon request

Correspondence Solicited

Rich Gowns for Faculties, Pulpit and Bench

Dry Goods and
Notions

Ladies' and Gents'
Furnishing Goods



Miss McNally



Ramsey Block
Lancaster Ave.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

H. D. REESE

Dealer in the Finest Quality of
BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, LAMB
AND SMOKED MEATS

1203 Filbert Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

TIPYN O' BOB



New Street Boots for Young Women, \$4 and \$5

Distinctive styles and shapes,
showing perfection of finish
down to the smallest detail

All Leathers—Button or Lace

HANAN & SON

1318 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HOSIERY
and
SHOES

Shoes of Individuality for Young Women

Correct Styles, combining taste and comfort to a degree
attained by no others

J. & T. COUSINS

1226 Chestnut Street

Philadelphia

Mexican Indian Blankets

THE NEWEST THING FOR YOUR COLLEGE ROOM, Den, Library or Music Room; for Canoes, Rugs, Couch Covers, Portieres and Wall Decorations

7 ft. 8 in. x 3 ft. 10 in.

\$5.00

6 ft. 8 in. x 3 ft. 4 in.

\$3.50

5 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 8 in.

\$2.50

The set of three (one of each size) for \$10.00



Gorgeous Color

Effects

Beautiful
Designs

Select your favorite
background color:

Crimson, Blue,
Red, Green, White,
Black

Silk Scarfs

The most beautiful Mexican Hand-Drawn Head Scarf. Made of finest pure silks. Colors: White, Blue, Cream, Red, Black or any special color desired. The only Proper Thing for Theatre, Opera, Dance or any Evening Wear

Price, \$10.00

Sent Anywhere, Carriage Prepaid, on Receipt of Price
Order To-day. Money Back If You Want It

MEXICAN BLANKET COMPANY
AGUASCALIENTES, MEXICO

Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co.

Makers of the

OFFICIAL SEAL PIN

Bryn Mawr College



14-kt. Gold and Enamel, \$3.50

Silver-gilt and Enamel, 1.50

Both Styles with Safety Clasp

BAR PIN, 14 KT. GOLD, \$7.00

Charm for Fob, 14-kt. Gold, \$9.50; Silver-gilt, \$3.00

Wall Plaque, Bronze and Enamel Seal on Oak, 3 50

A NEW CATALOGUE OF

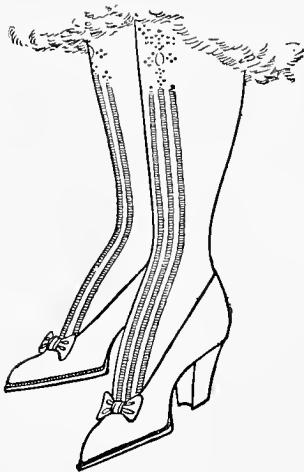
College and School Emblems

has just been issued and will be sent free upon request. It contains illustrations and prices of a very large assortment of Class and College Pins (in colors to represent enamel), Fraternity Emblems, Seals, Plaques, Medals, Rings and many novelties in the newest styles—suggestions that should be seen before purchasing.

1218-20-22 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA.

PENNA.



Have you your Steigerwalt

PUMPS

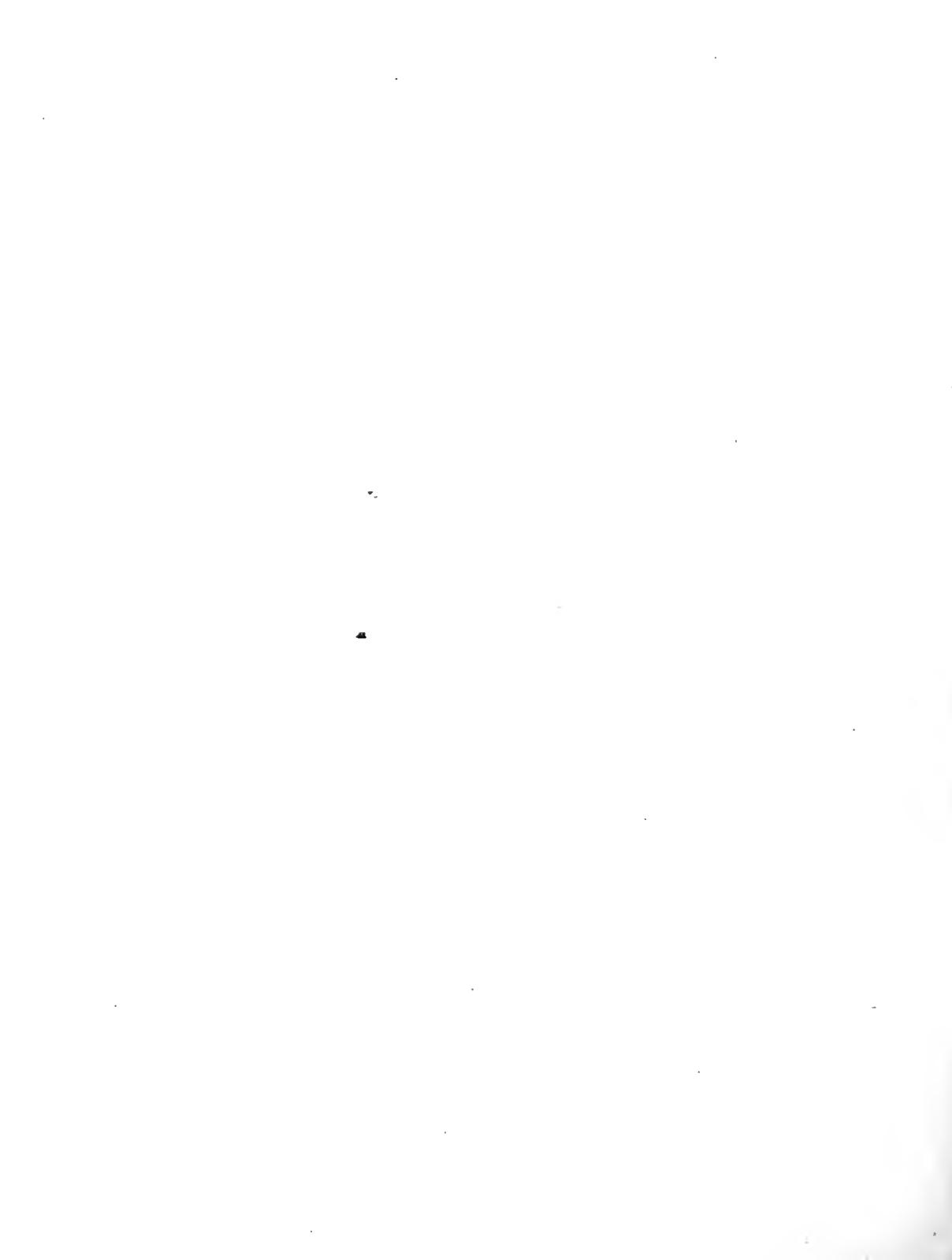
with silk stockings to match?

We don't hear a word of complaint about Steigerwalt pumps slipping—and we don't spoil beautiful lines with "ankle straps" either.

STEIGERWALT

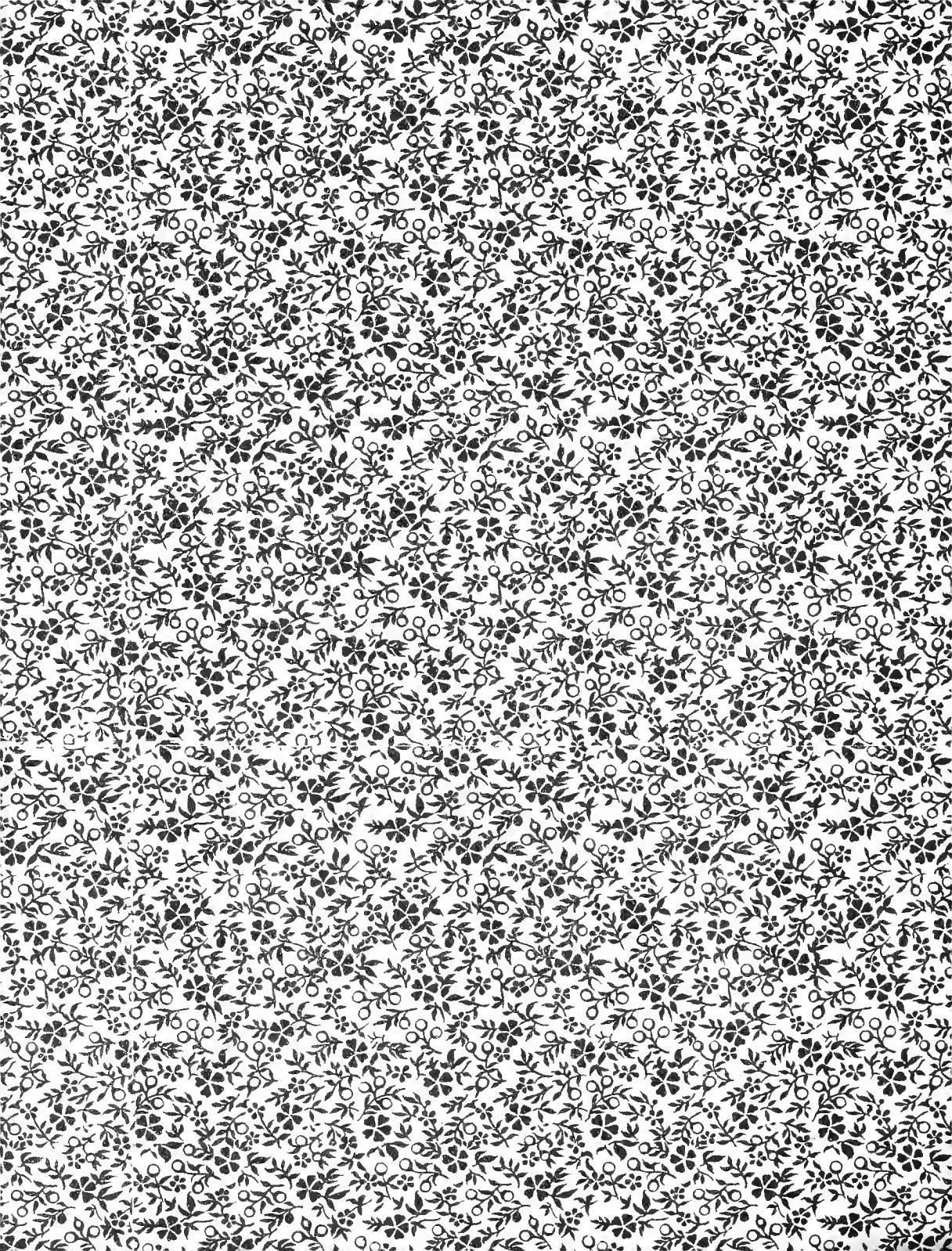
1004 Chestnut St.

Philadelphia



PRESS OF
THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
1006-1016 ARCH STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.





Case

378.73 B9

Qt

v. 1

This Book
may not be
taken from
Library.

